32 PAGES

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE political rumor factory in Ottawa is working overtime these days, and more real unadulterated lies are doing duty as live political views than Baron Munchausen could have manufactured in a month of Sundays. Evidently the correspondents on Parliament Hill do not put much faith in the potency of the naval bill discussion to attract public attention to the House of Commons, and as for the Senate, bless you! not one average man in ten could name a single subject of debate in that august body this session, excepting, of course, divorce. As divorce experts the Senators hold an unrivalled and much-envied reputation. Recent rumors from Ottawa include the early retirement of Mr. R. L. Borden from the Conservative leadership, and the emergence of Hon. Richard McBride from out the "wild and woolly" to take his place; the resignation of the Premiership of Saskatchewan by Hon. Walter Scott to assume a Federal Cabinet portfolio; the elevation of Hon. Sydney Fisher to the Senate; a radical cabinet shuffle affecting Messrs. Aylesworth, Brodeur, Lemieux, Guthrie and Dandurand; the disappearance of Mr. Sifton from public life, etc., etc. All these yarns serve to distract attention from what is going on in Parliament, and perhaps the big majority of members are just as well pleased. After the speeches of the two party leaders on the Naval Bill, there was mighty little left to excite interest. Speaker after speaker got up and revamped the arguments used by the leaders, their chief concern being to keep well within the party policy. Only two had courage to dissent. It affords one more illustration of how very few men conduct public affairs. Many are called to administrate at Ottawa, but few are chosen to enter the inner councils of the parties. The ordinary member receives his orders through an adjutant or, using the correct Parliamentary term, the Party Whip. If he feels any hostility to the policy handed out cut and dried by the party chiefs, he unbosoms himself to a few choice friends in the smoking room or, mayhap, in the Senate bar, and takes his place in the House prepared to obey orders to the last ditch.

The pressure brought to bear on a man of independent leanings is greater on the Government side than on the Opposition, because he may, and generally is, threatened with the loss of patronage in his constituency, and in any case serious opposition on his part to his leaders will bar him from any future advancement. That this state of affairs exists in both parties was demonstrated most convincingly during the naval debate. Party solidarity was exemplified on the floor of the Chamber itself, while around the corridors little groups of malcontents of both sides expressed their real opinions in no uncertain tones. Perhaps it is no wonder that the newspaper correspondents who generally know the true inwardness of such a situation sought to divert attention from the unhappy spectacle of Partyism run mad by issuing rumors by the wholesale.

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INDICATIONS all point to the fact that Canada's naval bill or any naval bill for that matter, will have the almost universal opposition of the French-Canadians of the province of Quebec. The *cure* in the country districts is calling upon the faithful to oppose the bill, and in the various churches throughout the country districts petitions against the bill are displayed and the parishioners are invited to come forward and sign the same.

Not since 1896 have the French-Canadian priests taken so active an interest in a political measure. At that time the Manitoba school question was before the country, so possibly there was more excuse for clerical interference than at the present time. In the old days in Quebec the church was no mean factor in deciding the political destinies of the country. But times have changed. Years ago the *cure* was about the only man in his neighborhood who could read and write, and whose general understanding of affairs, great and small, made his advice almost indispensible. Now, however, the French-Canadian has arrived at a juncture where it is no longer necessary for him to cling to the *cure* for other than spiritual advice. However, the teaching of new tricks to an old dog is a slow and painful process.

However, the French-Canadian and the *cure* are by no means the only ones who oppose the Naval Bill. If a referendum was taken to-day, with the Naval Bill as a straight issue, with no "herrings" crossing the trail, it is not likely that it would carry in a single province in the Dominion, and how as astute a man and as good a politician as Sir Wilfrid Laurier ever allowed himself to become involved in the silly business is hard to conceive.

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IN the recently deceased German scare—it is possible to so designate it, now that the British election is over, and with it the usefulness of a German invasion for campaign purposes—well, in this lately removed Teutonic peril the main argument of the alarmists was that Germany was obliged to fight on account of her economic necessities. The worthy gentlemen who were continually seeing fleets of German Dreadnoughts in the Thames, and flocks of German dirigibles hovering over Windsor Castle, used to point out that Germany's population and industries were all growing to such an extent that the question of elbow-room became absolutely vital. And then the same worthy gentlemen would go on to point out, that the only way in which this desirable breathing-space could be obtained was by wars of conquest—taking by force new territory and new trade. Germany simply had to appropriate new markets. Since the markets could not be obtained peacefully, the only thing left was to take them by force and arms.

This sort of reasoning passed muster with many people during the heated moments of the campaign. But now that the country has registered its verdict, and the Liberal party has returned to office—perhaps also to power—the layman is beginning to ask himself whether or not it is possible to take markets by force, in the cavalier fashion ascribed to German ambition. And many laymen are inclined to think that it is not possible, Lord Northcliffe and Robert Blatchford to the contrary notwithstanding. In fact, an extremely interesting book has just been published on this subject, and the writer, Mr. Norman Angell, goes so far as to say that modern conditions of business have made wealth intangible by military conquest. He points out that under present conditions it is practically impossible for one nation to seize either the wealth or the trade of another by military power, because any such attempt would affect the conqueror's own trade and credit, doing him as much damage as he inflicted, and causing him a greater loss than he could hope to repair by confiscation or tribute. In other words military conquest is a commercial and economic futility.

A curious feature of this new thesis in political economy is that it has been endorsed in a remarkable speech by no less a person than Count Wolff von Metternich, the German ambassador to London. In his address to the German Societies of London, the ambassador made use of the same arguments as the author of the new book, "Europe's Optical Illusion." A special significance attaches to this speech, because it may be regarded as an official answer from Germany to the alarmists who sought to breed ill-will and even active hostility between the two great nations. But without considering the political intention or effect of the Count's speech, there can be no question that it is good sense and sound economics. Here are a few paragraphs giving his most important statements:—

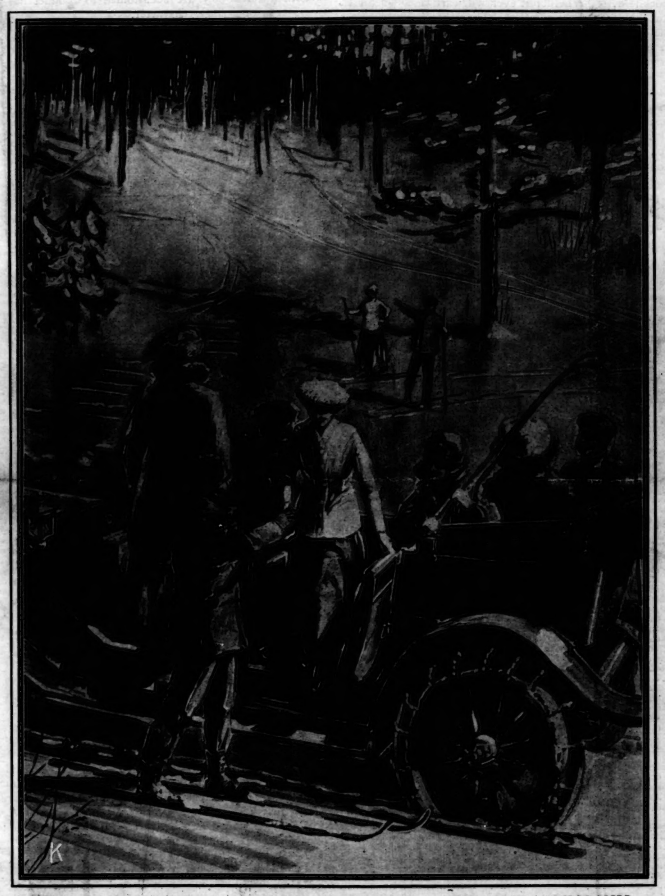
"Our policy of commerce is directed towards the peaceable acquisition of new markets. The weapons with which this policy of conquest is carried out are intellectual industry, skill, and knowledge. As a matter of fact, no markets can be gained by brute force. You cannot compel anyone to do business with you at the point of a bayonet if he has neither inclination nor money to do so. Doing business, selling or exchanging goods, presupposes willingness in both parties. This refers equally to the home as to the foreign market. The political boundaries have lost much of their former significance through the increase of the facilities of trading. No civilized country can nowadays shut itself off from the rest of the world without injury to itself. The policy of peaceful conquest of trade has the advantage that it does not act in a spirit of exclusion.

"I have never believed that among the commercial and industrial nations in this modern conception the destruction of one of two rivals could mean advantage to the other. Let us suppose that one of two such rivals should succeed in suppressing the commerce and industry of the other. What would be the result? Simply that the victor would no longer be able to sell anything to the vanquished, and thus he himself would have destroyed a good customer. Commercial rivalry is not to be conceived as if international trading could be represented by a trader sitting on a block of gold from which he is continually detaching pieces with which to pay for the goods others are pressing upon him. On the contrary, there is no constantly diminishing block of gold, but simply an exchange of products. Germany and England, for example, are doing this, and their exchange of commodities forms the basis of the commercial balance-sheet. The more the interchange of products increases, the more both countries are enriched. The possibility of a disturbance of these relations is nowhere regarded with greater apprehension than in the leading centres of industry and commerce. Hence it results that, notwithstanding the rivalry, those primarily interested demand the continued existence and not the annihilation of the rival.

"In view of the high development and great sensitiveness of the modern system of credit, the increased facility for investing capital abroad, and the extensive use which is made of this facility, it is impossible to conceive the idea of the forcible suppression of a commercial competitor without the aggressor injuring himself to an almost equal extent.

"Let us assume for a moment that England were involved in a European war. According to the opinion expressed by experts, the sensitive structure of the system of credit upon which depends the strength of the London market would react gravely on the first news of such an event, and a financial panic would ensue, which, again in the opinion of financial authorities, would result in the insolvency of the large financial institutions. In a few days values would have been destroyed to a larger amount than even a fortunate war could make good.

"In saying all this I do not imagine that I am telling you anything new—you, who, to a large extent, are yourselves taking an active part in international trade. But in view of the strange opinions which are nowadays disseminated on the subject of international competition it can do no harm to refresh the memory of those who appear to have forgotten the very A B C of the international economic code."



HIGH PARK ON A WINTER'S MORNING—SKIS AND CHUGSKIS.

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A YOUNG Italian variously named Schull, Shall, and Shuell by the daily papers, was arrested some little time ago and locked up on a charge of wounding two young girls with a knife. It is now said that he is insane. Only a short time ago another young man, who is not an Italian, shot a girl of his acquaintance as she was standing in a Toronto street. He, it turned out, was without doubt mentally unbalanced. From these and other instances of recent occurrence it would seem that there are at large in Toronto and in every city in the land a large number of people who are practically insane—people who under stress of unusual emotion are liable at any time to smash something or hurt somebody. Why do those who know the condition of such people hide their knowledge? Why are so many men, and women too, suffering from diseases affecting the brain, or apt to affect the brain periodically or under peculiar stress—why are so many folk allowed opportunities of committing crime?

Nowadays insanity is too often advanced as a defence for criminals who are sane enough. But at the same time the records show that many serious offences are committed almost constantly by persons whose families and friends at least must suspect their insanity. Gunner Moir, the London murderer, was found to be an epileptic, but not until after he had been given daily recourse to firearms, with the result that he killed a companion. And there have been even more sensational murders as a result of the vagaries of diseased minds. Surely it would be better to have more asylums for the insane and have them full if this would result in fewer crimes. Disease of the mind is commonly looked upon as a thing disgraceful, and frequently the fact that a person is suffering from mental derangement of some sort is concealed with dire results. Wanderers in strange cities, men without family ties or close friends, men of the type of the young Italian who is now in trouble in Toronto, cannot be watched and examined. But those who are constantly in close contact with persons who disclose insane tendencies are under a serious responsibility to society at large to see that they are attended by some sort of surveillance.

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A MONTREAL manicurist—a lady, needless to say—has just been awarded $100 damages for injuries received through a customer, a well-known business man, squeezing her hand too strenuously. Her original claim was for $500, but owing to the novelty of the charge the Judge did not care to be too severe. She stated that while attending the defendant in her professional capacity he seized her hand in such a manner as to inflict painful injuries. The defence was that nothing more than idle gallantry had been intended. This should prove a warning to local business men who patronize manicure parlors occasionally, and is more especially necessary in cases where the lady in charge is young and attractive. They should remember to distinguish between business and pleasure.

From time immemorial the squeezing of a lady's hand has been associated with love-making, and the professional manicurist has every right to resent such familiarity. It is true that the surroundings are favorable but the temptation, though great, must be resisted. For there is no reason to believe that Toronto Judges would take any more lenient view of the offence than their learned brother in Montreal. Perhaps the safest course would be to consult a male nail artist.

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THERE is something particularly ghoulish about the indecent haste with which newspapers occasionally name probable successors to dead men. The case of the late Senator Baker, of Sweetsburg, Que., is a case in point. The aged Senator dropped dead in a Montreal restaurant one afternoon recently, and on the following day a local daily contained a paragraph stating that Mr. Justice McCorkill would likely get the newly-vacated seat in the Senate. The Senator's body was scarcely cold before cold print was proclaiming his successor. The funeral arrangements had not been completed. The question of filling the dead man's shoes could very well have waited at least until he had been laid away. No public interest would have suffered, and the suspense of the newspaper's readers might easily have been kept in abeyance that long. Even the much-denounced yellow press of New York is seldom guilty of a worse breach of good taste. "Man's inhumanity to man" is sometimes enough to make the angels weep.

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"FIGHTING JOE" MARTIN, British M.P., is fighting mad because a paper published in London has dared to insinuate that back in the troublous period when he figured in British Columbia politics he had expressed advanced Socialistic opinions. While denying the mild impeachment, he claims that his political record in Canada has nothing whatever to do with his standing and fitness as a member at Westminster, or, in other words, it is none of his constituents' business. They must continue to accept him at face value until such time as he has demonstrated just what he is and what he intends to do.

This seems like a somewhat novel doctrine over here, and if it should ever become generally accepted in Canada would afford immense relief to many of our public men who are weighed down by the incubus of their past record, and the stigma of former unhappy associations. It would do much to obliterate the *tu quoque* argument so frequently heard on the hustings and even on the floor of Parliament. A public man who had made a mistake could turn over a clean page and seal down the disfiguring record. Such veteran political ghosts as the cruise of the Minnie M., the S.S. Arctic silverware, the Napanee Scotch episode, the West Hastings fake ballot boxes, and the Union Trust land deals, would be forever laid aside, or at least only related as idle tales to amuse the children on stormy nights. Sir Wilfrid Laurier would not be reminded, as he is frequently this session, of what he said away back in his callow youth, and Hon. G. E. Foster would be allowed to forget the period when he was a shining light on the temperance platform. Sir Richard Cartwright's Free Trade diatribes would become mere folk lore, and Mr. R. L. Borden could sleep in peace on his Halifax platform.

If he can enforce a general acceptance of his principle of letting the dead past remain buried, "Fighting Joe" will earn the gratitude of all those who have had any association with political life, and of a long-suffering public who are long since nauseated with scandals and rumors of scandals.

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AS predicted on this page a few weeks ago, Mr. Henri Bourassa's new paper, Le Devoir, is worth reading, and deserves a wider constituency than, I am afraid, it is yet reaching. Mr. Bourassa is generally entertaining if not always convincing. Just at present Le Devoir is especially readable in connection with the series of signed articles dealing with the alleged conspiracy of all the other Montreal newspapers on the subject of naval defence. The attitude taken by Mr. Bourassa is somewhat reminiscent of the three tailors of Tooley street whose immortal manifesto began, "We, the people of all England." Mr. Bourassa writes as if he and Mr. Monk, who unite in the demand that the naval question should be submitted in a

referendum to the electorate, were the people of all Canada. He is notoriously intolerant of other people's views, and the policies of both parties now before Parliament meet with his bitterest contempt.

In the preface to his first thunderbolt on the journalistic conspiracy, Mr. Bourassa says: "The entire daily press of Montreal, with the exception of Le Devoir, is at the service of the conspiracy of which Earl Grey is the instigator, Sir Wilfrid Laurier the responsible head, and Mr. Borden the devil's advocate. The situation is without a parallel in our history. Never before has public opinion, in Montreal and in this province, been enmeshed in a contrivance so perfectly devised for its suffocation."

He handles his French-Canadian contemporaries without gloves. He asserts that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent journey to Montreal, about which there was a great deal of mystery, was to whip La Patrie and La Presse into line on the naval question. He adds: "The following day La Presse and La Patrie began simultaneously, each disputing with the other the merit of invention, in order to fool the gaping beholders, that grotesque of a plebiscite which, when it is demanded, legal and complete, by Mr. Monk and Le Devoir, following the Toronto Weekly Sun, the Ontario grange and the Manitoba grain growers, is declared to be quite unnecessary. Mr. Tarte swears that it all came to him naturally, like the drummer of Numa Roumestan, 'while listening to the nightingale.' And we believe him. Is not this an interesting attitude for the 'torches of intellect,' the Fourth Estate of the Realm?"

Le Canada, the French Liberal daily, hands it back to Mr. Bourassa in good measure, concluding a vitriolic editorial on the editor of Le Devoir in the following words: "Mr. Bourassa, forsooth, alone is honest; he alone is sincere; he alone can fully understand the gravity of the situation in which Canada is placed. His views alone are good, and if we do not follow them, if seven million citizens of the Dominion refuse to think after the fashion of a handful of Nationalists, there must assuredly be some conspiracy somewhere."

It is a very pretty spectacle, this *opera bouffe* of French-Canadian journalism, and it is unfortunate that the people of this province are debarred from the full enjoyment of it.

The Colonel

Impure Water vs. Pure Beer.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—A reference to the reports of the Medical Health Office will show an extraordinary increase in typhoid and other fevers during the last few months. There is a well known axiom, there is no effect without a cause, and it does not want a person of over average ability to locate it. The cause undoubtedly is the presence of sewage in the drinking water; it is a crying reproach that this city, ruled, you may say, by temperance men, who would abolish all intoxicating liquors, cannot offer in their place water free from the deadly germs of disease.

The water we are using now is of so poisonous a nature that it kills even goldfish. I have a large aquarium (holding about three pails). A week ago I cleaned it out thoroughly and filled it up with water from the tap. It was so dense and muddy you could not see the fish unless they were close to the glass, and next morning three were dead on the top. Now I believe the state of the water is not due to disturbance at the intake, but rather to the faulty construction of the tunnel across the Bay, which I believe leaks in one or many places and allows free access to the polluted water near the shore.

Saturday Night has considerably cleared the financial atmosphere. Can it arouse public opinion sufficiently to put pressure on the City Fathers so that before the warm weather comes a temperance man who objects to a glass of beer brewed with pure spring water may be enabled to use Adam's ale for other purposes than washing in and so help to lessen the epidemic of fever now so prevalent?

I remain, dear sir, yours obediently,

HENRY A. ASHMEAD.

16 Belmont street, February 19, 1910.

Cost of Living and Good Roads.

The Editor, Saturday Night:

Now that every newspaper is full of expressions re the cost of living, and the reason for and solution of the evil, it seems an opportune time to give publicity to a few facts that are plain and ideas that have occurred to the writer.

The tendency for all things is to move along the lines of least resistance; and so with the farmer, since the city has become more attractive for his boys than his home, in ways that are many, the native sons of the soil are ever migrating to the cities. This will continue and labor for the farmer will be scarce and prices for produce will mount even higher, until the country home is made more attractive, both for the native sons and the immigrant who has labor to sell.

Experience has taught the writer that the man raised on the farm is by far the most reliable and if we are to get results from the fields it is to this class that we must pin our hopes. Therefore, the thing to be desired is: Keep the young men on the farms, but how are we to do it?

To-day the farmer is the most painstaking and hardest worker in the whole army of men. If he were paid for the brain-work and overtime of hard toil he would receive a greater salary than any city worker. But what does he get? Often and often bitter disappointment and a life of care and economy must be exercised, to eke out a bare existence. To my mind the farmer has never had a fair chance with the rest of humanity, and still in spite of this he has risen and has mounted to the highest positions in the land. To attain these exalted positions the farm has had to be deserted and left far behind. But it was on the farm where true economy and the worth of things were learned; lessons which usually stay with these men through life because the teacher was stern necessity.

If it were not that some or many poor are feeling the pinch of poverty through the high price of food, it would seem ridiculous to kick because the farmer happens to get a few more cents for his eggs or butter than of yore. When we hesitate not to pay any old price to see a show that happens to come to town. The real difference is that in the former case the money stays in the country and returns to the spender again; but in the latter goes into the pockets in most instances of some stock or show concern that has no interest in our country.

It is not that our farmer gets so much above what he did years ago when it is compared with the extra expense he is put to in the production, but it is the middle men who are getting the benefit. Under the present condition of affairs the farmer is practically at the mercy of the merchant and the middle man and this condition has been brought about by the disgraceful state of the highways. At the seasons the farmer wishes to market his crops the roads are in such a condition that he cannot come to town with a load, and he, therefore, must sell to a dealer who uses the railway and who sets the price to the consumer. Here, at least, are two profits tacked onto the price the farmer originally got for his produce. Besides, this system is not satisfactory. People who buy would be better pleased if they knew where the stuff came from and how long it had been handed about before coming to them.

If someone is to get the extra price that city folks are kicking about, why should it not go where it belongs—to the farmer who worked for and produced the necessary things we must have? Has he not a right to the full of what he has earned and produced? The farmer has been the slave for the rest of the world and when it comes to giving him a fair deal we all put up a royal kick. Until the mass of the people learn that it is to the interest of all to give the farmer facilities for trading direct with the townspeople, by giving him decent highways upon which to come to town, high prices will continue and the profit will not go into the pocket of the farmer either; and until the people as a whole demand that adequate highways shall be constructed and maintained throughout the country, so long will the young farmer desert his home for the more attractive life in the city and so long will there be neglected farms and high prices. When a city's streets go vile and dangerous, who raises a row? Is it the patient worker? No, it is the business man and the man of pleasure. The former says "My business suffers from bad streets," and the man of pleasure says "The streets are positively dangerous."

Who loves the country more than the city man; yet he cannot live there cause he cannot conveniently get about. There are no good roads, so he also is forced to live where life is easy—in the city, and consequently, there being only farmers and workers in the country we have no champion to take up the burden of highways.

The essential thing necessary to turn the faces of the people back to the soil and make farming and country life a pleasure is good highways. It will work wonders in old Ontario, which for productive wealth is the gem of America. The burden of good road maintenance should not fall wholly on the farmer, but on the community at large, and the main trunk roads should be under the care of a permanent commission.

Yours truly,

W. G. TRETHEWEY.

Toronto, February 16, 1910.

Canadian Marconi Stock
and the Purveyors of the Same

FROM time to time TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has received complaints from various sections of the country pertaining to the sale of Canadian Marconi stock. It appears that certain firms of investment brokers have been selling this stock at $5 per share ($4 par value) while as a matter of fact the stock was at the time of sale being quoted in the various financial centres at prices ranging from $1 to $1.50 per share.

Naturally those who have been paying $5 per share for a stock, which in the open market has been quoted at such a low figure, have some complaint to make, and it would seem that they complain with some reason.

Another feature in regard to the sale of this stock is the fact that it has been recommended by at least one firm of investment brokers whose offices are located in London, Ont., as a sure enough investment. To quote from their circular: "The question is not is this a good investment, but is there any other investment in the world as good? We don't believe there is."

Here is another quotation from the same circular: "Under all conditions and for all time, like Bell Telephone, it will occupy first place."

And here is still another: "If you want your money to earn the very largest returns possible, then invest some money in Marconi stock at $5 per share, fully paid and non-assessable."

What are the facts regarding the Canadian Marconi Company. The stock has never earned a dollar for the stockholders. Whether it ever will earn a dollar for the stockholders is problematical. The Marconi system up to the present writing has not proved a commercial success in opposition to the cable companies. Whether it will or not is a question of the future.

In other words the stock of the Canadian Marconi Company is in no sense an investment. It never has been an investment, and no one living at the moment is in a position to state that it will be an investment.

In the face of these facts the firm of J. J. Turner & Co., investment brokers, Bank of Toronto Chambers, London, Ont., state that it is an investment and sell the stock to those who are not acquainted with the facts at a price over three times its market value.

Following is the circular issued over the name of J. J. Turner & Co., of London, Ont.:

Have You Worked Hard for Your Money?—Make Your Money Work Hard for You.

You know that it is true that money makes money, and the wealthy people to-day are the ones that made their money work hard and earn all it could by putting it in the proper investment. We are advising everybody to invest money now in the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, and the reasons are as follows:

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph System is endorsed by the leading Governments of the world. The Canadian Marconi Company is heavily backed by the Dominion Government.

The company is conservatively and carefully managed. It is managed by honest, capable men of high business standing.

The question is not is this a good investment, but is there any other investment in the world as good? We don't believe there is.

In the first place Marconi has practically a monopoly of the wireless telegraph business of the world. Hundreds of thousands of ships will be using wireless telegraph in the near future for their own protection.

And at the present time the Marconi System is sending and receiving messages across the Atlantic Ocean, and will soon be sending at the rate of 100 words per minute at 15c per word. They are sending and receiving messages to the different ships on all parts of the ocean and communicates with the other, and was done, the same as individual communication by telephone.

To-day you can go into any telegraph office in Canada, United States, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia and wire to any ship in any part of the world that is equipped with it. All the ships that sail the oceans and lakes of the world will soon be compelled to employ the wireless telegraph for their own protection.

At the present time there are fifty thousand Postal and Western Union telegraph offices in Canada and the United States alone which by contract receive Marconi messages to all parts of the world.

Once the people wake up to the greatness, importance and usefulness of wireless telegraphy the stock will soon be worth many times its present value.

There are now fourteen Atlantic cables earning about thirty-five millions of dollars per year. One-quarter of this business should increase the Marconi Wireless Stock from $5 per share to a value of several hundred dollars per share.

The Marconi system is the first and best in the field, heavily endorsed by the Governments and all important business interests of the world.

Under all conditions and for all time, like Bell Telephone, it will occupy first place.

You know the vast fortunes that were made in cable stocks, Bell Telephone, Electric Light, Air Brake, Electric Railway and similar enterprises. Just think, you could have bought Bell Telephone stock at $5 per share when it started.

One hundred dollars invested then would be worth about two hundred thousand dollars to-day.

And while Bell Telephone only covers land, the Marconi Wireless Telegraph covers both land and sea; and they have no wires, no poles, no glass and no right-of-way to buy and protect, and it is never put out of business by storms and bad weather like the Telephone and Telegraph Company are.

If you want your money to earn the very largest returns possible, then invest some money in Marconi stock at $5 per share, fully paid and non-assessable.

Are you one of the thousands who have waited for an opportunity to invest your money in a good, safe, secure investment where it will make lots of money for you? You now have the opportunity. Do not put it off any longer. Fill in the enclosed application or write to me regarding this stock.

There is practically no limit to the use of the Marconi wireless system. Every step in its development has been taken safely and carefully on substantial ground. I am firmly convinced that the most profitable business in the world will be the sending and receiving of messages to any part of the globe.

Buy this stock while you have the chance. The opportunity will not last long.

Athol George Robertson, Promoter.

FROM all sides comes the information that Athol George Robertson, to whom some little space was devoted in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, has been a very busy person indeed.

As a wholesale promoter Athol George Robertson is in a class by himself. He has promoted or attempted to promote everything from a milk cooler to a steamboat line. Some particulars of these various propositions will be found on this and other pages of this issue. A man writes from Ingersoll and wants to know if there is an honest promoter. We might state for the benefit of the Ingersoll man that either our experience in hunting promoters in Toronto has been most unfortunate or else a great majority are in the doubtful column.

Following are some literary samples which have been forthcoming from the Robertson Company, and they are reprinted with the idea of informing the public just how this man inaugurates his "come-on" campaigns:—

Telephone Main 194. Cable Address: "Robson."

A. G. ROBERTSON & COMPANY, Limited,
Legal and Financial Agents
MANNING CHAMBERS, - - TORONTO.

Sir,—

Re The Securing of Capital.

The purpose of this letter is to give you some particulars regarding the incorporation of your business into a Limited Company, and the securing of capital therefor.

Partnerships.—Do not associate yourself financially or actively, by way of partnership, with any person, no matter how much confidence you have in that person's worth, there is always a terrible uncertainty in a partnership. Daily business men discover to their grief, usually when too late, the lack of wisdom in entrusting their good name, capital and personal welfare to the hands of another person, a partnership constitutes a dangerous instrument that might wreck any business.

Borrowing.—The borrowing of money by the discounting of drafts or notes at your banker's, is a poor and expensive method to adopt for the financing of your business, the theory of banking is opposed to commercial progress, you cannot afford to depend on the esteem of any bank for the existence of your business, and any day you may be informed by your banker that he regrets his inability to extend further accommodation.

Manipulation.—It is impossible to finance your business by manipulation, do not have too much confidence in your ability to get along nicely, those ideas usually fail and become the cause of bankruptcy. No business can develop and grow without sufficient cash capital.

How Much Capital is Needed.—Do not consider with how little capital you can get along, but how much you can advantageously use in your business, that is, if you could increase your business by the use of additional capital, then you must either secure that capital or allow your business to suffer loss, owing to trade which you could control flowing into other channels, thus allowing your insufficient cash capitalization to aid in the development of competitors.

How to Secure Capital.—There is only one right way to do anything, and the right way to secure capital is by incorporating your business into a Limited Company, and the selling of shares, this is not difficult to do, your business is never too large or too small, provided it will earn profit, also it is possible for you to control the Company, and to increase the intrinsic value of your holdings, and to derive profit in excess of that which you could earn by individual ownership.

We suggest that it would be in your interest to arrange an appointment with our Mr. Athol George Robertson; you can do this by writing to us, stating your wish and giving sufficient particulars regarding the nature and condition of your business. On receipt of this letter, we would be in a position to advise you in a practical manner.

We are awaiting your esteem d response to this letter.

Your obedient Servan's,

A. G. ROBERTSON & COMPANY, LIMITED.

It appears that Robertson has worked the country districts over a great portion of Ontario, and has also been busily engaged in doing the same in Toronto.

It has also been ascertained that Robertson has been intimately associated with a gang of Montreal loan sharks, a crowd which has sailed under various names, individual and corporative for a number of years. Their records are well known to the police of that city, and the business which they are accustomed to conduct has always been of a shady character.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—To be forewarned is to be forearmed. The aggressive way you have warned the public from entering further into buying stock from such speculative stock companies as have been advertising in our public papers would go much for the savings of the people who do not have the special knowledge to judge for themselves than can be easily estimated. I believe such exposures as your paper published are just what the public appreciate and want. They search the daily papers for such news; alas, they are disappointed. Saturday Night is the only paper that has the courage. Why?

Yours respectfully, F. N. J. HILLS.

An Honest Promoter?

Editor Toronto Saturday Night:

Sir,—Seeing the reputation you give Athol George Robertson in your last edition, I would like to ask if there is an honest promoter in the city of Toronto. I have been dealing with several and find them to be crooks. Robertson had begun the promotion of a company for me. I had drawn a cheque to send him when the banker told me I had better read Toronto Saturday Night. I did so and concluded not to send the cheque.

"G. T. M."

Ingersoll, February 21.

High Finance in Taxis.

Editor, Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find some of the literature which shareholders of the Berna Motors and Taxicabs Co. are getting instead of their money. In the first place, you will see they are trying to make the shareholders who bought stock a little over two months ago, paying $6 per share, believe that they are only losing $1.50 on each share, while the old shareholders are standing a loss of $3 on theirs. As a matter of fact the new shareholders are losing $2.50, while those who bought the first issue of stock only paid $3.50 a share, which you will see means a net loss of $1.50. The agent had two blocks of stock to sell, one lot belonged to a gentleman who had paid honest money for them, and thinking it was going to be a good using he gave it to the agent to sell in lots of five shares or more for the small investor's benefit. Thanks to your exposure of the affair in the Saturday Night, which induced him to investigate, and the result was he had notices sent out to all who had purchased his stock to send in their certificates and receive their money in full. I happen to be one of those fortunate parties. If we only had more good honest men like this one how much better it would be for us all. The second block of stock was Munroe's, which many bought, and the loss entailed is going to be a great hardship to many.

"E. H."

Toronto, February 16, 1910.

COMMENT ON COBALTS

The higher priced Cobalts strengthened towards the close of last week in keeping with the big market. The statement made by Mr. Gibbon of the LaRose that a proposition was being considered for the general amalgamation of the LaRose, Nipissing, Kerr Lake, etc., must surely have been a jest.

Power is now being delivered to the Cobalt mines over the wires from adjacent waterpowers. This is undoubtedly a great thing for the mines, but it would appear too much was promised for it marketwise. The cost of generating steam power in Cobalt is given as $150 per h.p. per annum. Electric power is being supplied at $50. The ordinary mine uses within 200 h.p. per annum, which multiplied by $100, gives $20,000, or 2 cents per million capitalization, this is after the cost of new installation is paid for.

The Cobalt Lake and the Temiskaming annual meetings have been held. At the latter the President explained the payment of the last 6 per cent. dividend. His account was certainly frank and it would seem that it would be well for the law to be so framed that mining companies should be compelled to issue statements more frequently. Some of them do it without being compelled by law.

At the Cobalt Lake meeting no interesting developments occurred and amusement was lacking. One gentleman had some difficulty in getting the information that the value of the ore extracted since the first of the year amounted to $12,000. "Oh," replied he, "I was told the mine produced $30,000 in ore in the last month."

This is from the Engineer's report: "Toward the end, this Western drift passed through the Conglomerate Rock into the broken and fissured Slate Measures, which materially increased the influx of water into the mine. Owing to the limited pumping plant, and the danger of flooding the mine if the drift were continued, it was decided to abandon this portion of the underground workings for the present."

And this:

"The Western drift was driven 100 feet, making a total of 515 feet from the shaft. At this point one of the McKinley-Darragh vein formations was intercepted, showing 3 inches of good ore, a portion of which is suitable for shipping, the balance is milling ore. Owing to the increasing quantity of water from this vein formation, and the possibility and danger of flooding the mine, it was decided to suspend operations in this drift for the present, and sink a winze 57 feet below the level, with the object of proving the extent and value of the ore body at that depth."

No news is forthcoming from Porcupine and while the report of progress is excellent boom features are lacking. In these stirring times one half the world seems to be hunting for something for nothing and the other half to sell nothing for something and a great number of each class is to be found in mining camps.

Shepherd

The Chinese Bank Clerk.

THE Chinese have a way of getting hold of the first principles of things, even though they may not have developed them into elaborate and scientific systems.

A foreigner, especially if he be of prepossessing appearance, is received with great civility at a Chinese bank. "Schroff!" shouts the head clerk. This word, as a writer in Harper's Weekly explains, is not, as it sounds, German, but a corruption of the Hindu "sarraf," or banker's assistant. In response to this call a native cashier appears, noiseless and deferential, with a smooth-shaven skull, a four-foot pigtail, and a spotless, flowing garment.

With great rapidity he will make an exchange of notes, doing his calculating on an abacus—a frame of wire and beads, similar to those used in country schools everywhere years ago. His long, lithe fingers move over the beads more quickly than the eye can follow, but there is no mistake in the total.

Perhaps the visitor will want a large piece of money changed into small coin. Instead of going through the wearisome operation of counting out the three hundred pieces included in this transaction, a simple, ingenious device is employed. A flat, wooden tray is produced containing one hundred recesses, each just big enough to lodge one coin and just shallow enough to prevent the possibility of two lurking together.

WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration.
Estimates submitted at short notice.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
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When the Last Curtain Falls

you will find that the excitement of the play has made you feel like having something to eat. Come to the

St. Charles Grill

where you may have a dainty, appetizing lunch at a modest outlay. Shade canoies, snowy linen and antique furniture offer a cheerful and inviting place to dine. Tables reserved on request.

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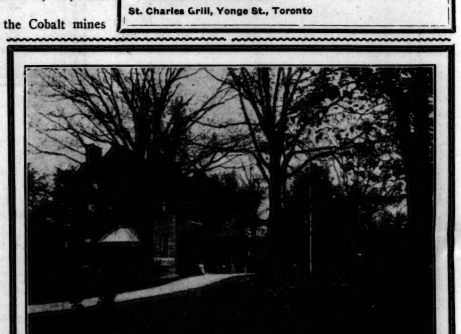

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We have received instructions to offer for sale the Baldwin residence situated on the west side of Avenue Road, just north of St. Clair Ave., in the City of Toronto, with or without all the handsome grounds.

For further particulars apply

F. J. SMITH & CO.
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6 % BONDS

DUE 1912

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Net earnings for 1908 over three times bond interest.

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Price 100 and interest yielding 6 per cent.

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Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium.	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

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GOLD BONDS

of the CANADIAN CAR & FOUNDRY CO. Limited

That the bonds of our large Canadian industries have the highest regard with investors in England, United States and at home, was demonstrated by the remarkable success of the recent issue of bonds of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company made in these three countries.

Issue three times over subscribed. Immediate appreciation of nearly three points over issue price.

The abundant security behind the Canadian Car and Foundry Company bonds, and the liberal return of interest which they yield, as well as prospect of appreciation over the present market price of 105 and interest, should give them favor with investors.

These bonds are being traded in the present market, giving an income return of over 5½ per cent.

A circular fully descriptive of this issue sent on request.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 26 KING ST. EAST

BRANCHES

MONTREAL— —LONDON-ENG.

FINANCIAL

TORONTO

MONTREAL, FEB. 24, 1910.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway has become such a recognized institution that we are apt to forget that it had a beginning not so very long ago. The younger fry—twenty and thirty year olds—always heard of the C.P.R. When they were kids they became familiar with the names of a number of household remedies, among them being "Seepy-are." Whether it was in a bottle, and was used in summer to relieve pains in the bowels or in winter to relieve the chest, or whether it was, like jam and wonderful articles of that nature, good to eat, was long a mystery over which, from time to time, they used to momentarily ponder as they plodded wearily on until they wrote their age in two figures and found themselves in their 'teens. About that time they found out that Seepy-are was just plain C.P.R., a railway which carried them places and which, so far as they knew, was in possession of North America long before 1492.

⁂

First C.P.R. Passenger Ticket.

A man died in Montreal, this week, who bought the first railway ticket the Seepy-are, or, as we had better call it, the C.P.R., ever issued. Just think of it a minute. It is no disparagement to the G.T.R., the G.T.P., the C.N.R., or the rivals of the first Canadian transcontinental road to say that the C.P.R. is a big railway and has sold tons and carloads and perhaps train loads of tickets. Yet the late S. O. Shorey, a man of about 62 years of age—and that's young nowadays—had in his possession a ticket which was inscribed "Ticket No. 1, trip No. 1." It was bought on December 5, 1878, and it entitled the holder to a trip from St. Boniface to Emerson, Man. What possessed the railway to start selling its first ticket away out in what was then the wilds of Canada, is difficult to say. Quite possibly, that section of the road was one of the first portions to be known by the name Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Shorey also claimed to be the first commercial traveller from Montreal to Winnipeg, his first trip being made in 1876, when it was still Fort Garry. We will soon begin to have a sort of Rip van Winkle appearance if we admit that Fort Garry was just about good enough for us once, too.

THE LATE S. O. SHOREY.

⁂

S. O. Shorey Passes Away.

—The firm of Shorey—H. Shorey & Co.—hasn't been so familiar a sound recently as it once was. The time when H. Shorey & Co., for people living in certain sections of Canada, had just about as good a sound as the C.P.R. Mention the word clothes, and the answer was Shorey's, just like when the boys said pocket-knife, the answer was Rogers. S. O. Shorey, who died last Sunday, was one of the firm mentioned. When he came to Montreal first, he was connected for a time with Messrs. William Stephen & Co., of which George Stephen is said to have been at that time manager. George Stephen later became Lord Mounstephen—not that he's any the better for that, unless you think so. He was probably making money at that time by selling good drygoods. Later he helped build the C.P.R.—or we built it, or helped build it, and when it was all over the other fellows owned it. So we made them lords, and they deserved it and so did we. However, what has that to do with S. O. Shorey? As already stated, the name was well known throughout the whole of Eastern Canada, for many years, and the death of Mr. Shorey is a severance of one of the links with the past. He was one of the Governors of the General Hospital, and was on the advisory board of the Great West Assurance Co., of Winnipeg, a member of St. James's and other prominent clubs of Montreal, and was one of the founders of the Commercial Travellers' Association. For some years past he has lived a retired life, and has spent much time in visiting foreign lands. His illness extended over several months.

⁂

Officers of the Society of Arts.

Bourdon, manager	$20,763
Asselin, director	18,262
Moneau, director	13,022
Heroux, director	8,191
Max Piche, agent	11,852
Gareau	7,354
	$79,444

If I have added the above little enigma up correctly, it makes practically $80,000, which the amiable gentlemen, whose names are mentioned, took from the people of Montreal, in a fit of pleasantry, not long since. The entire cost of their operations to the people of the province of Quebec is said to have been close to $500,000.

Just why they called their institution the Society of Arts, I have never heard, unless they considered that a slick method of relieving the poor and the blind and the maimed of their surplus cash should be dignified by the term. In addition, I understand, the society actually had something in the nature of pictures, though what they did with them heaven knows.

⁂

Lucky Man Got Lucky Number.

It is said that the society took money on weekly assessment, payments to extend over some three hundred weeks. At the end of this time, you got your money back, with much other money. I am not aware that anyone, save the above, really ever did get his money back, save in theory. Of course, you stood good chances (perhaps) of getting it back, long before the time was up, during the periodical drawings which took place in the meantime. If you were successful in getting the lucky number (which you never were) you would be entitled to draw out, immediately, all the money you would have drawn out had you been so unfortunate as to have completed your three hundred payments. Each time you went to the drawing, you saw some lucky devil draw his pile out without having paid in any more than you. Somehow, however, you never could manage to draw the lucky number. Why? Look that list over again and you will see why. It's easy. The directors needed the money themselves.

⁂

Why Society Is No More.

Mr. Justice Davidson, in his judgment, said that the society had made fraudulent use of the money; that it was not even shown that an attempt had been made to invest the receipts in such a manner as to realize the fifty per cents promised; that, while a few of the subscribers received small sums by way of "anticipated payments," there had been paid with every appearance of fraudulent priority the sums before mentioned; that there were contributors who had paid regularly for six years who had received nothing, and that it is obvious that the series had been manipulated so as to deprive contributors of their just profits; that the funds have been deposited to the credit of Bourdon, if deposited at all, instead of in the name of the society. Because of these and other reasons given, the Judge granted the winding-up order, and the society is no more.

T. C. A.

⁂

TORONTO, Feb. 24, 1910.

IN writing to say how much he appreciated the slating that financial pirates have been receiving in other columns of this paper for some weeks past, a gentleman in Edmonton is inclined to be critical. Being almost on the spot, he appreciated particularly the uncloaking of those "Alberta oil schemes." And then he goes on to say that "experts have known for years that there was no oil either in Northern or Southern Alberta" but that "much money has been wasted in that line nevertheless." It appears also that SATURDAY NIGHT has stirred up some ill-will against itself in that locality, "as," so our correspondent avers, "some people look upon oil as one of the big potentialities of the province," and many "are impatient of adverse criticism, the more so when it is true." All of which goes to show that the people in the West are very much like the people anywhere else. And then comes the portion of the letter in which the writer of this column is particularly interested. "Why do you not," he asks, "give some attention to a few of the stocks listed on the Winnipeg Exchange, some of which are perfectly sound and backed by first-class men, and should be very attractive to Eastern investors."

⁂

Many Stocks Neglected on Toronto Exchange.

Getting down to instances, the Edmonton gentleman proceeds: "I notice that the Great West Permanent Loan Company's stock is now listed on the Toronto Exchange and though paying nine per cent. is quoted at 112." Perhaps, as our correspondent goes on to say, Eastern investors would appreciate our bringing this matter before them, but our experience, after following the markets for several years, is that no one stock has a monopoly of public attention. Go back a few years and you will find that the Mackay issues were the market leaders. Later on the Southern traction issue absorbed public attention. And at the present moment it looks as though some of the industrial issues were to have a vogue. The fact of the matter is that very few people here in the East know very much about Great West Permanent, and until something is done to arouse public interest in this section of the Dominion there is not likely to be any great inquiry. Our Western correspondent implies that the quotation here is not high enough to indicate the value of the stock, but last Saturday, while the stock here was 115 bid, the quotation in Winnipeg was only 115½. So that the discrepancy between the two centres is not very great. If Western people think the stock is worth more why do they not bid it up. In this way people in the East would be given an object lesson. But as a matter of fact Great West Permanent is not the only listed stock on the Toronto Exchange that is neglected. Out of a total of one hundred and twenty on the list on an average not more than twenty are quoted each day.

⁂

About the New Co-operative Drug Firm.

A well-known druggist in a town not so many miles away from Toronto has written to ask what we think of the United Drug Company, an American concern that is about to start operations in this city. An ordinary layman is not expected to mix up in professional controversies, but it is just as well to indicate that the advent of the company to which allusion is made is not wholly welcome to the trade on this side of the line. Although new to Canadians, the United Drug Company has done a thriving business in the United States. It is made up almost exclusively of retail druggists in all the more important centres and by taking stock in the concern they were made to think it would be to their interests to push the remedies placed on the market by the National Company. Much the same process is to be followed in the Dominion. Retail drug-

Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817.)

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	958,211.06

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QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending 28th February, 1910, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, March 1st next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON, General Manager.

Toronto, January 19th, 1910.

Six Offices in Toronto

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Member Montreal Stock Exchange

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Capital Authorized...$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 5,000,000.00

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Available in any part of the World.
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Having no particular propensity for the intricacies of business, many people find themselves in a quandary at times, when they have accumulated funds to invest.

Expert advice is often invaluable and facilitates business in numerous ways.

We deal in Government, Municipal and Corporation Bonds of the higher grades, and before recommending any Bond for investment, take every precaution in order to ascertain the standing of each issue.

An investment on our own part, invariably precedes our offer to the public, and we are always glad to advise in every way.

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The Premium on $10,000 of insurance at age 30 on the 5 year Convertible Term Policy is only $29.00 quarterly. Ask for particulars. Other plans equally favorable.

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Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

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WHOLESOME
PALATABLE
BEVERAGE

Halifax Shredded CODFISH
(JUST A DONE IN IT.)
Makes delicious Fish Patties, Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.
IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS

gists in all the larger centres presumably are to be invited to take stock and if they refuse to do this it is likely that attempts will be made—as was done in the United States—to control their business in some other way. If the information purveyed in the February number of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal is to be relied upon those who went into the co-operative scheme in the United States have co-operated in selling the goods but have scarcely co-operated in sharing the profits.

⁂

A Famous Banker Visits Canada.

An interesting visitor to the city the present week has been Sir Edgar Speyer, the head of the great London banking house of that name. While Speyer Brothers have the strongest kind of a footing in London, New York and Frankfort, Germany, they had never, until within the last few years ,devoted much attention to Canadian investments. They did much to finance the Grand Trunk Pacific, but, then, a railway is a thing that is very much in the days' routine to a man that is accustomed to think of millions. It was not until recently when his firm made such a successful flotation of bonds for the Dominion Iron and Steel Company that the mind of Sir Edgar Speyer was definitely fixed upon Canada as a country that should receive more than the former share of attention as a field for investment. And so it is not unnatural that many should look upon the visit of this prominent banker as, perhaps, the initial stage in another era of expansion for the country. Next Monday Sir Edgar will address the Canadian Club on International Finance. Aside from business, however, he is a man of the widest sympathies. He loves pictures, music and books. To many charities and philanthropic movements he has been a generous contributor, and, made a Privy Councillor last fall, he is interested in all the currents of public opinion.

⁂

More Canadian Issues floated in Britain.

Some of the latest cable communications from the other side indicate that Canada is once more after some of John Bull's hard earned savings and that she is likely to get what she wants. Perhaps the largest drafts will be made by the Grand Trunk Pacific for the construction of its prairie branches, for that company is determined that when its main line is completed there shall be any number of off-shoots as feeders. And then our own William Mackenzie is going over shortly to float some new Canadian Northern issues notably some bonds guaranteed by the British Columbia Government. In addition to the securities just enumerated—and they are sure to meet with the readiest kind of a sale—there are current among underwriters in London, so it is said, a great variety of industrial issues, having Canada as their home, some of which are scandalously over-capitalized. There are indications that these latter if they are marketed at all, will be forced to come out under poor auspices, for the average Briton with money to invest in colonial issues is growing more discriminating every year. The financial relations existing between Canada and the Mother-land were never more cordial than they are at the present time. In this very cordiality there would appear to lie latent the opportunity for almost unlimited development for various Canadian enterprises. But it behooves the Canadian promoter to be particularly careful as to the character of the securities carried to that market otherwise the advantage that Canadians has now obtained over the United States in this regard will be short lived.

⁂

The C.P.R.'s Extensions in The West.

Wherever stock transactions are undertaken the recent expansion of earnings on the part of the Canadian Pacific Railway is the subject of considerable comment. Perhaps the major portion of this is due to the development of the West, and, as in the past , so in the future, the Canadian Pacific is preparing to keep up with the remarkable progress that is being made in that section of the Dominion. Some years ago, Mr. William Whyte, the second vice-president of the company, in speaking to the writer, said that the Province of Alberta alone was capable of sustaining an Empire, and Mr. Whyte, who has for the past decade practically controlled the destinies of the company west of the great lakes, has evidently had the courage of his convictions. For year after year the Canadian Pacific is stretching forth to grasp its share of the traffic arising from those illimitable wheat fields. Mr. Whyte was in the city early in the present week, and while here indicated that in the West alone the company would build over five hundred miles of track. Out of Regina three new branches are to be built, which will make that city a much more busy railway centre than it is even at the present time. In addition to the furtherance of its trackage extensions, the company will build two immense bridges, one at Edmonton, to cost a milion and a half, and the other across the South Saskatchewan, over four thousand feet in length. Mr. Whyte has had an exceptionally long experience as a railroad man and in that vocation he also has been exceptionally successful. As far back as 1863, when he first came to Canada from Scotland, he obtained employment with the Grand Trunk, after which he occupied various positions, ultimately, in 1897, being appointed manager of the lines of the Canadian Pacific west of Fort Wiliam.

⁂

Mackay Companies will Maintain their Independence.

The Mackay Companies' securities have always been popular with the Canadian investors, though latterly they have not had the vogue which was theirs' some years ago. But they again sprang into prominence the other day when the annual meeting was held in Boston. The striking feature of the report presented on that occasion was the announcement that the company would sell the eighty-three thousand shares of American Telephone and Telegraph stock then in its possession and having at current quotations a market value of between eleven and twelve million dollars. As all are aware, the Postal Telegraph system is one of the Mackay Companies' chief assets. Only recently the American eTlephone and Telegraph Company. which trol of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which has always been the Postal's chief competitor. The course mentioned was therefore adoptel out of deference to a public opinion which viewed with suspicion such a large holding of stock on the part of the Mackay Companies in a concern which had always been its rival. The Postal Telegraph system, it was announced, will continue to be free and independent, prepared to furnish the competition it has furnished for twenty-five years. The chief development of the year in connection with the actual workings of the properties owned by the Mackay Companies was the re-arrangement, renewing and practical re-construction of the vulnerable parts of two of the Commercial Cables Company's transatlantic lines laid in 1884. In this connection trouble arose with the Newfoundland Government, but diplomatic negotiations are now under way between London and Washington which it is hoped will eventuate in an understanding.

⁂

Lake of Woods Continues Bonus Payments.

If there is one man in the country that is going to manage any company with which he is connected officially in the manner he wants to manage it, that man is Robert Meighen. But that fact has not precluded shareholders in the past raising a row when things were not going exactly to suit them. It was so the other day when the announcement was made that a bonus of five per cent. would be paid on the commo stock of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. Last November a similar bonus of ten per cent. was given. Not a few of the shareholders have contended all along that the six per cent. dividend should be increased instead . nI this instance they voiced their plaint somewhat loudly. But criticism leaves Mr. Meighen entirely unscathed. Coming of Scotch-Irish ancestry, he possesses qualities that enable him to stand four-square against all the winds that blow. A brother-in-law of Lord Mount-Stephen, he has created an independent fortune in his own right, but his relationship and his wealth give him an independence that is shared by few executive officers in the industrial fields of Canada. And so when his shareholders raise a rumpus, he merely states his position and lets it go at that. In the present case Mr. Meighen seems to have the better of the argument. Several years ago he promised that when the surplus profits of the company should have reached a million dollars, part of the annual surplus thereafter should be distributed among the shareholders. That occasion occurred last fall and now there are funds on hand to make another like distribution. But Mr. Meighen points out that while the company is always likely to be in a position to pay a six per cent. dividend, there is no absolute assurance that a larger payment would always be warranted. Hence he believes it to be best to maintain the dividend at its present level and if further distributions are in order to make them in the manner already adopted.

INVESTOR.

The Honorable Lloyd-George, chancellor of the exchequer of Great Britain, undoubtedly was the most picturesque figure in the elections just ended, but he is hardly able to recognize his portraits in the French papers, which describe him as the "yelling Apache of the British crisis." This is one of the quieter paragraphs in Figaro of Paris: "The eye of Lloyd-George shoots out flames. It is with the innate majesty of a king of speech that he treads the platform, roaring, stamping, yes howling, while he shakes the mass of his long, black hair."

The change in the fortunes of ex-General Stoessel, the Russian military commander who was not merely disgraced, but imprisoned, for his lack of success at Port Arthur, may go far towards reconciling him to the injustice from which he suffered. He is now a member of a big firm in Moscow which imports tea and has a profitable trade.

"I say, Bridget, have you seen anything of my gog— What the deuce!" "Sure, sor, I always wear thim whin I'm pelin' the onions."—Harper's Weekly.

A DELIGHTFUL WEEK END RESORT.

Niagara Falls at this time of the year, with the mighty cataract fast bound in winter's grasp marvellously beautiful in its garb of ice and snow, is one of the most attractive places for a week end visit imaginable. The hotels on the Canadian side are most easily reached from Victoria Park Station, which is the stopping place for all Canadian Pacific trains. There are four trains from Toronto, at 7.50 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 5.20 p.m. and 7.10 p.m. Service from the Falls is equally convenient.

NEW TRADERS BANK BRANCHES.

A branch of the Traders Bank has been opened in Erskine, Alberta, and we are advised that one will be opened in Matheson, Ontario, about the 21st instant. This will make 106 branches of the Traders Bank in Canada.

The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. W. T. White and Dr. John Hoskin.

A Vassar graduate, Miss Elizabeth Moore, has entered the agricultural department of a western college with a view to becoming an expert farmer.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

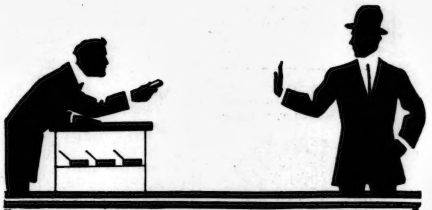
Notice is hereby iven that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 28th February, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after 1st of March next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 28th February, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL,
Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 17th January, 1910.



"Not for Mine!"

says the wise smoker, when asked by the tobacconist to try cigarettes of questionable merit.

There's a kind he knows is good—

Tuckett's CIGARETTES

That same insistence on purity and real value that has made Tuckett's cigars and tobaccos famous, is steadily building up a similar reputation for the Tuckett cigarette brands.

Tell the man behind the counter nothing but Tuckett's is good enough for you.

TUCKETT'S "CLUB" CIGARETTES—made from an exquisite blend of Virginia leaf. 15c. a package of 10.
TUCKETT'S "SPECIALS"—made from a mild Turkish leaf, rich in flavor and aroma. 15c. a package of 10.
TUCKETT'S "T & B" CIGARETTES—for the man who likes a full-flavored Virginia. 10c. a package of 10.

Those who know give the preference to the Champagne of the Century

MOET & CHANDON

WHITE SEAL, BRUT IMPERIAL & IMPERIAL CROWN BRUT
The Pre-eminent Cuvees of Champagne

Sole Canadian Agents:
JOHN ROBERTSON & SON, Ltd. - MONTREAL

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S LAIT "Lanola"

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING after Cycling, Motoring, Skating, Dancing, etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

Ask your Chemist for it and accept no substitute

It Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, CHAPS, ETC. Invaluable for Preserving the Skin and Complexion from the effects of the Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water.

O'K

The Ale You Have Always Wanted

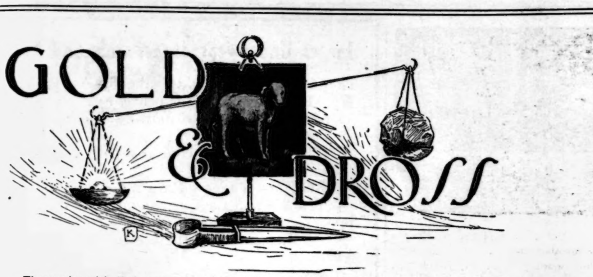
O'KEEFE'S Ale is the kind you have read about—and heard about—and longed to try.

It is a pure, old, creamy brew—with a flavor that delights and satisfies.

And you may drink all of it you like. Being extra mild, it won't make you bilious.

If you want a real treat, treat yourself to a case of

O'KEEFE'S
"Special" Extra Mild Ale
"The Beer that is always O.K."
At all Dealers', Hotels and Cafes. 130



Those who wish their enquiries answered through the Gold and Dross columns must give their names and addresses, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Make your questions as brief and concise as possible. The editor of Gold and Dross cannot undertake to recommend the purchase of any individual security. He would, if the occasion required, warn against a purchase, and again he might name a dozen stocks out of which an investment might be made, but the choice must necessarily remain with the correspondent and not with the editor.

Wallaceburg, Ont., 19 Feb. 1910.

The Editor Gold and Dross.

Dear Sir.—I have followed with great interest your articles in "Gold and Dross" and especially those touching on Marconi Wireless stocks. Now, I am one of the luckless investors and have bought quite a number of the same, expecting, from year to year, to see the thing materialize and pay the dividend that has been promised me by the broker, a London man, for the last five years. I am seriously thinking of following the example of "A Subscriber," and I should feel greatly obliged if you would say in your next issue:

1. Why is it that the stock is still being offered for sale by the very men who must, putting it mildly, have deluded the public?

2. Why, if there are quotations, are they never published in the dailies?

3. The Co. being supported by the Canadian Government, why does it not get into paying shape.

4. Are American and English stocks equally as undesirable?

A VICTIM.

1. These men have evidently taken advantage of the public's ignorance of the value of Canadian Marconi stock.

2. Quotations are scarce because there is very little of the stock publicly bought and sold on the Canadian market. The active markets for this stock are New York and London.

3. Wireless telegraphy has never proven itself to be a commercial success. Between ships at sea and land stations the system has proved almost invaluable, but this does not go far toward paying dividends to the stockholders. In order to make it a financial success the wireless system must compete successfully with the cable companies, and this has so far not proven feasible.

4. So far as an investment is concerned, they all appear to be on pretty much the same basis—not desirable.

Ridgeway, Ont., 18th Feb., '10

Dear Sir.—Last November I remitted $50.00 to Athol George Robertson, No. 213 Manning Chambers, as first payment on 500 shares of the Nicoll Casing Co. This has proved unsuccessful and Mr. Robertson has not returned my money as requested, but urges me to accept shares for the amount in the Severn River and Lake Couchiching Navigation Co. Do you know anything of this latter concern? Of course I would rather have my $50.00 back and have nothing to do with Mr. Robertson who, Mr. Nicoll charges in the Globe, with making untrue statements in the Prospectus of the Nicoll Casing Co.—B.H.

The Severn River will at its normal float a flat boat, a small gasoline launch, or a canoe. Just what a navigation company would do with it from a commercial point of view is hard to say. Our advice would be to get your money back if you can. Perhaps you had better consult a lawyer.

R. A., Pasadena, California, wants to know if Fort George town site is an investment of the desirable class?

Saturday Night would not advise Fort George or any other town site company as an investment. They are all more or less of a gamble. Rather more than less. R. A. should bear in mind that fully fifty per cent. of the town sites never materialize as thriving centres and paying propositions. Which fifty Fort George belongs to is a matter of the future. Time and luck will solve the problem. I have somewhere a British Columbia town site lot (traded a dog for it). Would be pleased to present it to R. A. if he has any more use for it than I have.

Glencoe, Ont., wants to know something regarding Tool Steel stock.

We have referred to this stock in previous issues. It is not an investment. It may be one some day, but not now. It is speculative.

B. C. M., St. Catherines, asks whether Shredded Wheat common is a good investment and whether the prospectus of the company are promising?

Behind Shredded Wheat common there are no tangible assets; the good-will of the company alone gives these shares value. In view of this fact one would naturally expect to receive an annual return of eight per cent. on the investment, whereas this stock only pays three per cent. But anyone buying should look upon the money they put into it purely in the light of a speculation. Shredded wheat may or may not have passed beyond the status of a fad. As for the Shredded Wheat Company itself, it is in very fine shape at present, and if one desires to speculate, here perhaps is as good a speculation as any.

D. H. R., Beamsville, asks: (1) Do you consider McKinley-Darragh a good buy at present prices and (2) what is the outlook for the future development of Western Coal and Coke?

(1) We do not undertake, even inferentially, to advise the purchase of any stock, no matter what its nature. The mine in question appears to be doing well. (2) The company is officered by good people and is likely to prove a profitable long-term investment.

An Anxious One writes to ask: (1) Whether there is any likelihood of an improvement in the price of the stock placed on the market by the Canada Cycle and Motor Company, of West Toronto, and (2) whether we would advise him to hold on or sell?

(1) The position of the company is steadily improving and the results of its operations during the coming year are calculated to be ahead of any previous year; (2) Therefore, it would appear to be the part of wisdom to hold the stock in the meantime.

E. S., Hamilton, asks: (1) Is the Northern Navigation Company's stock a good buy at the present quotation, and (2) what do you think of Rio at the existing level?

(1) The stock of the Northern Navigation Company is a fair business man's investment. (2) Rio stock is high on its existing dividend return, but in the long future will probably show good results.

A Reader asks: Will you kindly give your opinion of the Willow River Timber Company?

The company is to a considerable extent an untried one as yet, but with capable management should establish for itself a prosperous future.

In writing of Great Northern Silver Mines Co., Ltd., in these columns some weeks ago, the facts were not all given, we will therefore answer "Palmy Beach" more fully, and at the same time give the company full credit for its good works. Chief property of the Great Northern is the Hughes (R.L. 477) adjoining the Newman in South Loraine. Company is working on above, trenching and surface work. Company's chief revenue is power plant and sale of lots, surface rights, etc. Company has exclusive franchise for lighting Cobalt. Company has also contract with water power people, on favorable terms, for at least 1,000 horse power. Company has invested $150,000 cash in plant aside from mining properties which are as yet in the early stages of development. Surplus funds from Cobalt plant going into development work.

Dear Sir.—I am a shareholder in the Otisse mine. The stock has dropped very much since I purchased. Would you advise holding for a rise? I have heard very good reports of the Batise mine. I am thinking seriously of taking a few thousand shares. What do you think of venture?

W. J. W.

A rise may come, and so may Halley's comet. If you have heard good reports of the Batise, I have not.

J. M. A. asks: Would you kindly advise me what would be best in holding shares in the Motor Bus Co.? They were to be running last June, but as yet have not seen any. Have paid some, will I go on or drop it before too late?

The Motor Bus Company has so far not made good. Would advise you to consult a lawyer, as it is impossible for us to advise you regarding future payments.

Junior, of Jarvis, Ont., asks about Cobalt Majestic, whether the property is being worked, whether it is near any working mine? He also asks re the Canada Mines.

I tried to answer this last week, but there was a slip somewhere between mind and paper, and I gave a little dissertation on one H. C. Barber, who promoted the Canada Mines behind a guinea-pig directorate and stated that he was the promoter of the Cobalt Majestic. I apologize to the latter company and can offer no explanation except carelessness. However, we will try again. The Cobalt Majestic is closed down, I believe. It is on the opposite side of Kerr Lake to the Kerr Lake mine and Crown Reserve. The area is about forty acres. I do not know when the annual meeting is. My last week's remarks on H. C. Barber were meant to bear on "Canada Mines." Barber was a fakir with all that implies. He advertised very extensively in the Toronto press and was to them a welcome source of revenue. That is to the generality. The Telegram has yet to print its first mining advertisement born of Cobalt. I may say that I have heard that this paper turned down $35,000 worth of advertisements in the year 1906 and I believe it. So there is one righteous.

The Atlantic Oil Co. Is this a legitimate venture in oil, or a wild cat on paper? If the former, what would be a fair price for the stock?

SCRUTATOR.

The company is a legitimate one. What the stock is worth it is impossible for me to say. The company was dealt with in these columns last week.

J. F., Belleville, asks regarding Caledonia Gypsum Co. which is being marketed by a firm of Buffalo brokers.

It appears that Canada is being circularized very largely on this proposition, the officers and directors of which are unknown to us. Would not advise an investment in the company until more is known of it.

S. J. McC., Winnipeg, asks: What do you think of the accompanying advertisement placed in the Winnipeg Telegram with reference to the Canadian Linen and Paper Company?

When the company has its million dollar capital subscribed and gets under way it may do a prosperous business. Certainly the outlook appears to be fine if one were to believe all that the promoters set forth in the prospectus. But it appears to us that the promoters in question expect the public that is asked to put up the million to proceed altogether too much on faith. While it takes half a page of newspaper space to set forth the merits of the "proposition" as it is termed, there is not given the name of a single one of the promoters. That looks peculiar on the face of it. Anyone going into a big undertaking of this kind is entitled to know the men to whom he is expected to entrust his money.

Enquirer, Toronto, asks for our opinion of the bonds of the Colored Cotton Mills Company, the Toronto and York Radial Railway and Dominion Iron and Steel first mortgage, adding that these have been recommended by one of the leading brokerage houses, whose name is also given.

So far as human knowledge can give anyone assurance of the future, an investor is not likely to lose any money in the three securities mentioned. They are not Government bonds, of course, but are about as good as anything that is before the public at the present time. It is contrary to the first law of logic to argue from the particular to the general, and just because a George Munroe has numbered his victims by the hundreds is no reason for imagining that a brokerage house, the integrity of none of whose principals has ever been questioned, is disposed to unload worthless securities on the public.

Anxious Enquirer, Trenton, asks: Is United States Steel a safe investment and would you advise a woman to buy its bonds?

We would not advise anyone to buy anything. But as practically the whole of Andrew Carnegie's huge fortune is invested in United States Steel bonds they ought to be on a plane of excellence to satisfy the most fastidious. As for the preferred issue, it looks pretty good to us at this distance.

A. G. C., Toronto, asks: What do you think of the stock called Black Lake Asbestos?

The writer does not mention whether it is the company's common stock or its bonds that he has in mind. The company is not at present doing business and the interest on its bonded indebtedness will have to be paid for the moment out of capital account. But the company's mill is almost completed and it is to be in operation by the first of May. The company has a good property and with a constantly widening market for its output should do well. But in placing money in these mining enterprises one must keep in view the fact that it is purely a speculation.

Odessa, Ont., Feb. 15th, 1910.

Dear Sir.—As you seem to be able to give advice on many subjects, especially on Cobalt items, can you say how can the directors of Union Pacific Cobalt be compelled to give an account of themselves? I am a widow with a small income and sought to increase it, so seeing Cobalt Union Pacific so freely advertised and such names as A. T. MacLaren, of Stratford; J. K. Paisley, of Ottawa; E. M. Barret, Ottawa, and many others, I thought surely here is an honest company. Are there no honest men in commercial life now?—C. M. McK.

Unfortunately we are not able to tell you anything particularly reassuring about Union Pacific Cobalt. If you bought the stock as an investment you were grossly deceived. Union Pacific is as good as many others and also as bad. It might be classed as an unbalanced mining proposition.

As a constant reader of SATURDAY NIGHT, would you kindly answer, in your columns, the following questions re mining stocks?

O. M. S. Hartney, Man.

1. Would you advise buying in Combined Goldfields, Ltd., at 10c. per share?

2. What is your opinion of Searchlight Larder Lake Mines, Ltd. at 10c. per chare?

3. Are either of these mines paying now and what is their prospects for the future?

1. No.
2. No.
3. No.

Editor Gold and Dross.

Re Columbus Cobalt Silver Co—Could you inform a shareholder: Has ore ever been found on this property in paying quantities? Has any shipment ever been made? Is the mine working at present? Do you consider it a reliable company? What chance do you consider of eventually getting any dividends? Have invested money over three years ago. What object could possibly be gained by this company not advertising any discoveries in the daily press? They have kept in the dark so far..

This proposition is of the vintage of 1906. No great quantity of ore has ever been found on the property. I do not know who comprise the directorate, and I do not think the prospects of getting a dividend are good. The only object a mining company could have in suppressing good news would be a questionable one. I do not know if the company has issued a yearly statement.

Couldn't you ventilate Green Meeham a little? This concern was re-organized the greater part of a year ago and certificates were held escrow and came out under a new name in August. There was quite a flourish of trumpets about the amount of cash but since there has been a deadly silence and the stock is now selling under 10c. What is the trouble? If Green Meehan has ceased to exist as it was supposed to do last August, why is it still sold on the market? A little ventilation on this proposition might not do any harm.

Yours truly,

SUCKER.

Green Meehan was one of the wildest felines ever handed out. They had the common or garden Cobalt liar working for them and they had mining engineers. The writer lived in Cobalt in those days and kept answering telegrams till the wires got hot from all sorts of people. Astute brokers in New York wanted to know if it was any good and when I said no they wired back again, asking if I was sure I was right. I hit it harder than ever. I wrote it up in a Toronto paper and the editor wrote me, asking if I was not wrong, as a broker came to his office, very wrathy, with the report of a mining engineer saying it was a good thing. So much for mining engineers, that is some of them. Perhaps, some day, when the Royal Commission is appointed and all the get-rich-quick artists are headed up on the carpet to "please explain," we may get at the facts. It would be interesting, would it not?

Toronto, Feb. 17, '10.

Editor Gold and Dross.

Would you kindly inform me as to what the prospects are of the White Bear Gold Mine, of Rossland, B.C.? I have a number of shares in this mine and I have paid all the assessments except the final one, which is now due. Would you advise me to pay this and do you think the mine has a bright future? Kindly let me know through your valuable columns what your opniion is, and very much oblige,

G. F. P.

We have no source of information as regards the White Bear and so do not know what to advise. As regards these assessments, they have been going on over some years now and the directors must be paying them as well as the small shareholders. The mine is situated at the southwest of the LeRoi mine in Rossland camp, and even nine years ago had ore in its workings which, however, was low grade. If the directorate says that they have pay ore in any quantity blocked out you have nothing to do but believe them. If they don't say this or you do not believe this to be the case, I would drop out.

F. J. D. wants to know if we think the McKinley-Darragh a good buy, also when the Maddock libel suit will come off?

The mine has turned out the most business-like and satisfactory statement handed out by a Cobalt directorate for some time, and it is the writer's opinion that the stock is a purchase. The suit will come to trial when the cows come home.

Toronto, Feb. 15, 1910.

Sir.—Will you kindly give me your opinion, through your columns, of the value of the stock of the Great Northern Mining Co., of Cobalt, as an investment.

A HOLDER OF THE ABOVE.

The Saturday Night has already said that this stock was not on an investment basis. See particulars in these columns.

International Tool Steel Co., Limited—Would you consider a purchase of their 7 per cent. preferred stock at par a good, conservative investment?

No.

About one year ago I became one of a syndicate organized to buy a number of mining claims in Lorraine township with the ultimate object of organizing into a joint stock company. During the late summer the company was duly launched and after setting aside a block to be regarded as treasury stock each member of the original syndicate was allotted ten shares of the capital stock for one share of the original syndicate stock. When those of us who were not at the first annual meeting were notified of what had been done thereat we were informed that the entire issue of stock had been pooled pending the announcement of policy to be pursued by the directors. I enclose herewith a circular issued by the president, announcing this policy. What I want to to know is this:—

Can the directors refuse to issue me the script to which I am entitled under the allotment? I was not asked to sign any pool agreement, nor did I authorize any one to vote my stock. After reading this circular if you were in my place would you accept the offer therein set forth?

MONTREAL.

It looks to us as if "Montreal" should seek the advice of an attorney who makes a specialty of mining organizations.

Would you be so kind as to state through your valuable columns what your views are of the Tranquille Creek Mining Co. stock, which mine is located about nine miles from Kamloops, B.C., on the main line of the C. P. Ry. This company is incorporated under the laws of the state of South Dakota, and the capital stock is stated to be $3,000,000. Anything you can tell me about this mine or its stock will be greatly appreciated by

CURIOUS.

It is some time since the writer was in Kamloops. Near Tranquille then there was a cinnibar property which had been worked a little, but not very successfully. To the south of the town there are some copper mines which also have not been any very great successes, although they have been run on the most legitimate basis. That is they don't rank with the Granby, more is the pity. I would say write the Cold Commissioner, Kamloops, and I have no doubt you will receive a courteous reply. I may say cinnibar is an ore of mercury—quicksilver.

May I ask your advice re purchase of Toronto Brazillian Gold Dredging Co. shares at 8c., and also if Rossland White Bear Mining shares are of any value.

G. A. C.

The only gold dredging layout I know anything about is Tom Lawson's Yukon Gold, which is selling around $4.50 down in New York. I may say for the benefit of any holder of this stock that B. H. Scheftles of uncertain reputation is hammering this stock and one of his arguments is rather amusing. Scheftes wants all his clients to sell all their stocks and buy the Coppers, preferably Ely Central, which flopped several dollars per share not long ago. This gent says that holders are seeing their Yukon Gold on the strength of the rumor that the Government at Washington intends placing a duty of one per cent. on the output of Alaska gold. As the rights of Yukon Gold happen to be in Canada the inference is that B. H. S. is talking through his hat. I would not touch the stock you mention. White Bear is answered elsewhere.

Can you give me any information as to the University mine? What are the shares worth, etc.?

B. E. J., Woodstock.

Mining shares are generally reckoned in value by their selling price. Write a Toronto Stock Exchange house to ask for a bid on the exchanges. The majority of this stock is held by the La Rose Consolidated. The mine is being worked, I believe, at least its compressor is supplying the Lawson. Whether the La Rose is paying for this I don't know. Perhaps if Mr. McGibbon sees this he will write the Saturday Night on the subject.

Woodstock, Feb. 21, 1910.

Mr. Editor.—Please give, through your paper, information concerning Cobalt America Dev. Co., Amal. Mining and Oil, Manhattan Nevada, Diamond Oil, Goldfield Summerset, Philippean Plantation Companies. What do you think of the investigation into the affairs of the A. M. and O.? Would you send money to help it along? Looking for help,

READER.

We would gently infer that these propositions are all fakes, or next door to it. We would suggest that you write for assistance to the Hon. the Attorney-General, Toronto. Where did you get hold of all the "dead" ones?

The Cobalt Lake Mining Company.

SIR HENRY M. PELLATT writes of the Cobalt Lake Mining Company. and SATURDAY NIGHT takes great pleasure in giving Sir Henry's defense of this proposition which was criticised in the issue of Feb. 12th. Sir Henry writes as follows:—

The enterprise (Cobalt Lake Mining Company) is an honest one, and is being carried on legitimately under the laws of the land; we have a capable directorate and management, and a large number of prominent men in all classes of life as stockholders (nearly 3000) and I think that we have a right to ask that enquiry be made and information of a reliable character obtained before anything is written which would depreciate its securities.

The first statement made is:

The startling announcement has been made public that Sir Henry Pellatt, president of the Cobalt Lake Mining Company, intends to ask the shareholders for authority to purchase 1,500,000 shares of Cobalt Lake stock with a view of lessening the capital. As the Cobalt Lake mine has spent about $150,000 more than it has earned in the last three years the question arises, where is the money going to come from?

It is the intention of the company to reduce its capital stock—that is a matter for the directors of the company and the shareholders to decide upon. It is also a fair matter of comment whether such a step is for the advantage of the company, or otherwise.

Your writer charges that Cobalt Lake Company has spent $150,000 more than it has earned. That is true; on the other hand the company is now earning a great deal more than it is spending. It received nearly $40,000 in cash for one shipment last week, which we believe to be the forerunner of very many more. If we do not earn the money to buy in the stock, we cannot buy it in, that is all.

I pass on to the following:

The possibilities of Cobalt Lake as a mining proposition seem to have appealed more strongly to the people of Ottawa than to others and when outsiders saw the price paid made the proposition hopeless they sought a market in Ottawa. Civil servants and government grafters, and even those who wished they had a graft, raided savings accounts, they mortgaged home and life insurance to buy stock in the most impossible wild-cat born of Cobalt. As a mining proposition it was hardly second to Frank Law's Silver Bird in impossibility. Law never left several hundred thousand dollars in Silver Bird treasury.

The ordinary reader would take from the above the following:

1. That the Cobalt Lake proposition is hopeless.

2. When outsiders realized this they got out of the stock altogether and unloaded upon Ottawa people.

3. That the persons in Ottawa who bought the stock are civil servants and Government grafters, and that to buy it they raided their savings accounts, mortgaged their homes and life insurance.

4. That Cobalt Lake is the most impossible wild-cat born of Cobalt.

5. That it is hardly second in impossibility to Frank Law's Silver Bird.

6. But that Frank Law, bad as he was, was not as bad as Cobalt Lake inasmuch as he had never left several hundred dollars in Silver Bird treasury.

In the first place, the means of enquiry were at hand; the company's office is here; I am here; the secretary is here, and the records, and the writer of the article could have ascertained the truth had he desired to do so; he knew, if he knows anything at all, that it is often the very best kind of business to reduce the capital stock; he also knew of the new discoveries on the company's property and that its prospects were better, and that there were reasonable probabilities that the company would be able to buy in the necessary amount of stock. Then why should he make the sneering allusions which he does in this respect? Why should he ridicule the Ottawa shareholders as he does? Why does he bring in Frank Law's Silver Bird—what was in his mind when he said that Law never left several hundred thousand dollars in Silver Bird treasury? He knows, if he knows anything at all, that it is no crime to leave stock in the treasury, yet he imputes wrongdoing,

All I ask from you is to see that the company gets fair play—I do not want any favours, only justice.

Yours truly,

HENRY M. PELLATT.

"The Love of Gain."

Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Sir,—It must be a satisfaction to all honest and honorable citizens that in Saturday Night they have in their midst one newspaper that is not subservient to sharpers and swindlers—that does not hesitate to refuse publicity through its columns of honied ads and fake advertisements to draw from their pockets the monies they ill can spare. Go on with your good work; you have but touched the fringe; there is much ahead of you that if made known will burst many a bubble, lay bare a multitude of swindles and expose in the limelight men who are no better morally than the midnight burglar. Get after some of the bucket-shops which nominally control a small block of stock and that in most cases, through foreign bucket shops, and sell on margin ten shares for every one they control—a thing easily done when, as is well known, not five per cent. of the customers ever call for their stock. Lately I was told of a case where a kerbstone broker secured an option, or at most but a nominal control of a block of stock in an American concern, and puffed it up with display ads in the dailies. He landed a shoal of suckers whose purchases (?) far exceeded the block controlled. Then suddenly the price began to drop. Many covered their margins. The downward tendency continued until all were squeezed out and the broker shoved his ill-gotten thousands into his pockets. In fact one broker told me the thief in that case never owned or controlled so few as one share. That sort of thing is going on every day right in this city, encouraged by certain newspapers with which the love of gain is made paramount to all sense of honor and honesty.

Yours,

ONE WHO WATCHES EVENTS.

Toronto, February 22nd, 1910.

If You Dance!

Save your Eyeglasses by having the "Williams' Clip" attached to your present glasses in a few minutes, you will then realize what real Eyeglass Comfort means. The

Williams' Clip

will hold your Eyeglasses securely in the correct position, will not allow the lenses to slip, tilt or fall off, and will not pinch.

Price 35c.
in German Silver.
Gold Filled ..... 75c.
Gold $1.50

J. C. Williams
OPTICIAN
131 Yonge St. Toronto
KODAKS

Prompt Service
Combined with Excellent Work

go far toward sustaining our reputation among well dressed men. Park 2257.

Burtwell Dyeing and Cleaning Works - 347 Dundas St.
Established 1900

For
Real Foot Ease
Wear Dr. A. Reed
Cushion Sole Shoes

IF you have foot troubles, change your shoes—try the Dr. A. Reed Cushion Sole Shoes. You'll surely find after a few days' wear every foot trouble will vanish. Try a pair on—walk in them—wear them for a week—a month—and the real foot ease you'll experience then and all the time is something that'll make you feel good all over.

Price $6 and worth it.
Ladies', $5.

H. & C. Blachford
114 Yonge St. Toronto

COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

A delight to the connoisseur and to those with whom all other ales do not agree.

¶ For sale at all hotels and dealers. Have a case sent to your residence.

DO YOU DANCE ?

Then don't make any mistake, but engage MEYER'S BALLROOM at SUNNYSIDE.

IT IS THE VERY BEST

HALIFAX FISH CAKE
(BUT A BONE IN IT.)

Is the very highest grade of Atlantic Codfish in its most economical form. Prepared easily, enjoyed thoroughly, digested readily. Your grocer sells it in 1 lb Cartons.

ANECDOTAL

HERE is a little story which might very appropriately and effectively have been told on the hustings by Mr. Lloyd-George during the recent British election campaign:

During the French Revolution a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumbril side by side through the wild streets of Paris, on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections.

"*A bas la noblesse!* Down with the aristocrats!" shouted the red-capped mob.

Thereupon the thief rose in the cart and cried:

"My friends, you deceive yourself. I am not an aristocrat. I am a thief."

The priest plucked him by the sleeve, saying reproachfully:

"Sit down. This is no time for vanity!"

* * *

ON an occasion when Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak in Manchester, the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor and overwhelmed him with cries of "Gladstone," "Gladstone!"

At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs:

"I'm not going to make a speech, I've got something to say!"

* * *

MISS MAUD ALLAN, the well-known dancer, said on the Lusitania, apropos of comic valentines:

"They are too frank, and frankness is a bad thing. There is nothing more dangerous than to encourage it. A prince in London last year went about incog. You'd see him chatting with a waiter in Frascati's, or playing dominoes at the Cafe Royal, or arguing heatedly with a cabman over a shilling fare. Prince X., feeling very good one night after supper, said to his cabman, as he paid the reckoning:

"'Do you know this Prince X., cabby?'

'Yes, yer honor,' the cabby answered, touching his hat.

"'Well, what sort of a chap is he.'

"'Why, sir,' said the cabby, 'some says as he's a good 'un, and some says as he's a bad 'un; but I say he's only a hass.'"

* * *

THE consul in London of a continental kingdom was informed by his government that one of his countrywomen, supposed to be living in Great Britain, had been left a million of money. After advertising without result he applied to the police, and a smart young detective was set to work. When a few weeks had gone by his chief asked him how he was going on.

"I've found the lady, sir."

"Good! Where is she?"

"At my place. I got married to her yesterday!"

* * *

AT a diplomatic reception in Washington Mrs. Taft, on being complimented on her exquisite French, told a little story about a senator whose French—acquired in twelve phonographic lessons—is by no means exquisite. The senator, fresh from one of his phonographic recitals, pounced upon an under-secretary of the French legation at a dinner.

"Monsieur," he said, "eska—ah—eska—voo—esk voo voo-ly ma—voo-ly ma dunny——"

"My dear senator," the secretary interrupted "do, I beg of you, stop speaking French. You speak it so well—ah, so very, very well—it makes me homesick!"

* * *

MARK TWAIN, in the course of a speech, talked of his pet aversion.

"Christian Science," he said, "reminds me of the apple cure for drunkenness. In Hannibal, in my boyhood, the apple cure was highly esteemed. I remember once hearing the Hannibal town drunkard expatiate on the apple cure.

"'You believe in it, then, do you, Hank?' a listener asked.

"'Believe in it? How can I help believin' in it?' the drunkard said, excitedly. 'Ain't it cured me eight times?'"

* * *

RECENTLY a party of tourists were visiting the Louvre. By mistake one of the tired number carried a catalogue of the Luxembourg. Upon being confronted by a fantastically modern nude study with a black cat in the background, she turned to the corresponding number and complacently announced to the astonished listeners:

"This is Whistler's Mother."

* * *

A young man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a pretty debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversation.

"Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."

* * *

THERE joined the police force of London a young Scotchman but recently arrived from his native land. Being detailed one day to block the traffic on a certain thoroughfare where members of royalty were expected to pass, he was accosted by a lady hurrying to keep an appointment who thrust her head from the carriage window to remonstrate with him over the delay.

"I canna let you pass, ma'am," answered the man of the baton.

"But, sir, you do not know who I am. I am the wife of a Cabinet Minister."

"It disna mak' na difference, ma'am," he answered. "I couldna let you pass if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

* * *

A CERTAIN minister was recently approached on the street by a young woman who inquired whether he were not the Reverend Doctor Blank.

"Yes," said the minister, who seemed at a loss to identify the young person.

"Don't you remember me?" asked the girl, laughingly.

"I'm afraid I do not," said the good man, apologetically. "Will you not give me just a little hint?'

"Well," continued the young woman, "I certainly think that you ought to remember me, even if it has been so long a time. Why, Dr. Blank, you baptized me here in the city just before my parents moved West. You don't mean to say that you've forgotten me entirely?"

* * *

THINGS hadn't turned out too well with their love affair. The fatal word had just been spoken, and he was rejected. The rejected suitor stood respectfully before her, listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision. Below the smooth waters of Oriental Bay rested in awesome wonder.

"I trust I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said.

"Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered, as his courage gradually returned. "It's but fair to give nature the credit for that," he added as he retired in good order.

* * *

HON. JOHN BURNS is well known for his very precise methods, and some time ago he had an amusing experience with a policeman whom he thought was breaking the law.

Walking out one day, "Honest John" espied a constable deep in conversation with a man in civilian's dress. Suddenly the latter put his hand in his pocket, and drew out something, which he handed to the policeman.

In a moment Mr. Burns, who had scented a disregard of the law against tipping in the force, was by that policeman's side.

"Open your hand!" he thundered.

The constable hesitated and looked very confused.

"Open your hand!" repeated the irate Mr. Burns.

Slowly the policeman obeyed, and extended his open palm. In it there lay not a piece of silver, and not even a penny, but—a large cough-drop!

A moment later "Honest John" had disappeared.

* * *

TOPICAL at this moment is a story of Lord Charles Beresford's gallantry which had a charming sequel. Years ago, when his ship was off the Falkland Islands, a sailor fell overboard on a bitterly cold night, and, of course, could not swim—sailors never could in those days.

Charlie did not stop to think, but, catching hold of a rope which might or might not be fastened to something, over the side he went. Down and down he sank, until he began to think the rope was not fastened to anything. Fortunately it was, however, and he saved his man.

Years afterwards, when Charlie was contesting East Marylebone, an an apparent heckler appeared at one of his meetings, and fighting his way to the platform, cried out: "I'm the man whose life ye saved off the Falklands, and I'd like to shake your flipper again."

* * *

AT a dedication festival service at a country church the following announcement was made by the vicar:

"The collections to-day will be devoted to the arch-fund, and not, as erroneously printed on the service papers, to the arch-fiend."

* * *

MARK TWAIN says that he has always taken woman's part.

"For instance," he relates, "I once strongly reprimanded a woman out in Hannibal, Missouri. Here was the occasion:

"'So this is a little girl, eh?' I said to her as she displayed her children to me. 'And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?'

"'Yassah,' the woman replied. 'Yassah, dat's a girl, too.'"

Veteran: "Wen I wuz in Egypt in 1860 I wuz walkin' in the desert one evening when all of a sudden I met a Polar bear——"
Lady: "But there aren't Polar bears in Egypt!"
Veteran: "Excoose me, mum, I'm talking about sixty years ago!"—The Sketch.

'ARRY AT THE MOTOR SHOW.
"'Ere, come along, 'Erb—wot's the good o' looking at that? Can't yer see it's sold?"

Jaeger Underwear is Sensible and Seasonable

There is nothing "faddy" about JAEGER UNDERWEAR. It conforms as nearly as is mechanically and scientifically possible to nature's method of warming the body.

The material is wool *and wool only*, unmixed and undyed.

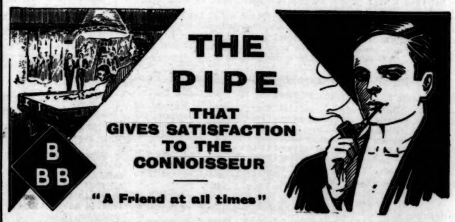
Wearers of Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear take less risk of colds and their attendant evils than wearers of *any other material than pure wool.*

At the same time they get more real comfort and greater wear.

TRADE MARK
DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., Limited
231 Yonge Street, - - Toronto
316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
Steele Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg

OF ALL the periods interesting to the collector of antiques none offer more beautiful or more practical subjects than the Georgian era. Here you will see examples of Chippendale, Sheraton, Old Brass and Silver Candlesticks, China Cabinets, Sheffield Plate, in a richness and variety not to be found elsewhere. Visit our New Galleries. Much will be found to interest and instruct.

B. M. & T. Jenkins
Antique Gallery
422-424 Yonge St. - Toronto



THE PIPE
THAT GIVES SATISFACTION TO THE CONNOISSEUR

"A Friend at all times"

FOR SMOKERS OF TASTE AND DISCRIMINATION

The **"ALBANY"** Cigarette
(F. L. Smith, Reg'd, London, Eng.)
Finest "DUBEC" only.
10 for 25c.

The **"BURLINGTON"** Cigarette
(C.E.H. Reg'd)
Finest "VIRGINIA" only.
10 for 15c.

C. & E. HAWKINS
16 St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL, QUE.,
Sole Agents for Canada

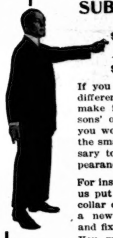
Ask your Dealer, and don't be put off by the "Just as good" substitution.

We are now showing our new designs in imported Zephyrs and Viyella Flannels for Spring and Summer, 1910, and advise an early selection. Orders carefully executed. $3.00 and $3.50 each.

Our "Canada" collar (illustrated), is the latest London style for lounge and business wear. 25c. each, $2.75 a dozen.

ELY
King Edward Hotel
TORONTO

A LESSON IN SUBTRACTION



$25.00 New O'coat
3.50 Old O'coat Repaired
$21.50 Saved.

If you could realize the difference we could make in that two seasons' overcoat of yours, you would not begrudge the small amount necessary to improve its appearance.

For instance, say you let us put on a new velvet collar or silk facings, or a new set of buttons, and fix that torn lining? You may not need all these repairs, but we presume you do. These would cost you about $3.50 to $5.00—but what a change in its appearance. You never got anything so like a new overcoat as you do for so little outlay. The fact that we employ only experienced tailors on this class of work is to your advantage.

Suppose you ring up Main 5900 and have our driver call. Tell him when you want your coat, and it will be delivered then if it can possibly be done.

"MY VALET"
30 Adelaide St. West
Toronto

EXCLUSIVE THINGS FOR EASTER

Winter Gloves beginning to look shabby? You'll find something to suit here at modest prices. Grey Suede, Grey Pique Suede, Tan Cheverette Kid, Doe's Kid and Chamois, in buttons and dome fasteners, $1, $1.50, $2.50.

Neckwear, fresh Spring imports, new bias stripes; swell new shadings in repp silks, in exclusive patterns and weaves, $1, $1.50.

Cluett Arrow Collars in quarter sizes. Latest novelties in Cluett Pleated Shirts.

R. J. HUNTER & CO.
(A. E. BROWNLEE)
33 King St. W., TORONTO

REDUCED TO CLEAR

Stock-taking has brought to light some good articles, slightly soiled, all to be cleared out at substantial price cuts to make room for spring goods.

JAEGER
UNDERWEAR
SWEATER COATS
STEAMER RUGS
WREYFORD & CO.
55 King St. W., Toronto.

SWORD
MAKE
...NECKWEAR...
Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST

Men's Wear

ALTHOUGH the members of the Diplomatic Corps can by no means be said to be the leaders of men's fashions in Washington, their dress exercises an undeniable influence on that of the younger men of fashion in the Capital City. Once let some popular member of the Diplomatic contingent show a profound advocacy of some dress fad and it is sure to be largely copied by scores of young Washington men. The taste of the diplomats is, on the whole, less English in dress than that of the majority of American men. And the mustache, seldom seen among the younger generation of American men, shows itself in all its glory, waxed and aggressive, among the foreigners who still adhere to the ideal of the Vaterland and La Belle France. Few of the men who represent the Latin Republics of South and Central America are well dressed, according to the ideas of their Yankee neighbors, yet most of their garments would pass muster in the capitals of Europe.

Among the most smartly dressed of the younger men in the Diplomatic Corps is Count Carl Moltke, the brilliant young Minister from Denmark. Thorough cosmopolitan that he is, Count Moltke adheres more closely to English and American ideals of dress than do most of his diplomatic colleagues. He is even smooth-faced, according to the American ideal, and shows pronounced preference for clothing of American make. Dark colors, of good material and correct cut, are sure to predominate in his clothing, and he might properly be described as "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." Count Moltke is tall and broad-shouldered, with a splendid physique, which shows his clothes to excellent advantage. He is a marked figure wherever he goes, and is frequently pointed out as the finest looking man in the Diplomatic Corps.

A DIPLOMATIC DANDY.
Count Carl Moltke, the Danish Minister to Washington.

* * *

WITH regard to hats for spring, it may be pointed out that the derbies of a good tan shade are as correct in style as the blacks and equally smart. The deep browns, however, are rarely worn by men who dress well; the grays have never gained the sanction of good taste in this country, and the greens are out of the question. Even the dark green soft felt hat, which had more or less of a run the year before last and last year, did not become really fashionable, and the fuzzy, long-haired green and brown alpines have failed utterly to score as smart styles. Indeed, save for stormy-day dress, the derby, or in summer the straw, is the best form for town wear, while the smartest country styles are either the gray felts with black band, the English cloth hats of modified alpine shape, without ribbon band, or the well-made golf caps.

TIES FOR EVENING WEAR.
Four styles of ties for wear with evening dress. They are all in good taste.

* * *

ONE of the minor features of the present fashions in London is the revival of the colored handkerchief. It seems that there are a great many colored silk handkerchiefs used in the West End of London, and, reversing the fashion of a few years ago, the pattern is all in the middle, the deep hemstitched border being plain. Dark green is a favorite ground color, and the patterns are quite bold—generally in brown or claret-red. Another handkerchief which is seen, is white with a thin waved red line pattern all over it. This is in cambric and the pattern goes right to the edge, with an effect that is rather pleasing. The same desire to get a touch of color in the general greyness of the color scheme of the latest fashions, has led to a revival of the coat-flower idea. Many men wear a colored flower in the lapel button-hole of the overcoat. For evening dress, of course, colored handkerchiefs are not used, but a very beautiful hemstitched handkerchief in white china crepe is carried by the ultra smart. One advantage of it is that it crushes into a small bulk, and can be carried comfortably in the sleeve.

* * *

SKATING on the artificial-ice rinks has become quite a society craze in London, according to M. A. P., which gives a very interesting account of the costumes worn there by gentlemen. The writer, W. F. D. Vincent, says:—

"We have seen every kind of nether garment worn for this purpose from the Highland kilt to the ordinary trousers, and whilst the latter are certainly the most popular, yet it must be evident to all observers that breeches are not only the most graceful, but also the safest, as they are the most suitable. These latter are worn either with knicker hose or with leather leggings; and, while both of these have much to commend them, we think the palm must be given to the neatly finished and shapely formed leggings made of reindeer or some such soft leather. It is, however, the universal custom for all rink attendants and instructors to wear the ordinary style of trousers, but to have them made rather narrow in the legs and only just long enough to hang neatly over the boot.

"The body garment selected by most gentlemen is the single-breasted jacket, cut close-fitting at the waist and provided with ample spring over the hips. The fronts are made to roll low and to button one or two at the waist, below which the fronts are neatly rounded away.

"The new jacket finished with the half belt at the back which has been all the rage at Oxford and Cambridge is also very popular. Its special features are the drawing in of the back at the waist by the belt, and the use of three or four patch pockets on the fronts. This jacket is growing in popular favor for all kinds of sport, and promises to be the novelty of the coming year.

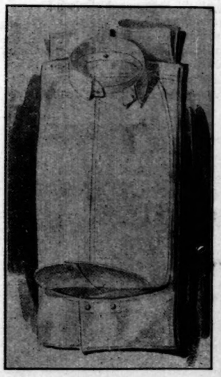
"It must not be inferred that the double-breasted reefer is not seen at the rink, for it is worn by many gentlemen, and, when finished with low-rolling fronts, it presents a very dressy appearance. The smartest are made with four buttons and have pointed lapels. Two flap pockets are put in on the hips, but the other pockets are usually placed on the inside. The back is finished with a centre seam which terminates in a vent about seven or eight inches deep.

"The tail coat is seldom seen at the rink and then only in the form of the morning coat; still, even then, it can scarcely be considered a success, even in its most dressy form, for the tails are apt to swing away from the figure in a style that can hardly be considered graceful, and consequently it has to make way for the ever-popular lounge. Still, its principle is embodied in the patrol jacket, which, after all, is the smartest of the garments used for rinking. Its military character and its clean and close-fitting qualities make it exceedingly neat and attractive. This is the jacket worn by all the instructors, and in their case the edges and fronts are trimmed with braid in a style which makes them decidedly smart. We do not anticipate their adoption by gentlemen, for, however smart they may be, there is a touch of livery about them which will form an effectual barrier."

A NEW DRESS SUIT.
One of the latest models for evening wear. Note the low-rolling lapels and the waist-line.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting things at the "Clothes Show" held during January in the Madison Square Garden was the exhibit of waistcoats made from artificial silk. There were white ones with green figures and gray ones and black ones—gorgeous to behold! We are assured by Mr. Thomas Edison that silk made from wood pulp is soon to take the place of the "barbarous cocoon," but it is doubtful if it ever will go so far with the man who cares. Artificial silk is entirely too gorgeous. It has the most extraordinary sheen and is much too shiny to be in really good taste. Somehow it suggests paste jewels in gold filled settings. It does not look like the real thing at all and could never be mistaken for it.

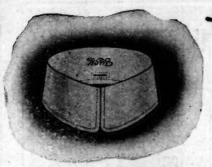


THE LATEST IN SHIRTS.
It laps over the trousers and so does not wrinkle with a low-cut vest.

* * *

THE reintroduction of the fob-chain or band is quite a feature of this season. The ordinary watch-chain has often been a difficulty with the dress-waistcoat, and this revival offers a good solution to the problem. A fob is a little pocket for a watch, and it was generally placed in the trousers between the brace-buttons on the hips, so that the chain which hung from it came into view from beneath the bottom of the waistcoat; but the present fashion is to let it take the place of the ordinary watch-chain, and to hang down from the left side, though the old style was usually placed on the right side. It is often made up of "watered" silk ribbon, and not infrequently finished with a seal or other ornament. TUXEDO.

Mr. Boastem—I often regret that I did not attend some college and acquire a little more polish. Miss Cutting Hintz—Why don't you hire some brass finisher to rub you up a trifle? New Orleans Picayune.



"PLAZA"

When purchasing your collars, let W. G. & R. be first and foremost in your mind—it will mean that your personal taste and discrimination are receiving a just reward.

The new "PLAZA" above pictured is fashioned to fit—it does not have to be forced.

PERRIN GLOVES
STYLE-FIT-DURABILITY

SOLD EVERYWHERE
TRADE MARK

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Cannot pull the trousers out of shape. The "sliding cords" allow no tug at button—trousers set exactly as your tailor intended.

All dealers, 50 cents.

Light, medium and heavy weights.

Get the genuine—"President" on every buck's

WE beg to announce the arrival of our Spring Suitings and Overcoatings. The shipment will be found to include many tasteful novelties, and as a whole will comprise the most attractive showing of Tweeds and Worsteds ever brought to Canada. We cordially invite inspection.

★ ★

THE above illustration shows the "YEOMANRY" waterproof coat, a superior line of rain garments we have imported from Anderson & Anderson, London, Eng., and for which special coat we are sole agents in Toronto.

The excellent merits of this garment for *riding, hunting, motoring,* or *walking,* will be readily noticed by those who inspect them.

★ ★

BURTON THE TAILOR
73 KING ST. W.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

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Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.75

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Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY 26, 1910. No. 20.

!?-POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.-?!

A Bonspiel Story.

THE big Bonspiel in Winnipeg, which has made the western metropolis lively during the past fortnight, has started many a good story on the rounds. And it would be strange if it were otherwise, for this annual gathering of curlers is now one of the world's big sporting events. Enthusiasts with stone and broom gathered in Winnipeg this year from all over Canada—from Halifax to Vancouver and Dawson City, from Montana, from New York and Boston, and even from old Scotland. In Winnipeg everybody curls, including of course the mayor and the city council, so the visiting "brithers" have enjoyed the freedom of the city in quite a literal sense.

In connection with this year's Bonspiel a Toronto travelling man tells a story which illustrates the odd manner in which a man's ideas are affected by even wild indulgence in certain red and yellow waters. Of course it must not be inferred that curlers are hard drinkers as a class, and it may be further explained that a Winnipeg Bonspiel brings with it quite a number of sideshows, among which this year is ice-racing on the Red River. So it is very easy to blame the horse-racing end of the Bonspiel carnival for the incident related by the Toronto traveller. This knight of the grip landed in Winnipeg when the curlers had arrived in some force and were fairly in possession of the town, and he had great difficulty in securing accommodation in a hotel. Finally he secured a room on the fifth floor of a good hostelry, but when he went to bed his slumbers were not peaceful. Late in the night he heard an extraordinary uproar, and sat up in bed to listen. A number of hilarious curlers were ascending the stairway leading to the floor on which his room was located, their brooms which they dragged behind them thumping and banging on every step. Presently they gained the hallway and came tramping past the traveller's door. Just then one of the curlers exclaimed in a loud voice:

"It's a shame tae put a mon wi' a jag on oap o' the fifth flu-r-r."

With the absence of logic peculiar to men in his stimulated condition, the curler overlooked the fact that when he registered at the hotel a day so so before he was not by any means a "mon wi' a jag on."

Over the Telephone.

THE other evening a certain Toronto citizen was sitting quietly in his den at home reading the afternoon papers. The telephone bell rang, and, being alone in the house, he answered the call at once. A brisk, businesslike, and absolutely impersonal voice was heard to say:

"Is that Mr. ——? I am speaking from the Toronto Electric Light Company's office. We have had a number of complaints lately that the street lights in your neighborhood are working badly. There is a light on the corner right in front of your house, isn't there? Well, would you mind stepping to the door and looking to see whether it is burning now?"

The citizen prides himself on the possession of a certain amount of urbanity, and likes to oblige people when he can; so he answered, "Certainly—just a moment," and went right out on his front porch, and regarded the near-by arc lamp carefully and conscientiously until he was satisfied that it was performing properly. Then he hurried back to the telephone.

"It's burning all right now," he said politely.

"Well," returned the brisk voice, "would you mind going to the door again and blowing it out?"

Then the receiver at the other end of the line was banged up, before the citizen could indulge in any repartee. Being good-natured as well as polite, he laughed at himself very heartily. But he pondered upon the voice of the successful joker, with thoughts of revenge in mind. However, he could not identify it. Next day he told the joke at the office and cross-questioned a number of his friends there, but he could not discover who had fooled him. Later, however, he was enlightened, and he found also that the little hoax had amused more people than the owner of the brisk voice. The latter, it transpired, was a friend living directly across the street. He had been fooled in the same way, and in turn was trying the joke on his acquaintances. Having some friends in on the evening in question, he told them how he had been taken in, and they urged him to try it on some one near by. So he rang up his neighbor across the street, while the others lined up in the front window and enjoyed the sight of the citizen performing the foolish antic related.

This is a new telephone joke, and if you are inclined to playfulness at times and have any friends who are so benighted as not to be readers of this page you might try it on them.

This Farmer is No Slouch.

MEN whose lives run in devious ways are numerous in every city, and no doubt many a simple-minded rustic has been astonished by reading in local papers here and there something of the exposures of fake financiers recently published by SATURDAY NIGHT. But all the foxy folk do not live in the big towns—not by any means. For example, an interesting item of news was reported one day this week from Beaverton, Ont. Now Beaverton is a pretty, placid village on Lake Simcoe, known to many Torontonians as an excellent summer resort where bass-fishing is good. One would hardly expect to hear of base and vicious deeds from such a sylvan retreat, and yet the news despatch referred to concerns a series of acts of duplicity committed not by a citizen of Beaverton but by one who until recently dwelt in still more peaceful surroundings—in the real country some miles from that Beaverton, among people who make that village their metropolis. To be precise, it was on the 3rd concession of the township of Thorah that there dwelt until recently a farmer by the name of Roland Dugan. Not long ago his barn was burned to the ground, and he told his neighbors sorrowfully that he had no insurance on it. Much sympathy was felt for him, kindly friends went around with a subscription list and collected one hundred dollars which they handed over to him. Dugan, however, had insurance on his barn to the amount of $300, and as soon as he had collected this and also the $100 subscribed by his neighbors, he eloped with a Mrs. Joseph Shepley, whose husband is now pondering sorrowfully on the evil ways of the world. Dugan himself leaves a wife and four small children in destitute circumstances. A warrant has been issued for Dugan's arrest, and, as the Beaverton correspondent of The Orillia Packet naively remarks, "the more serious charge of arson may be laid against him."

Just to think that such doings should be recorded in a region which "Marian Keith" in her delightful stories has caused us to consider from afar as a rural Utopia!

Difficulties of Dispensing Charity.

THOSE engaged in charitable work find that the most difficult problem with which they have to deal is that class of poor which will not help itself; the large influx of immigrants from England during the past few years has brought with it a certain percentage of people who are constitutionally, morally and by heredity paupers. Any assistance given them leaves them relatively in precisely the same position as they were before. So soon as the good things have been consumed, their whole aim is to get more charity with the least possible expenditure of energy. In roughly ascribing all the misfortunes of this class to drink the average citizen is quite misinformed. Many of them, from compulsion at least, are total abstainers. It is merely a case of mental attitude. They won't work and are of the opinion that the world owes them a living. The vast number of casuals at the House of Industry this winter who have simply refused to do a stroke of work in return for food and lodging has been astonishing. They are as a rule simply men who have been a strange parasitic outgrowth of the great English cities and are easily to be distinguished from the thousands of energetic Britishers who have been driven by misfortune and lack of employment to Canada, but who show an astonishing facility in earning an odd dollar when given a decent opportunity.

One Toronto lady who engaged in charitable work in an amateurship way tells a ludicrous story of indifference and improvidence on the part of a family she tried to help. She lives in the north-west part of the city, and near her home she discovered an English family who seemed to be on the verge of starvation. Without much pocket money of her own, she started a little subscription list with a dollar, and altogether raised seven or eight dollars among her near-by acquaintances to relieve the immediate necessities of the family. They were not drinking people, and she felt perfectly safe in handing the money to the woman head of the household to lay out as she wished in such simple food as might keep them alive for a few days at any rate. A day or so later she dropped around to see how they were getting along, and found the cupboard practically empty once more.

"What did you do with the money I brought you?" she enquired.

"Well, I bought quite a lot of food," said the woman, "and glad hindeed we were to get it. But then there was quite a bit of money left, so we went down to Queen St. altogether and 'ad our fowtographs tiken."

The woman seemed quite pleased with herself at the judicious use she had made of the money, and was by no means of the ungrateful class. She simply assumed that when it came so easy she could afford luxuries.

Of an equally humorous but more exasperating character is the veracious narrative of a charitable worker who was active two or three years ago when the boom in Shackton charity was on. It will be remembered that although there was no more poverty in Shackton than in other poorer sections of the city a newspaper by melodramatic articles succeeded in diverting most of the casual and unorganized charity of the city into this channel. The newcomers who dwelt in that district suddenly found the fat of the land pouring in upon them. A visitor walking through the district heard two women who had been recipients of good things conversing.

"Well, certainly," said one, "these colonials 'as good 'arts. They just poured things in on us!"

"Why wouldn't they?" said the other. "Don't we own them?"

Preachers and Publicity.

THERE is no doubt that the average man loves publicity, provided that it carries with it no unpleasant consequences. The feeling is not confined to politicians, actors, and professional musicians. The average woman glories in seeing her name in the "society columns," and the humble ratepayer whose contribution to the civilization of his time is merely that of keeping his books balanced and doing his work honestly delightedly buys an extra copy of the journal which mentions him as being present at the gathering of the particular old boys' association to which he, like all good Torontonians, belongs. The idea that doctors dislike to see their names in print is a myth; lawyers live on publicity of this kind; and clergymen by no means shrink and wince when they see their doings in behalf of the elevation of mankind recorded. Indeed the desire of the clergyman for publicity is the most pardonable of all. He usually indites two sermons a week, into which he puts the best thought he is capable of and which he couches in the best English at his command. Now since the object of writing is publication it is no wonder that he would like to reach and benefit a larger public than his little congregation affords by the publication of his thoughts in the newspapers. But how to compass his aim? That is the question. The city editors of the newspapers maintain a coldly indifferent attitude on the subject of sermons. If the preacher has a famous name and is a rare visitor to the city that is a reason for reporting him. If he is likely to preach a sermon that will set his fellows gnashing their teeth that is another reason. The city editor gets the controversy going and then promptly drops it. Mere sensationalism is not sufficient unless it deals with some vital topic. Consequently the way of the clergyman who is looking for publicity as a man more or less unknown is rather thorny. Some go frankly to the editor and ask to be reported, stating that their attendance will be important. This is the best way. The editor usually sends a reporter, and the latter, no matter how disgusted with his job he may be, usually writes enough to make it appear important. Sometimes another method is adopted. A wife of a minister will ring up the editor and use their soothing ways on him.

"You know Mr. Snodgrass is very diffident," is the usual beginning, "but I think that his sermon this morning should really be reported. He does not know I'm ringing you up, but if you will send a reporter up this afternoon I'll let him have the manuscript and you can use your own judgment."

It is difficult to refuse a lady, and the faithful wife usually attains her end. Other clergymen have admiring friends enlisted in the work. It is, say, nine o'clock on a Sunday evening. The city editor is licking some theatrical advance notices into shape when the phone rings. An eminent citizen is at the other end of the wire.

"By the way, did you have a reporter at the Avenue Methodist church to-night?" he asks.

"No!"

"Oh! I was afraid you had not. Well, you should have had a man there. It was the finest sermon on the naval question that has yet been published. I think if you were to ring up Rev. Mr. Astral he would give you some points about it. But please don't say I rang you up. You know he's very diffident and might not like it."

Last week a new one was sprung on the city editors of Toronto. A certain clergyman was delivering a lecture in his church. The night before someone rang up a morning paper and asked for the city editor.

"Are you going to report Rev. Mr. So-and-So's lecture to-morrow night?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the response; "depends on what's on."

"Can't you tell me definitely?"

"No," was the short response. "Possibly a man will be there."

"Well, the reason I rang up," said the enquirer, "was that I want to hear it myself, but I may be called out of town, and if I felt perfectly sure that there was going to be a full report in your paper I should not worry; it would be just as good as going to the lecture."

This was such a novel plan that the city editor did actually send a reporter.

A. E. Chatterson, Second Vice-President of the Ontario Motor League.

Another Canadian Story-Writer.

THOUGH he does not belong to the Canadian Society of Authors, there is in Toronto a most industrious short story writer who has of late won genuine recognition among magazine editors who like to purchase light and breezy tales. He is Mr. Charles Langton Clarke, who for a decade has been telegraph editor of The Mail and Empire, and as a writer of fiction he followed Dr. Osler's declaration that no man should write a book until he was over forty. Some years ago Mr. Clarke commenced writing boys' stories for The Argosy, a publication of the Munsey Company. They were so successful that the Munsey concern has now first call on his contributions, and has resold some of his stories in England. Latterly Mr. Clarke has taken up the writing of humorous sketches of domestic life in a medium-sized city dealing chiefly with the ups and downs of Mr. Scales and Mr. Butterworth, two married men who take part in the simple life of a city which, though unnamed, strongly resembles Toronto. The Cavalier, one of the newer of the Munsey publications, is now running a series of these stories. In the March number appears a story in which Mr. Clarke has some mild fun with the choral singing craze. His Mr. Scales becomes infected with the idea that he has a voice which should be cultivated, and his adventures in attaining this end furnish good fun. Mr. Clarke tells his stories largely in dialogue, after the manner of W. W. Jacobs, and the repartee of his characters is at all times droll and expressive. Before he gets through with the Scales and Butterworth families, Mr. Clarke, who is also known as a most facile writer of *vers d'occasion*, will have had a good deal of fun with our local civilization.

There are people who regard going to church in the light of "leaving cards" with the Lord.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

These two photographs were taken less than a week ago. At no season are the Falls so beautiful as when the ice has formed, the snow is on the ground and the foliage is covered with the frozen spray.

A TORONTO ART-LOVER'S PICTURE GALLERY

IT is a rather notable thing that bankers should so often be art-lovers, students and collectors of beautiful paintings and statuary. Most bankers seem to make a point of gathering about them works of art of one sort or another—even if it is only old vintages and cobwebby bottles—while some of them rise to general recognition as art connoisseurs. It is rather difficult to say just what this remarkable aesthetic development should be attributed to—whether to early and continuous association with the beautiful engravings that decorate the various bankbills, or merely to the opportunities for leisure and culture that bankers are popularly supposed to enjoy. At any rate the fact remains that among the best and most discerning patrons of art are to be found many of these gentlemen whose word is law in the realm of per cent.

Sir George Drummond, who died only the other day in Montreal, was a great banker and also a great art-lover, who owned what was probably the finest private collection of pictures in Canada. Mr. R. B. Angus, another director of the Bank of Montreal, has also a magnificent gallery. And here in Toronto Mr. Byron E. Walker, the president of the Bank of Commerce, has one of the best private collections in the city. In fact, it is a revelation to one who is not acquainted with the art treasures that are privately owned in Toronto to enter the gallery of Mr. Walker's home on St. George street and see the many superb pieces of work by some of the world's greatest painters that decorate its walls. Such men as Daubigny, Harpignies, Diaz and Dupre, of the Barbizon school; Constable, Holland, Bonnington, Lavery, Cotman and Lawson among English painters; Boudin, Fantin-Latour and Lhermitte among modern Frenchmen; and Jakob and Willem Maris, Bosboom, J. H. Weissenbruch, Anton Mauve, Mesdag and Jurres as representatives of modern Dutch art—all these are to be seen on the walls of Mr. Walker's gallery, and all of them are represented by admirable pieces of work. There is not a picture of which it could be said that it is interesting only on account of the man who painted it.

There is no more interesting place in Toronto to spend a couple of hours—or even a day if one had the opportunity—than this gallery at No. 99 St. George street. It is a big, airy room, lighted from above through a large sky-light of heavy glass, which fills it with a rich and mellow light. It is just the sort of light which shows off fine paintings to greatest advantage, and the walls simply glow with beautiful color. For, big as the room is, it is not quite big enough for the treasures of art which have been packed into it. Every available inch of the walls is covered with pictures, and there are still others for which there is no room, and which therefore are put here and there in corners till a place is made for them. Everywhere one turns his eyes a new beauty leaps out at him, till one is dazzled and embarrassed by the very richness of his opportunity for enjoyment. Delicate grey harmonies in water-color by Anton Mauve compete for admiration and study with superb colorings by Diaz or Monticelli. A wonderful landscape by Daubigny shines out from an easel, while nearby soft-toned pictures by Weissenbruch or the Maris brothers display the gentle beauties of Dutch landscape.

Altogether the collection is a very delightful one, showing a wide range of artists and of schools. It gives every indication of having been gathered with careful judgment and according to the dictates of a cultured and catholic taste. There is no trace of faddist devotion to any one line of artistic development. In fact Mr. Walker has long been a careful and enthusiastic student of the development of painting, and, lacking any other evidence, the pictures themselves show very clearly that his artistic tastes and interests are of the broadest.

One of the most striking pictures in Mr. Walker's collection is the Daubigny which was one of the most interesting features of the recent Loan Exhibition. It shows a gently sloping upland rising to where a farmhouse breaks the line of the ridge. The land lies darkly green in the evening light, and over it there breaks a sky of superb blue and white cloud. It is a magnificent study, full of the most masterly and vigorous painting, and with a freshness which a more elaborately finished picture would not possess. Another Daubigny, in striking contrast to this, is a view of the German ocean, turbid yellowish water, tossing viciously under a purple evening sky, with a ship in the middle-distance. The painter has caught the desolate beauty of this sea with fine effect, and the picture is all the more interesting on account of the rarity of sea-scapes by this artist.

Just below this picture hangs one by Dupre, a member of the same school. It is also a marine, and shows a strip of beach, with a boat and figure near the centre. The sky is full of rich color, and in one or two places there is a brilliant reflection from the water. The whole picture in method and spirit offers a very striking contrast to the one above it.

And alongstide the Dupre there is still another marine in still another manner. This like the two others is a picture of evening, but it shows some fishing smacks in harbor, with a long low wharf jutting out. A couple of lanterns shine through the grey dusk. The sky and the sea are grey, and the boats loom up darkly. The picture is painted with superb freedom and poetic feeling, and is a masterly study in harmonies of line and color. But, of course, all that may be taken for granted, when it is said that the picture is by that very great modern Dutch painter, Jan Hendrik Weissenbruch.

Mr. Walker's gallery contains several works by Weissenbruch, and the pictures have been admirably chosen to show the versatility of that artist. No two are alike in subject or method of treatment. One of the most beautiful is the one called "Low Tide—Zeeland." It is shown on this page, but no reproduction can give anything but the most imperfect notion of the beauty of this piece of work. Another is a splendid view of a Dutch canal, with barges lying in the locks, and a warm, clear evening sky overhead. A sluggish stream in Holland, with house on one side, and a pathway with a figure on the other, forms the subject of a third. There is also one of Weissenbruch's typical windmills, with round, billowy clouds floating off down the wind. A scene in the Hague, taken from the window of the painter's studio, is particularly interesting on account of its treatment of flat surfaces, and its rich but simple color scheme. The figure of a washwoman putting out a few clothes focuses the interest of the picture and gives the key-note of the composition.

A striking evidence of Mr. Walker's catholicity of taste is found in the fact that not only J. H. Weissenbruch is represented in his gallery, but also Jan Weissenbruch, who was so reactionary in his artistic methods, and who was so devoted a follower of the stiff and ancient school of Dutch landscape painting. A small canvas by this painter shows a Sunday in Delft, with a church in shadow at the right, a square with scattered figures, and buildings beyond in the sunlight. It is a very clever little piece of painting, but it is entirely out of sympathy with modern artistic ideals. It might have been painted by Teniers, so far as its spirit is concerned, instead of by a modern Dutchman and a cousin of J. H. Weissenbruch.

And speaking of modern Dutch painters, it is impossible to put off any longer mentioning Jakob and Willem Maris, who are represented by some admirable pictures in Mr. Walker's collection. One by Jakob and two by Willem are reproduced on this page, and of these the ploughing scene called "April" is unquestionably the best. This is a really delightful bit of work, whether from the point of view of craftmanship, or for its poetic feeling and charm. This is a kind of picture which is almost ideal for a private collection, because it is preeminently a picture which is good to live with. The wet and glistening earth, the pearly light which falls on the ploughman and horses and fills the whole picture with an atmosphere of silvery delicacy, the misty rain floating off across the fields to the right—all combine to make a picture which lingers in the memory with the fragrance of fresh-turned earth and of meadows in the spring.

Another beautiful picture by Jakob Maris is one called "Winter Evening." It shows some vessels lying-to in rough water with floating ice. Beyond is a town with wind-mills, and over all is a cloudy sky with intervals of blue. It is full of rich but restrained color, and the spirit of the picture shows Maris at his best in poetic insight and sympathy.

Willem Maris is represented by two fine pictures, both of which are reproduced on this page. They are both thoroughly typical of this painter, who has been called "the silvery," on account of the peculiar sheen of the grey haze with which his pictures are filled. He lacks the vigor of Jakob Maris, but his work is marked by a delicate charm which never fails to attract.

One of the most notable pictures in Mr. Walker's collection is "The Storm," by Diaz. This picture, which was one of the striking features of the recent Loan Exhibition, is a large canvas, showing a broken and desolate landscape. It lies dark in the shadow of the storm about to break, all except in the centre where there is a spot of sunlight—what sailors call the "eye of the storm." Just at this point a man is trudging across the plain, followed at a little distance by his dog. The whole effect is desolate in the extreme. The picture is a remarkable piece of work, but to the average lover of pictures a smaller canvas by Diaz in Mr. Walker's collection is likely to appeal much more pleasantly. This is the admirable little work called "Adam and Eve." It is only six inches long by four in width, but it contains more light and life and beauty than most canvases ten times its size. The two nude figures shine out from their background of leaves with wonderful vividness, and the modelling of the bodies is superb. It is such work as this that led Henley to say of this painter that "his palette was composed, not of common pigments, but of molten jewels."

Not far from the Diaz hangs a wonderful little water-color by Anton Mauve. It is called "The Tub-Woman," and is reproduced at the top of this page. The remarkable thing about it is the depth of color. Although it hangs among a lot of vivid oil-paintings, it is not at all eclipsed by them, and one has even to look sharply to be sure that it is a water-color. There is also another fine Mauve in Mr. Walker's gallery, a picture of a girl with sheep. It shows all Mauve's characteristics at their best, the fine brush-work, the absolute mastery of atmosphere, and the delicate sentiment.

It is obviously impossible in such space as this to give anything like an adequate account of such a wealth of pictures. Mr. Walker's gallery contains so much that is worthy of the closest study, that a description of his paintings would easily run into pages. There is, for instance, a magnificent Jurres, one of the finest pieces of this painter's work to be seen in Canada. Soldiers in bright costumes are hurrying along in retreat. The composition is splendid, and the breadth of treatment and masses of color give it an epic dignity. Seeing this, one can easily understand the high place among contemporary artists that this young painter has already attained.

But this detailed enumeration of pictures cannot be carried any further; and many fine paintings must be overlooked. A word of explanation must be given, however, with regard to the choice of pictures for reproduction. This selection was made, not in accordance with the value of the pictures, but more especially with a view to their suitability for the purpose. Thus it happens that many pictures which were perhaps more deserving of a place here than some of those given, had to be passed over because their dark tones and lack of sharp detail made it extremely difficult and even impossible to print them. Otherwise the Daubigny and Diaz landscapes would certainly have been included in the pictures which we have reproduced. But no reproductions and no description can give anything but a very inadequate idea of this collection, which represents the taste and loving care of an art-lover of wide sympathies and fine discrimination.

TUBWOMAN ~ ANTON MAUVE

MARSHLAND WILLEM MARIS

A HOLLAND SCENE WILLEM MARIS

LOW TIDE · ZEELAND ~ WEISSENBRUCH

LANDSCAPE CONSTABLE

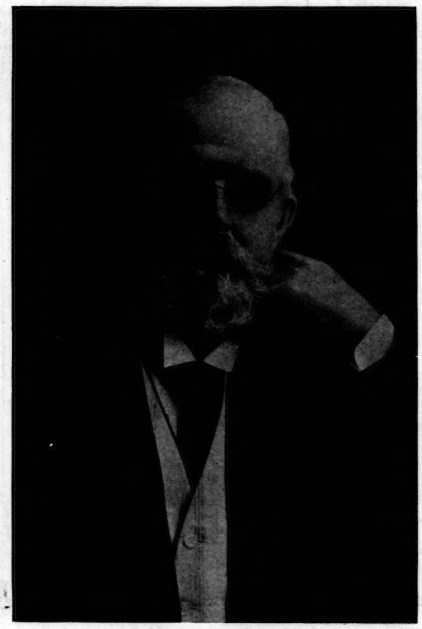
PASTURELAND ~ WEISS

APRIL ~ JAKOB MARIS

The Automobile Show

THE Motor Show is on, and King Automobile has come into his own again. And why shouldn't he have a royal celebration as well as the horse which he has displaced in so many capacities? He is good to look at, and when accompanied by music and flowers and handsome costumes makes a truly royal sight. There is, therefore, every reason why his receptions should be largely attended, and why beauty and fashion should grace his entertainments with their presence.

That the present Motor Show, under the auspices of the Ontario Motor League, promises to be quite the most successful ever held in this country, must be clear to anyone who attended the opening on Thursday night. The appearance presented by the St. Lawrence Arena on that occasion was not only a particularly brilliant and animated one, but was also striking evidence of the remarkable growth of interest in motoring in this country. The exhibits were the most numerous and the most valuable ever seen here, and the public interest shown was the most enthusiastic and the most intelligent.



SIR WILLIAM MULOCK,
Who gave the address at the formal opening of the Motor Show on Thursday evening.

The color scheme of the decorations of the Arena is a very effective combination of red and white. Not a foot of the ceiling, walls, or floor of the building is left bare, but all are covered with decorative material. The ceiling is hung with great festoons of white and red, and the same scheme is carried out on the walls. On the floor is a carpet of green burlap, well padded so as to make it comfortable and as warm as possible. The soft color makes it an admirable ground for the various exhibits. A rather novel effect is carried out in the entrance with palms and electric lights. Altogether, it is the best looking as well as the biggest show of the kind ever held here.

The opening of the show by Sir William Mulock was an imposing ceremony. He and Lady Mulock were met at the entrance by the Reception Committee, headed by the chairman, Mr. Noel Marshall, and were conducted to the platform at the far end of the building. Here Sir William delivered a brief address, in which he congratulated the Ontario Motor League on the brilliant success which had greeted their efforts in this show, and also spoke of the remarkable development of motors and motoring in Toronto and Ontario and throughout the whole of Canada. The Highlanders' band furnished an excellent musical programme.

The size of this Automobile Show can be understood when it is stated that the number of cars on exhibition is almost double that at any previous Canadian Automobile Show. About three-quarters of the entire space in the building is devoted to cars, and the remaining space is given up to various automobile accessories—whose number is legion—as well as to motor cycles, motor boats, and marine engines. These alone constitute quite a show in themselves, and never before has such a variety of them been seen here. The exhibition of accessories comprises many new things of interest to motorists, the various jobbers each having specialties they have arranged agency for, and are anxious to introduce to Canadian automobile owners.

With regard to the exhibition of cars, which is naturally the main feature of the show, there can be no question of the great advance which it marks in the industry. All the big makers are represented, and all of them are showing cars which are marvels of grace and comfort and mechanical completeness. One has only to compare these superb machines with the cars of a few years back to realize that in no industry has there been such wonderful advancement as in the making of automobiles. Nor has this progress been limited to a few manufacturers, but has been general all along the line. If only for the sake of seeing what human ingenuity and labor can accomplish, everyone should make a point of going to the show.

Half a million dollars is a conservative estimate of the value of the cars on exhibition in the present show. And when it is considered that all these cars and a great many more will be sold during the week of the show, some idea is gained of the amount of money that is being spent on automobiles. This is why there are so many visitors from out of town, including buyers from many centres. In this way the automobile business is extended, and the show gives a great impetus to trade for the coming season.

MR. E. M. WILCOX,
Editor of Motoring, and manager of the Automobile Show.

One of the features of the second half of the show will be the banquet of the Ontario Motor League on the evening of March 2. Invitations to this function have been sent out to motorists throughout the province, as well as to officers of automobile clubs in Montreal and other cities. It is expected that a number of prominent speakers will also be present. Among those invited to address the motorists on this occasion is Mr. F. N. Godfrey, Master of the New York State Grange. Mr. Godfrey is an expert on the subject of good roads, and he was one of the leading figures in the movement which resulted in the appropriation by New York State of $50,000,000 for the construction of State highways. He has accepted the invitation of the Ontario Good Roads Association to speak at their convention in this city on March 2, 3 and 4. There is probably no man in America better qualified to speak on this subject, particularly from the standpoint of its importance to the farmer. He is well known as one of the Good Roads leaders, and has been a prominent speaker at Good Roads Conventions in Buffalo, Seattle, and other centres, where his advice has been highly valued.

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HONORABLE HAROLD PARKER, of Boston, Chairman Massachusetts State Highway Commission, and one of the foremost figures in the Good Roads Movement in the United States, is among the invited guests for the banquet of the Ontario Motor League, to be held at the King Edward Hotel on March 2, during the Automobile Show. Mr. Parker will also visit Ottawa, where he has been invited to address the Canadian Club. While there he will be the guest of the Governor-General.

Hon. Adam Beck, who was a speaker at the banquet last year, has accepted the invitation of the League to be present.

* * *

THE interesting subject of "equipping your automobile" is taken up by Robert Sloss in a recent issue of The Outing Magazine. He points out that your newly purchased car, like your newly erected house, requires considerable fitting out to make it a comfortable and convenient home in which to enjoy your particular road activities. It is true that the car usually comes from the maker with some assortment of accessories—lamps, a horn, a kit of tools. It is true likewise that there are plenty of concerns to which you can turn over the car with a blanket order to have it fitted with every modern convenience and necessity, just as you would turn loose a firm of interior decorators in your new house. Even if you can afford this, the result will not be so gratifying as if you personally study out and build up the equipment which is most likely to meet your individual needs.

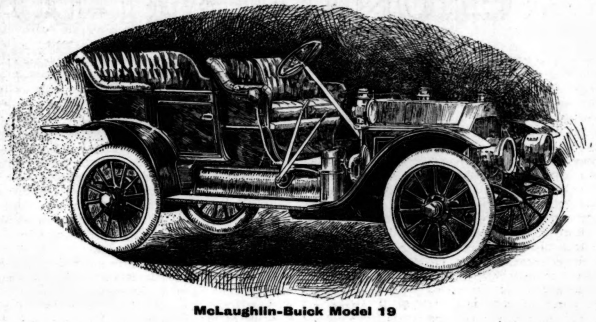
Any representative auto-supply emporium that makes pretension to completeness is obliged to carry an adequate stock of about six thousand distinct items, inclusive of sizes. You need not be terrified by this variety, however, as it has arisen chiefly to meet exigencies of individual taste rather than those of necessity.

Take the question of horns, for instance. The salesmen will show you an assortment variously operated and emitting sounds ranging from a sweet old bugle call of coaching days to the vicious snarl of a bear robbed of her whelps. You can strike a happy medium by choosing one which you can be sure will always respond to your hand with a toot loud and authoritative enough to arrest the pedestrian, without throwing him into panic, at the precise moment which gives him time enough to see and avoid his danger—and you time to avoid him if he does not act as you expected.

Among lamps also you will be shown many makes. Here, too, the viewpoint of utility settles everything but your personal taste. In the first place, if you purpose touring ever so little, you need five lamps: two side lamps showing red to the rear and white forward; two good headlights low down on the frame in front of the engine hood, capable of throwing a strong beam on the road ahead; and a tail light showing red to the rear and white to the side on the license number.

A wise addition is one of the varieties of pocket flash lamps or an electric candle attachable to the batteries. It will enable you to see parts upon which you cannot bring the larger lamp to bear.

This suggests the possibility of road repairs, and your equipment for this purpose is of primary importance. In general you can fall into either of two egregious errors, both of which are exemplified with sufficient frequency by amateurs; you can practice the false economy of adopting some meager list or accepting the maker's equipment as complete, or you can



McLaughlin-Buick Model 19

This Car Should Appeal to Every Man Who Uses Common Sense in His Selection Of An Automobile

THE VOGUE of the merely expensive, in motor cars, is passing. The vogue of the cheap, the gaudy, the flimsy, can never be more than temporary. Canadian motorists are this year going to demand the unqualified best in automobiles and they will find that it bears the name

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

And of all the McLaughlin-Buick line, the Model "19" car is perhaps the one best suited to the needs of the average man.

It's a splendid exemplification of the well-known McLaughlin-Buick reliability—a reliability that has won for our cars first place in the estimation of the experienced.

Possessing features never before found in a car sold at this price, Model "19" is quickly winning its way into favor and seems destined to become the most popular in our entire line.

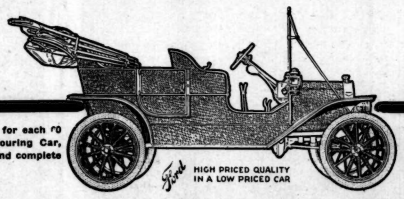
Picture to yourself a big, handsome, four-cylinder Touring car, with exceptional silence in operation, and notable easy-riding qualities, and with an abundance of power—then that of the price, $1,875.

See this car, with our other models, in the big McLaughlin-Buick Exhibit at the Motor Show, St. Lawrence Arena.

McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE & FACTORY - OSHAWA

Toronto Salesrooms - - 128 Church Street



4 cyl. 20 h.p. (1 h.p. for each 70 lbs.) 5 passenger Touring Car, $1,150.00. Magneto and complete equipment included.

HIGH PRICED QUALITY IN A LOW PRICED CAR

With Roadster body . . . $1,100.00
With Tourabout body . $1,150.00
With Coupe body $1,250.00
With Town Car body . . $1,400.00
All prices f.o.b. Walkerville.

FORD CARS AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Automobile Show Week is Ford Week in Toronto. Besides the big exhibit of Fords in space 28-30 at the Show, we keep open house at our Branch, 53-59 Adelaide St. West. We cordially invite you to call on us at either or both exhibits, promising you a surprise that will make it worth while.

Most of us have a hankering, secret or otherwise, for an automobile. So have you. Then, why haven't you already bought? Is it because you feel you cannot afford the price? Perhaps two thousand dollars is beyond your means, or one and a half thousand, but why pay that much? Eleven hundred and fifty dollars buys a completely equipped, roomy, powerful, durable, reliable, fine appearing, five-passenger Ford Touring Car.

Does the upkeep cost bother you? It is a heavy-weight car that makes a lightweight pocketbook. The cost to move any load varies almost in direct proportion with the weight of the load. The Ford, because of its light weight, costs less to keep than does a horse doing the same work, for the horse eats regularly whether you use him or not. If you can afford a horse, you can afford a Ford. This car runs from twenty--five to thirty miles on a gallon of gasoline, will average over ten thousand per set of tires, and will cost but a nominal sum for repairs.

So don't forget the place or overlook the invitation. 28-30 at the Show and 53-59 Adelaide West are the places, and the invitation is to you. If you already own a Ford, come in and see us, and find out about the 1910 improvements. If you do not now own a Ford, come in just to investigate the line. There are surprises in plenty in store for each of you—perhaps it may mean a thousand dollars saved and a score of dollars every month afterward.

53-59 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

1-6 the Cars in Canada are Fords — Phone M.1014 — Dealers Wanted in Unassigned Territory

The Ford Motor Company OF CANADA, Limited

rload your car with accessories, to find in either case that you are fronted on the road with some ble for which you discover that have omitted the one thing need-

t will not be possible for you at start to be omniscient as to your ure needs. Much road experience the only thing that can teach you w to be absolutely forearmed. The perience of others, however, is a uable guide to appreciating the es-ntials in an equipment which should adequate for all ordinary happen-s.

The tools you cannot omit fall na-ally into two classes: first those quired most frequently, and they uld be kept rolled in a canvas kit der the driver's seat or somewhere ere they will be instantly accessible. mong these a pair of fair sized uble-grip pliers will come into fre-uent use for unscrewing tank caps, extracting and inserting split pins, and for tightening nuts, etc. In addi-tion, a pair of ordinary small pliers will be handy in such operations as twisting wire or holding a bolt while the nut is being tightened by the larger pair.

It will be a time-saver if the large pliers have a screw-driver end, but a small screw-driver should be provided to reach parts whose situation pre-cludes the use of the pliers. Right here it should be said, however, that combination tools are best avoided. They will rarely do the work so well or so quickly as the single tool for a specific class of operations.

To this emergency kit should be added a small screw wrench—a bicycle wrench will do—a small hand vise, and above all a good stout jack-knife. This last will be useful for a score of things, such as cutting the insulation from the end of a wire and scraping it clean or cutting an asbes-tos joint or a piece of hose for the water system.

Secondly, the more extended list of tools necessary for more serious work may be placed in a leather handbag and put with the spare parts into a tool box affixed to the footboard on the driver's side. Among these a prime essential is a reliable hammer, one head thin and flat, the other thick and round, with about a ten-inch handle. I have seen motorists try to make the pliers and the monkey wrench do the work of this tool.

You can use it with the cold chisel to cut a bit off the end of a valve spring to secure better adjustment, or to wedge off a tight washer or bolt. With a blunt punch, of which you should have several, the hammer will budge a nut otherwise unyielding, and with a hard copper rod interposed you can hit a bolt on the threaded end to get it out safely. A ten-inch screw-driver will be useful here for holding bolts notched in the head, or for turn-ing them into the nut till it is tight enough for the spanner. The upper part of the shank of this screw driver should be squared so that it can he held by the monkey wrench when necessary.

Above all things do not forget a dozen lamp wicks and a tin of kero-sene for your side and tail lights, nor to provide extra burner-tips for your headlights and a reserve tin of cal-cium carbide for your generator if you are making a run of any length. In that case an extra tin of gasoline will pull you out of many a hole where you might be stalled for want of that precious liquid.

A gallon or two of cylinder oil and one of lubricating oil and a pound can of gear grease are obviously indis-pensable. You will need also an as-sortment of washers, one duplicate of every asbestos or rubber joint ready cut, a roll of rubber tape, some an-nealed iron wire and some steel wire, copper wire and a little sheet copper, an assortment of cotter pins, some emery cloth, some asbestos card and asbestos string, and plenty of cotton waste and a cake or two of some good soap or a box of compound for re-moving grime and grease from the hands.

This may seem a somewhat stag-gering enumeration to the new motor-ist and may suggest to him that a great deal of time must be spent in making repairs on the road, but the object of carrying all these things is to provide just the right one or right combination to make it possible to overcome a road trouble quickly when-ever it occurs. This, with reasonably careful driving, will not be often, but when it does arrive unexpectedly with-out the proper equipment to meet it, an exhilarating outing is inevitably turned into a doleful period of pro-fane inactivity.

* * *

THERE is to be another midwinter New York to Boston run on the opening day of the annual local Bos-ton automobile show, for a trophy donated by L. H. Perlman, and most unusual precautions will be taken to prevent any of the participants from violating the speed limits of the cities and towns along the route. Unlike most motor car contests, speed will play no part in determining the win-ner of the event, for the competitive feature will be confined to voting for the most popular car in the run, the ballots to be cast by residents of Bos-ton and cities along the route.

The event has been sanctioned by the contest board of the American Automobile Association and the con-testants are scheduled to start from the Hotel Astor at 6 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, March 5. Each contestant will be provided with a set of flags bearing the name of his car in large, distinct letters that can be readily distinguished. The controls or voting stations will be located at Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester and Boston. No contestant will be permitted to remain more than thirty minutes in a control or in the vicinity of one.

Mr. Perlman is especially insistent that none of the contestants violate the speed ordinances of any place at any time during the progress of the run. The entrants must sign an agree-ment not to do any speeding, and none of the contesting cars will be permitted to pass the pacemaking car. Any contestants who passes the pace-making car will be disqualified and must withdraw from the contest. Cars must follow the official route and comply with the speed regula-tions, which will not allow them to pass the pacemaker

A daily newspaper in each city which has been selected as a voting station will publish the official ballot in its columns for one week, begin-ning the previous Monday, and the ballots will contain the names of the cars entered up to the time of going to press. When there is more than one car entered of the same make each car will have a ballot box, but the votes will be counted collectively. As each car starts the driver will be provided with an official ballot box. Upon arriving at a voting station the representative of the entrant of the car must place the ballot box in a conspicuous place but must not allow it to be out of his possession.

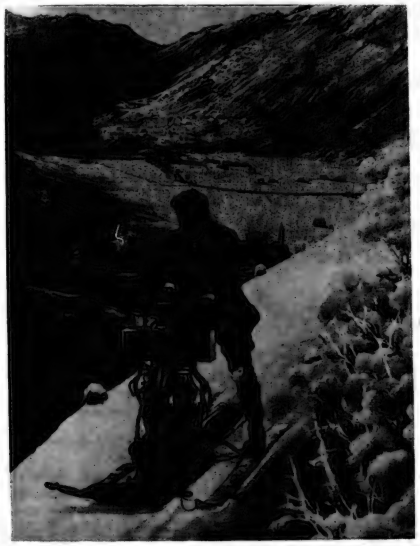
Each checking or voting station will be under the direction of the referee of that city and he will be appointed by the newspaper which prints the official ballot every day. The polls will be under the jurisdiction of the show committee at Boston. The polls will close at 9 o'clock the night of the contest. As soon as the show com-mittee announces the car that has re-ceived the most votes Mr. Perlman will present the trophy to the entrant of the successful car or to his repre-sentative. An official representative of the contest board of the American Automobile Association will accom-pany the contestants.

* * *

"HOW does it feel to drive a motor car at the rate of seventy miles an hour for almost three continuous hours?"

This interesting question was asked of Louis A. Disbrow of New York, who drove his car 200 miles in 173 minutes at the opening meet of the Atlanta Automobile Speedway last November, thereby winning the im-mense gold trophy offered by the city of Atlanta in one of the fastest in-ternational fields ever gathered to-gether for a speedway race.

"Why, it doesn't feel at all," an-swered Disbrow, laughing at the question. "Almost everybody asks me the same thing, and my best answer is that during a race I am too much oc-cupied in watching the track and lis-tening to the hum of my motor to an-alyze my feelings. The enthusiasm, the realization of such speed and the danger which exists through the race are matters to be thought about before and after, not during the contest. I fancy that most race drivers feel about the same way. The real



MOTORING ON SKIS.
The interesting motor device of M. Barlet for taking him up hill on his skis.

William Stone, newly-elected President.

William Doble, retiring President.

PRESIDENTS OF THE ONTARIO MOTOR LEAGUE, UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES THE MOTOR SHOW IS BEING HELD.

"Canadian" Tires will be exhibited at the Motor Show, Toronto, Feb. 24 to March 3

A RECORD

Three years ago we commenced the manufacture of Automobile Tires. It is a remarkable fact that our production of tires in the year 1909 was nearly

500%

greater than in the year 1908. The secret lies in one word—

"QUALITY"

WHEN ORDERING YOUR NEW CAR

Specify "Canadian Tires"

They will be supplied to you by any Automobile Manufacturer or Agent in Canada.

WE GUARANTEE THEM

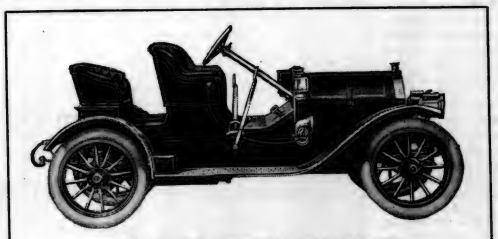
The Canadian Rubber Co. of Montreal, Limited

Manufacturers of High-Grade Automobile Tires

Mark of Quality.

Halifax, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Calgary, Alta.
St. John, N.B. Winnipeg, Man. Regina, Sask.
Montreal, Que. Victoria, B.C.
Vancouver, B.C.
Agents in Hamilton—Tire & Rubber Goods Co.
TORONTO BRANCH - - - - - - 1 FRONT STREET EAST
All Good Garages and Supply Houses sell "CANADIAN" Tires.

THE MITCHELL FOR 1910



MODEL "R" MITCHELL RUNABOUT

We are showing a splendid line of Mitchell Automobiles for 1910. These cars have attracted the eyes of the motor world at the recent shows in Chicago, New York and Buffalo, and will be a feature in the Toronto Show. The Mitchell was the largest seller at these exhibitions.

Model "R" Mitchell Runabout is 35 horsepower, folding glass front, panta-sote top, complete, $1,535.

Model "S". The Mitchell six-cylinder is considered the sensation of the season in sixes. It is a seven-passenger car, 6 cylinders, 50 horsepower, equipped with Cape top, and folding glass front, $2,750.

SPECIFICATIONS OF MITCHELL MODEL S.

MOTOR—Six-cylinder, 4¼ x 5.
HORSEPOWER—50
IGNITION—High-tension magneto and single-coil battery system.
CHANGE-SPEED GEAR—Selective, three speeds forward and reverse.
SPRINGS—Half elliptic and platform.
WHEELBASE—130 inches.
TREAD—56 inches; 60 inches optional.
BODIES—Seven-passenger Touring or Close-coupled; pantasote top and folding wind shield.
FINISH—Dark blue, with cream running gear; option, maroon body.
EQUIPMENT—Two gas headlights; dash and tail oil lamps; horn, and complete set of tools, including jack.

We are also Sole Agents for the Pierce-Arrow, Stoddart-Dayton, Frank-lin, Mitchell, Overland.

THE AUTOMOBILE & SUPPLY CO., LIMITED
22. 24, 26 Temperance Street
TORONTO

worry and nervousness come beforehand in the preparation of the car—making sure that not one little thing that has put many a good car out of the running has been neglected.

"The ordinary motorist operating his car for business or pleasure has little if any idea of the amount of thought and preparation necessary in entering a contest of speed. In the first place, of course, it is necessary to know that every part of your car is absolutely perfect, that your wheel bearings are in the best possible condition, that your engine bearings are just so—having enough play, but not loose in the slightest degree. I think this is probably the most important point of all and the hardest to get to

PRESENTING THE BILL BY MACHINERY.

A new type of taximeter tested at Scotland Yard. Tests are being carried out on a new taximeter, with a view to its being used on London taxicabs. It issues a ticket at the end of a journey stating the amount due and any extras. It also records the cab's daily work, including distances covered, waits, number of fares, and takings.

perfection. Then, needless to say, the driver himself must be in first class physical condition. A car going seventy miles is no sanitarium for weak nerves or flabby muscles.

"Of course the big thing about that Atlanta race was the high average rate of speed which my car maintained throughout the 200 miles without a stop. The difference of time between the first 100 miles and the second 100 miles was exactly forty-three seconds. The car did not vary more than eight seconds in any ten miles during the 200. This, I believe, is without question a world's record for consistency.

"No railroad train, automobile or any other conveyance has ever travelled such a distance at such a consistent rate. Such figures mean that the mere matter of deviating two feet from the given line on the track would have made more of a difference. Or even sitting in a different position in the car, thereby creating more wind resistance, would have made more of a variation. As it was the variation a mile was only fractions of seconds."

* * *

THE plan of John T. Rainier for an Eastern or series of Eastern organized automobile tours has been quick to bring forth results. Announcement was made recently by the Touring Club of America that it has in preparation a series of Eastern, Northeastern, Southeastern and middle West tours exactly on the lines proposed by Mr. Rainier.

These tours, which are planned to make American motorists better acquainted with the best American touring routes, will be started as soon as conditions are favorable and will be continued throughout the summer season. Six different routes are to be selected, embracing flat and rolling country and hill and mountain regions. One route will include the Berkshire Hills and the White Mountains, another will penetrate the Adirondacks, a third will be through the lake region of New York State, a fourth will include a trip through the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania and possibly extend into the Alleghanies. The first tour will probably be southward, with Washington or Richmond, Va., as its objective point, and taking in the Shenandoah Valley en route. A Western run over the national highway to Indianapolis, or possibly St. Louis, is in contemplation.

These tours will vary in length from one week to two weeks. Already a man who has been prominent in the management of former Glidden tours has consented to assist in laying out routes and in conducting these trips. All the tour will be over roads where ample and comfortable hotel accommodations may be obtained. Again following out Mr. Rainier's suggestion, there will be no ironclad rules requiring participants to start in the morning or finish in the evening at a given minute, nor will tourists be instructed to eat here or sleep there under penalty of penalization for infraction of rules. The tours will be leisurely affairs designed for pleasure and incidentally to spread a touring spirit and to help in the movement for better roads and improved hotel conditions throughout the country. Already nearly a score of cars have been pledged for the opening event of the series.

IS the two cycle motor the ideal type of gasolene engine for commercial motor vehicles? J. M. Hill, one of the organizers of the Automobile Club of America, and who has been more or less closely identified with the motor truck industry since its inception, claims that it is.

"The motor that is used by fishermen all over the world and by illiterate men of various water vocations naturally is the kind of a motor to use in trucks and delivery wagons where drivers are to be employed who have no mechanical education. All along our coasts and in our inland waters are to be found thousands of fishing smacks, dories and other small and more or less frail craft driven by two cycle engines and manipulated by men and boys and even women of the most intelligent classes, and yet whoever heard of a really serious accident among this class of people?

"Leaving aside any questions as to the superiority of the two cycle over the four cycle engine from a mechanical standpoint, it stands to reason that the type of engine best suited to the needs of the employer of a delivery or hauling system is the type that can be safely and effectively handled by a class of drivers such as are in charge of horse drawn vehicles. In other words, the fisherman's type of engine is the best type for the ordinary truckman.

"But in addition to its extreme simplicity and safety the two cycle engine has other distinctive advantages for commercial purposes. The two cycle engine, with its impulse in each cylinder at each revolution, gives the same application of power with one-half the number of cylinders required by engines of the four cycle type, which gets an impulse only at every other revolution, and have from 50 to 90 per cent. more working parts. The two cycle engine eliminates such complicated parts as valves, springs, cams, cam shaft, push rods, valve timing gears and many other delicate pieces of machinery that require almost constant attention. It cannot be denied that the more slowly a vehicle moves, particularly if it be heavily loaded, the more it requires an engine which gives a constant application of power to the crankshaft. The four cycle motor is good enough for pleasure vehicles, but when it comes to the hauling of heavy loads at comparatively low speed the engine that gives a steady and even application of power is the one that gives the best service and saves the most money, and that one is the two cycle."

* * *

PORCELAIN bathtubs, sleeping-berths, card-tables, and cook-stoves are but a few of the seemingly impossible things that are included in the furnishings of luxurious motor-cars nowadays. Refrigerators are not at all unusual, either. People are spending as much time and thought in originating new ideas in the equipment of their expensive cars as they formerly gave to the designing and furnishing of their palatial homes. In fact, there is no limit as to what can be done with the body of the car if there is an abundance of money and

MR. OLIVER HEZZLEWOOD of the McLaughlin Motor Works.

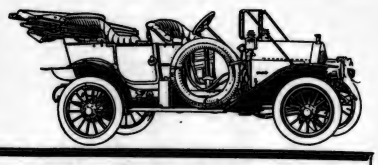
an indifference to expense. This class of automobiles resembles country houses and yachts in another way, too. Each one of these magnificent pleasure cars has its distinctive fanciful name. This appellation is engraved on special stationery that is an important part of the outfitting of the car.

It is no longer merely a matter of having the most perfect and costly mechanical equipment in the high-priced car for town or for touring use. The people who can afford it—and their number always surprises the proletariat—spend hours and days and weeks in vieing with one another in planning new comforts and luxuries that can be added to the car itself. A car body can be made into practically a little drawing-room which may be converted into a boudoir or a sleeping-apartment on wheels. No trouble or expense is spared by one ambitious owner after another in his efforts to get an interior that will be different from all other models, and at the same time more agreeable for travelling. The more absolute luxury that can be packed away into the small space the better he is satisfied.

So much money is spent in this way on these luxurious cars—ten thousand dollars extra is not an unusual sum—that many coach-builders have made this part of the business a very profitable specialty. So great is the rivalry among rich owners of cars to surpass one another in the possession of the largest number of comfortable and luxurious features in their automobiles, that there is never any hesitation on their part over adding even as much as fifty per cent. to the original cost of a stock-pattern car if the desired result is achieved.

The prime things that these body-designers expend their efforts on in trying to attain the wished-for acme of beauty, ease, and convenience, are the shape and external appearance of the car, the form of the seats and their disposition, and the upholstery. Plate-glass windows of artistic design add to the car's "smartness." The trick of the upholstery is in the "feel" and comfort of the cushions as well as their appearance. The seats must be arranged so as to economize space without infringing on ease. In addition to all this, and quite as important, are the innumerable little niceties—the accessories without which no car of this sort is now considered complete.

Russell



On Buying a Car for the First Time

ABOVE all things else the one safe guide is the reputation of the car you are considering. Who makes it? What is *their* reputation? What has the car done? Who has bought it before?

The correct answer to these questions will place the desirability of the car in a pretty clear light. As a preliminary to studying the car itself they should never be overlooked.

Applied to the RUSSELL "30" They Are Illuminating

What other car on the market can welcome such a searching investigation? Reputation—record of past performances—list of experienced buyers—all these things leave no chance for doubt.

And another remarkable fact is: This year's price is down to only $2,350—fully equipped.

Russell "30" has 115-in. wheel base; carries five passengers in complete comfort; has shaft drive, selective transmission, floating type of rear axle, etc. Beautifully finished and upholstered.

Investigate! See this and the full Russell line at the Automobile Show. Let us show you this car inside and out. It's a wonderful value.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited, 100 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO

Factory and Main Offices: West Toronto. Branches: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

Rough Roads and High Hills Have No Terrors for E.M.F. "30" and Flanders "20" Motor Cars

DREADNOUGHTS OF THE ROAD

These cars stand all endurance tests. The man-on-the-street views with satisfaction the graceful lines of the E.M.F. "30" and FLANDERS "20," and he deeply admires the ease with which these cars glide along the city thoroughfares. Behind the beautiful design and finish of these machines is a remarkable strength of material and workmanship, which enables them to over-ride bad roads and steep hills. They are the DREADNOUGHTS OF THE ROAD, constructed for strength, speed, and beauty of appearance. The E.M.F. "30" and FLANDERS "20" have conquered roads that would have disabled artillery.

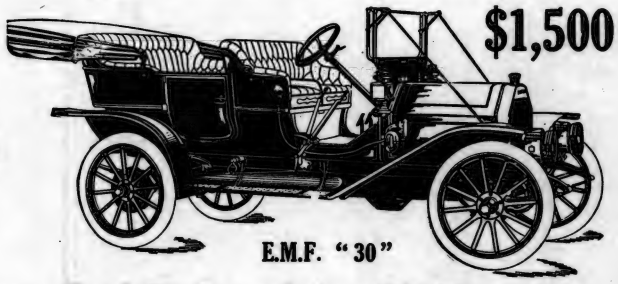
PATHFINDER OF GLIDDEN TOUR

The E.M.F. "30" is specially distinguished as a dependable car by its remarkable performance as the PATHFINDER in the famous GLIDDEN TOUR of 1908. From this trying test of a spurt across America the E.M.F. "30" emerged more than triumphant. The E.M.F. "30" returned from the test covered with the mud, clay, and quicksand, and GLORY of a transcontinental trip. The mud, clay, and quicksand was easily brushed off, but the GLORY will stick forever.

MEETS EVERY TEST

While everyone who is the possessor or prospective possessor of an E.M.F. "30" touring car may not have occasion to test the car so vigorously as touring the continent, yet it is great satisfaction to know that the car is capable of conquering the greatest difficulties should occasion demand.

Easy Motoring Facilities



The Famous Pathfinder of the Glidden Tour

WILL SUPPLY CANADA

Thus far the citizens of Toronto and other Canadian cities have had to content themselves with merely reading about the excellence of the E.M.F. "30" and FLANDERS "20." The output of these popular-priced cars was not equal to the demand in the United States alone; but this year a large factory has been built in Walkerville to supply the Canadian trade, and already the first consignment of cars for Toronto has arrived, and is now on exhibition at the DODDS-MASSEY motor cars salesrooms, 14-16 King street east.

AT THE AUTO SHOW

One of the chief features of the big International AUTOMOBILE SHOW in the St. Lawrence arena, from February 24th to March 3rd, will be a complete exhibit of E.M.F. "30" and FLANDERS "20" motor cars. Examine them.

DAILY DEMONSTRATION

Anyone interested in motor cars is invited to visit the daily exhibition and demonstration of the latest ideas in motor cars at the large new salesrooms and garage of

DODDS-MASSEY MOTOR CARS

14-16 King Street East, Toronto

Flanders "20" - $950.00

It is for all this that people to-day gladly spending thousands of dollars extra on car after car. The denier who can get away off the ten track and devise something is considered a fortunate find by happy man or woman who discers him.

Such an idea, for example, was the olving seat, which gives the real

THE UMBRELLA CAB.

Realizing that the ordinary umbrella does not sufficiently shield the passenger entering or alighting from a motor car, an inventor proposes that closed motor cars, and cabs in particular, shall be fitted with mechanical awnings (one over each door), which open automatically as the doors are opened. The photograph shows the device in use.

comfort in a closed car that is never attained in a folding-chair. Another was the touring-car bathtub of porcelain, hidden in the upholstery of a seat that could be made into a couch by night. Another was a complete toilet equipment for milady, hidden mirrors in the padded sides of a car, and a flat and commodious case of brushes, bottles, puffs—everything needed. Instances like these might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

No one has yet suggested pictures for the car par excellence, but nothing else in the way of wonderful appointments seems to be lacking. Possibly the ever-shifting panorama that is unrolled on either side of the country roads as the car flies along is the reason why landscapes in oil or water-colors have not become popular. But you are not a true fashionable motorist to-day unless some where within your limousine or landaulet, grasped firmly by specially designed holders of silver or of gold plate, is a slender, costly vase of cut glass in which there always glow with tropic warmth the rarest of hothouse flowers. Preferably these blossoms must come from the owner's personal conservatory. In any event, they must be fresh whenever the car is taken out, and they must harmonize in color with the scheme of the decorations. In other words, they must be a distinct artistic addition to the interior.

Few people give the thought to the decoration of a room that the enthusiastic urban motorist—a woman, especially—does to the way her car looks inside. There is one automobile in New York, used only in going to the theatre and opera and calling that is exclaimed over as a "dream" by every feminine who views it. No one aside from its owner knows what that interior cost. All its matchlessly beautiful upholstery is gold-trimmed, and every atom of its abundant metalwork is heavily plated with gold.

These cars of Mæcenas cannot be economized upon. Each little item of comfort costs. The first principle of ease in an auto, large or small, either for touring or just for jaunting around town, is to have the upholstery simple in its perfection. Anything else is readily noticeable. The upholstery problem begins away back with the curled hair and the springs. Even these are selected with the utmost care. The hair must be of the highest possible grade and the springs the best that can be secured. No one balks at paying fancy prices even for these things that cannot be seen.

The upholstery question is first of all, for the entire car interior is vitally concerned with it. Slides, doors, seats, couches, and roof, too, are all upholstery. Broadcloth, whipcord, and certain leathers of price are used. Among the latter, goat leathers are the favorites. These may be had in light colors, as a general rule soft tones being the most fashionable at present. These leathers are stamped, embossed, gilded, or painted as the art of the designer may dictate.

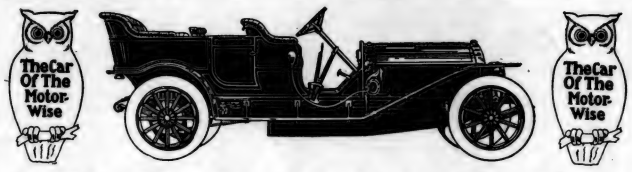
With the advent of all this elegance of equipment the point of view among what is known as Society has quite changed as to motor travel in and around New York. The wealthy man no longer is content with merely several cars; he has to have a fleet of them. There are several men who have more than thirty. Many of these cars answer practically the same purpose, and the owner uses this one or that as he fancies. Each, however, has its distinctive interior decorations.

These luxurious cars are so arranged that they may be heated and made perfectly comfortable in zero weather even when running at the rate of a mile a minute. The heat is supplied either from the muffler or from the water-circulating system, and may be turned off or on either fully or in part, as may be desired.

The card-table is a popular adjunct of these touring-cars, and many a stiff game of bridge is played in them en route with as much comfort as though the occupants were at home.

In the larger and heavier of these cars, especially designed for long trips, in addition to the hamper containing food-supplies, a very complete little kitchenette is tucked away. Where electricity is available the cooking may be done by that means without stopping the car. Alcohol is the fuel generally used, however.

Not many of the automobile tourists thus far really cook en route, but still it is done when one is in a hurry. A compact alcohol-stove is used. It is especially designed to afford a



"PREMIER"

THE PROVEN CAR

—the car that appeals to the motor wise—those who know what to expect from this or that car, basing their judgment of satisfaction or disappointment on knowledge of what the various cars have done and how they are built.

The Premier Company has never found it necessary to resort to special design, special finish or special construction to make an impression either in shows or contest. The Premier aim is to regularly produce the most practical and the best.

The Automobile is a practical conveyance for practical people and the Premier theory is that if the regular product is not good enough for display, or for any contest, it is not good enough to sell, or for the other fellow to buy. This accounts for the Premier beating the world in the hardest contest with stock cars built for the buyer, as well as its prestige of unequaled past records. It is the ease with which the Premier does its work that carries conviction. Premier Cars are uniformly good—no danger of missing a single Premier quality in any Premier Car.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE THE GREAT "PREMIER" EXHIBIT AT THE TORONTO AUTOMOBILE SHOW

CANADIAN AGENTS:

The Reo Garage Company

ST. CATHARINES

AGENTS FOR TORONTO AND VICINITY:
INTERNATIONAL MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., 60-64 Jarvis Street.

Compares with the costliest cars as the perfect small diamond with a large one

A SMALL diamond is relatively just as good and just as valuable as a large one.

In the same sense the Hupmobile is precisely as fine as the largest, the best and the most expensive cars made.

We make the comparison because we want you to learn to associate the Hupmobile in your mind with the finest cars you know.

The Hupmobile claims the right (and that right is conceded by discriminating owners) to travel side by side with the best products of motordom.

It confesses no delinquencies; admits no inferiorities; concedes no advantage save size and carrying capacity, to cars costing twice and thrice its price. Observe the personnel of its ownership in your own city.

Note that the majority of men who drive a Hupmobile are the men who know good cars—whose private garage, perhaps, houses several fine cars of other types.

The Hupmobile was built to fill a particular need—to supply a special want—to furnish a type of car that was lacking.

Its creators could see no reason why a car carrying two passengers should not be just as good—just as sound and just as trustworthy—as the best big car built.

Every part that contributes to power and speed and staunchness in the Hupmobile is precisely as good and fine as the same part in the best big car.

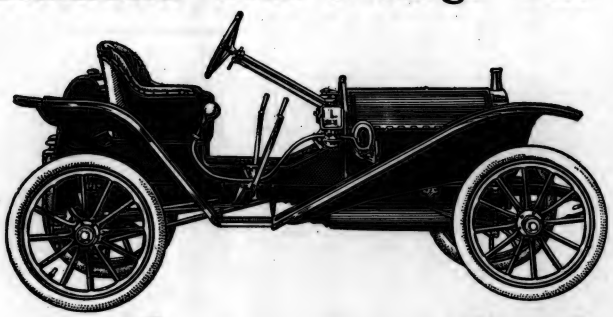
The two are mates in quality.

The Hupmobile will go anywhere that the big car will go; climb any hill the big car will climb; and do anything the big car will do except that it will not carry the same number of passengers.

Of course you want to know all about a car which has been favored with the warmest approval ever extended by the American motor-buying public to any motor car.

Even if you own a car to which you are strongly attached, you would like to have placed before you all the information which will shed light upon a condition so unprecedented as the Hupmobile has created.

And if you are wavering in your choice of a car, your desire to know is even stronger.



Hupmobile

4 Cylinders, 20 H.P.
Bosch Magneto
Sliding Gear

$950 F. O. B. Windsor

SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE: 4 cyl., 20 h.p., 3¾ in. bore, 3⅝ in. stroke; L-head type; water cooled; offset crank shaft; fan bladed fly wheel in front; Parsons white bronze bearings; noiseless cam shaft.
TRANSMISSION: Selective sliding gears in extension bolted to crank case; shifting without noise.
CLUTCH: Multiple disc type; self-adjusting; enclosed in gear case; running in oil.
REAR AXLE: Shaft drive; Hyatt roller and New Departure bearings; shaft and universal joint enclosed and lubricated by oil from crank case through transmission.
BRAKES: Two foot and two emergency (internal expanding) lined with Thermoid on rear hubs.
IGNITION: Bosch high tension magneto, doing away with spark coil, batteries and connecting wires.
TIRES: 30 x 3 inches.
WHEEL BASE: 86 inches.
TREAD: 56 inches.
SPRINGS: Semi-elliptic front, patented cross spring rear.
EQUIPMENT: Two side and tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit, pump.
WEIGHT: 1,100 pounds, regular equipment.

THE appearance of the "Hupmobile" inaugurated a new era in the construction of automobiles.

For instance, the 4-cylinder motor (3¼ in. bore x 3⅝ in. stroke) is rated at 20 h.p. Dimensions are generous and proportionate—the carbon steel crank shaft is 1¼ inches in diameter with ⅝ inch off-set from the centre of the cylinders. The large valves (1½ inches in diameter, 45 degrees seat) facilitate development of the engine's full power. All valves are on the left side, with spark plugs over the inlets.

The most important feature in connection with the cam shaft and cams is that the valve tappets (⅝ in. in diameter) have grey fibre inserts where contact is made with the valve stems, insuring silence.

The Bosch high-tension magneto simplifies the operation of the car by rendering a spark control unnecessary.

The engine oiler is the most unique, and at the same time the most effective yet devised. The oil is supplied to the engine in proportion to the amount of fuel supply—automatically increasing and decreasing as the throttle is opened and closed—and more oil is fed during heavy work and on grades than when running at higher speed on the level. A pipe from the hot water system runs through the oil box, keeping the oil warm at all times.

The intake pipe is new and has proved a wonderful auxiliary to the excellent working qualities of the motor. It is cast with a hot air pipe in the same piece, the hot air pipe drawing air from around the exhaust pipe down to the bottom of the carburetor, guaranteeing a better mixture on account of the warm air and the fact that heated air preserves the carburetor action under varying climatic conditions.

The multiple disc clutch of ten saw blade steel plates, contained in the transmission case, runs in oil.

The rear axle is of great strength. The axle shafts are 1⅛ inches in diameter, of cold drawn piston rod steel journaled on Hyatt bearings at the wheels and large shim adjustment two-point ball bearings at the differential case and propeller shaft.

A drop forged 40 per cent. carbon steel, heat treated, deep "I" beam section front axle, having an angle drop from the ends and the yokes forged integral, is used.

The Hupmobile enters upon its second season with a record of most gratifying success. It has achieved a greater success than any other car ever attained in its first year.

The salient features which proved so successful in the past year are retained for 1910 and the few changes made add to the elegance and efficiency of the car. While we have increased the cost of production, the added reliability and increased satisfaction to the driver will amply repay us.

Be sure to see the Hupmobile exhibit at the St. Lawrence Arena this week.

Agents: MARTIN AUTO CO., Windsor.

Mr. W. H. Martin's Address During Toronto Show Week is ROOM 342, King Edward Hotel, Toronto

GOODYEAR
Detachable Auto Tires

—Are Always Oversize—Each size is larger than rated.
—Won't Rim Cut or Force Off the Rim, even though ridden deflated.
—Won't Creep, though no tire bolts are needed.
—Give Extreme Mileage, often twice or three times that given by the best of ordinary tires.
—Are Supreme in Resiliency.
—Are Easiest Removed and Replaced in case of need.
The Tires and other products to be made by the Canadian Company will be, in all respects, equal to the products of the Akron factory.

Here Is Important News For Every Canadian Motorist

A separate Canadian Company has been formed for the manufacture of Goodyear Tires.
It will be known as the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Canada, Limited.
In future all Goodyear Tires and other products will be manufactured by the new concern at Bowmanville, Ont.
Branches will be established in the more important cities of Canada—the first of these to be opened March 1st, at
85-87 Queen Street East
TORONTO
Sign and send Coupon to-day for Free Book, *"How to Select an Auto Tire."* Worth its weight in gold to the motorist with no money to throw away.

GOODYEAR TIRES

Name .....
Address .....
If you own a car, give name and number and we'll include our "Dictionary for Tired People"—64 pages of wit, facetiousness and satire—the hit of the season. Otherwise send 10c. silver.

maximum of safety and efficiency. It is generally made of silver and, like everything else, is a gem of its kind.

* * *

TIRES are too often run when but half inflated. This is not only fatal to the tire, but bad for the car. Too many people blow up their tires by guess. It is as easy to over-inflate as to pump in too little air. A pressure gauge, persistently and frequently used, will return many thousand per cent. profit on what it costs. It will lengthen a tire's life by weeks. Crude rubber is going up and tires are advancing in price, by the way.

Almost every tire manufacturer gets out a little book which shows the necessary pressure that should be maintained. As a general rule, however, the back tires should show eighty pounds pressure, and the front ones seventy. Heavy cars require higher pressures and lighter ones less, but the above is the average.

The importance of having the tire properly inflated cannot be too much emphasized. When the wheel is in motion the tire exerts a tremendous centrifugal pull on the rim. It is continually trying to tear itself free and fly off into space. It is only held back by its walls being anchored to the wheel. This force varies with the size of the tire and the speed, but it is usually more than one hundred pounds for every lineal inch of the tire wall fastened under the beading of the rim.

In this connection it is interesting to note the latest theory that is maintained by some eminent experts. It is that the part of a tire subjected to the least strain is that part immediately between the wheel and the ground. These scientists account for the frequent bursting of tires in the upper half by proving mathematically that the ordinary and long-accepted views on air pressure have been all wrong. They say that the motor-car wheel is not supported by the cushion of air below it, and that the greatest strain is not there. It is the air in the upper part of the wheel that carries the load. The total upthrust of pressure there is more than twelve hundred pounds. That is why tires burst more frequently there than elsewhere.

Heat, oil, and age are three of the more insidious but no less deadly enemies of the tire. Light and dampness unfavorably affect its life only in a slightly less degree. In the supply houses where tires are stored in large numbers and are looked after properly, the temperature is kept around sixty degrees and just the right percentage of humidity in the atmosphere is maintained. Sulphur is an essential ingredient in the manufacture of tires. When a tire looks gray, the sulphur has crystallized and the tire is at its best. Sulphur makes the rubber elastic and gives it life and resilience. But when this ingredient is driven out of it by frictional heat, or by oil or age, the tire turns black. Then it is possible to pick out pieces with the fingers The tire is then unsafe and should be discarded if one does not wish to tempt Providence.

Gasoline is good for tires—that is, it does not hurt them—but oil takes out the sulphur quicker than almost anything else. It is one of the commonest forms of carelessness in the garage for the tire to be allowed to come in contact with even puddles of oil upon the floor. In a short time the oil-soaked rubber rots and bursts.

Another important thing in the cutting down of the running expenses of the motor car is to select the correct size of tire for the weight and work required. Not only the total weight of the car should be considered, but the burden to be borne by each wheel should be given some thought It should be kept in mind that the car may be called upon frequently to carry more than the ordinary number of passengers and even an additional dead load of luggage, and all this over rough roads when touring. All these thingss count in preventing tire troubles. As a general thing it is better to be over-tired than under. There should be always a wide margin of safety.

* * *

An important announcement is to the effect that the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Akron, Ohio, has organized a separate company for the handling of its Canadian business. The new concern is known as the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited. In future all Goodyear tires and other products will be manufactured at the new concern at Bowmanville, Ont.

The new factory will be completed by June 1, and it is hoped that the new plant will be turning out the well known Goodyear lines by July 1.

In the meantime, branches are being opened in the more important Canadian cities. First of these being at 85-87 Queen street east, which will be ready for business on March 1.

Pending completion of the factory, stock will be imported from the Akron Company, so that March 1, the date set for the opening of the Toronto store, will see the Canadian company fully prepared for business. The record of the Goodyear Company in the United States is well known to everyone interested in automobiles. Orders have been secured for no less than two hundred and sixteen thousand tires from American manufacturers of 1910 cars. It is estimated that this represents 36 per cent. of the total tire output of the United States.

The Goodyear Company will be represented at both the Toronto and

L. C. VAN BEVER,
Managing Director of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Canada.

Montreal Motor Shows, their exhibit being so arranged as to include a reception and resting room for their old and new friends.

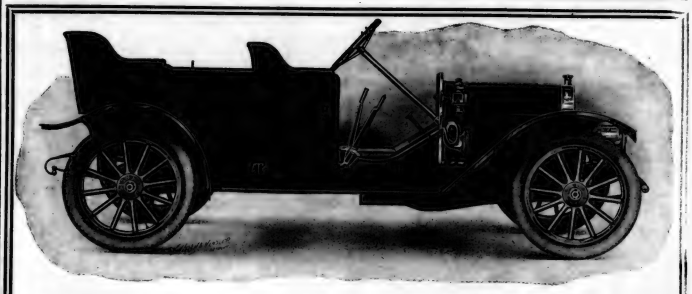
Mr. L. C. Van Bever, Managing Director of the Canadian organization, whose portrait is published in this issue, is too well known in Canada to require special introduction. It is his intention to surround himself with a corps of bright young men. Among these will be Mr. F. Hodgins, of Toronto, who is to be manager of the Toronto branch, and Mr. H. S. Garlick, also of Toronto, will be chief accountant of the Company.

* * *

AT a recent meeting of the board of directors of the Florida East Coast Automobile Association, it was decided that the 1910 Daytona Beach speed carnival would be held on March 22, 23, and 24. For several months past it seemed as though the course would be abandoned, and it was not until the Benz and Fiat enthusiasts engaged in a controversy as to which of the two Brooklands track cars was the faster, the owners agreeing to decide the question on the Daytona Beach, that the local interest was revived. Then the officials and members of the Florida East Coast Automobile Association became active. E. W. C. Arnold of New York, owner of the Lewis Strang Fiat, and Barney Oldfield, the track champion, who recently purchased the Hemmery Benz, which travelled faster on the Brooklands track than Marriott in his steamer did on the Florida sands, are now arranging details of the proposed match. There will be four or five races for different classes of cars scheduled each day of the meet, and the Minneapolis, Sir Thomas Dewar, Gold Speed King (two miles a minute), and other rich trophies will be awarded winners of races. The meet will be under the sanction of the American Automobile Association, and Chairman S. M. Butler of the national contest board has been selected as referee. T. E. Fitzgerald, secretary of the local organization, will have active charge of details.

* * *

WHEN tires cease from troubling, the motorist's millennium will be at hand, writes Melville Winton, in Harper's Weekly. This period of peaceful happiness for automobilists is now nearer than ever. Practical and theoretical scientists are continually hard at work experimenting on and observing thousands of tires in actual use. The things which they are learning seem so simple that every amateur autoist wonders why he has not thought of them himself long ago. The manufacturers are availing themselves of many of the discoveries that these patient investigators are proving beyond peradventure. Many others are



Everybody Wants a Motor Car
AND

Everybody wants a car that is not an experiment, and which is guaranteed by their own knowledge of the material and mechanical practice that enters into that car.

A car whose cooling system permits the greatest efficiency at all speeds.

An approved four cylinder motor, great in power rather than great in size, and whose simplicity and silence is its greatest fault.

A Magneto ignition system known by its reputation as the best.

A gentle and powerful cone clutch with a straight line drive to the unit transmission and rear axle, whose nickel steel gears and shafts and sturdy construction, with powerful brakes, is capable of carrying a much larger car under the hardest service.

A special forged front axle with ball bearings twice the usual size to take care of that excessive end thrust when encountering rough country roads.

A control so simple that it responds to the least exertion.

Long wheel base and low hung frame to give great ease of riding, and large wheels to permit greater road clearance.

A body possessing all the features and refinements found in the highest priced cars, and that will accommodate comfortably the number of people it was built for.

A car built by men who know the bus ness, by a company that is financially able to procure the best material, and whose output is not so large that it will slight the construction of any one car.

You have wondered why somebody has not built a car possessing all these desirable features. So have we.

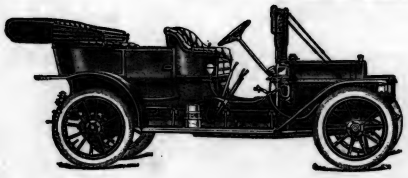
THAT IS WHY WE BUILT

The Dominion Thirty

$1,750 f. o. b. Factory

DOMINION MOTORS LIMITED WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

Another Cadillac Year



IT is concentration of effort that has made the CADILLAC what it is. By concentrating the entire resources and facilities of the finest automobile plant in the world on the new CADILLAC "THIRTY" the makers have been able to revolutionize automobile values and produce the highest type of a car at moderate cost. The large number of sales already made in Toronto shows very clearly what your friends think of it. If you are interested in the best value the market affords, ask for demonstration. The CADILLAC "THIRTY" is unquestionably supreme, with nothing in sight to compare with it for all-round service and reliability.

Hyslop Bros. Limited

Shuter and Victoria Streets, Toronto

g adopted by an ever-increasing number of amateur and professional ers. All of these new things about make for the safety of the people in the car. Improving the tire teaching how its life may be prolonged ought to have a marked influence on this year's vital statistics the world that rides on rubber.

One of the most striking effects of "research work" that is being on tires will be seen on the new 10 cars. Their wheels are considerably greater in diameter than the 0 patterns. Probably the day will come when the present dachshund type will be a curiosity. The bigger wheels will be regarded with less and less distrust as people get used to them. In 1911, some enthusiasts declare, the diameters will be still further increased. It is not at all impossible that this one new thing may bring about some tremendous changes in the patterns of future motor cars. If it does it will be due entirely to the tire, the dust it has raised; the "dust" it cost, and the disasters due to it.

This movement for high tires started abroad. The especial hobby of some of the big British automobile clubs has been the mitigation of the dust nuisance on the highways. It did not take much investigation to disclose what now is acknowledged as a fact; that a tire with a broad tread raises more dust than one that makes a narrow track. Sufficient contact surface should not be had if the width of the tires on the small-diameter wheels in common use was decreased. They had to be proportionately wide in order to carry their burdens and to keep a safe grip on the road. Therefore, increasing the "area of contact" by lengthening was tried. The supporting area remained the same; it was only changed from a short wide oval to a long, narrow one.

This was the evolution of the high tire which is the feature of this year's fashion in running-gear.

These large-diameter, narrower tires not only raise much less dust than the small and broad ones, but they ride a great deal easier. The tire itself lasts longer, for one reason, because it touches the ground less often in a mile. It also heats somewhat less, and cools far more freely. The brake, too, works better on this new type of tire for the friction with the ground is "along the long axis of the oval surface of contact." The strain is supported by a longer and straighter stretch of tire wall, so unexpected accidents are less likely to occur.

Tires are the automobilist's heaviest expense. There are a few simple things that have been found out and proven by experience that will prolong their life. To bear them in mind in running one's own car, and to see that they are looked out for by one's chauffeur, will make the tires last a great deal longer. They will reduce the "infant mortality" in tires, as it were. They will also rob touring of many of its terrors to the amateur—the professional chauffeur among others. For, with the steady improvements in the manufacture of tires and the spread of knowledge as to how to handle them, the chances of trouble are diminishing. During 1910, the percentage of touring owners who will be doing "knee drill" on the dusty highways should be less than ever.

The average professional chauffeur is notorious for the many ways in which he massacres tires. Taking corners too fast and jamming on brakes at every opportunity are things that send thousands of tires to the scrap-heap graveyard every month.

It will probably surprise most people to learn that wild braking causes in tires what on the railroads is called "slid flat wheels." The tire wears flat in a certain place on the tread. This is caused by the surface of the road cutting off the surface of the tire as it slides over it. If the tire was of metal and the road was a rail, a tremendous clanking would be heard as the "flat wheel" rolled along. As it is, if it is noticed at all, this thin spot gets weaker and some day bursts—to the surprise of the chauffeur, of course—and it is lucky if no bones are broken during the succeeding two seconds.

* * *

AUTOMOBILES entering the world's markets in the year 1909 had a value in excess of $50,000,000, as compared with an aggregate value of $9,000,000 for the year 1902, striking evidence, according to the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, that the automobile is an important and rapidly increasing factor in international commerce. The value of automobiles exported in 1908 from France, the United States, the United Kingdom, Italy, and Germany, the five leading countries in their manufacture and sale, was more than $45,000,000, or a growth of 400 per cent. since 1902.

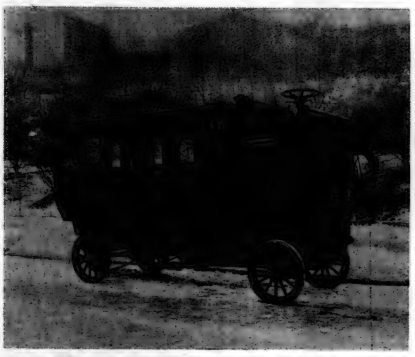
Automobile exports in the four foreign countries named increased within the ten years from $1,000,000 to $5,500,000, a gain of 450 per cent. Exports of automobiles from the United States in the same period increased from $9,000,000 to $50,000,000, a gain since 1892 of more than 400 per cent. France leads the world as an exporter of motor cars, with the United States second. Some of the figures given by the Bureau of Statistics show the automobile exports in 1908 from France to have been valued at $24,560,000; from the United States in 1909, $8,667,397; the United Kingdom, 1909, $7,610,267; Italy, in 1908, $5,533,000, and Germany, in 1908, $3,031,000. Of the automobiles shipped from the United States in 1909, $7,750,000 worth went to foreign countries, and less than $1,000,000 worth to the non-contiguous territories of the nation.

* * *

IN order, if possible, to bring about a contest between the two fast racing cars, the Los Angeles Motordrome has guaranteed a purse of $5,000 in gold and a $1,000 cup to the winner of a match between the 200-horsepower Fiat and the Hemery Benz, to be held on the new board track, Los Angeles, in April. The match will take place, provided Barney Oldfield, driver of the big German car, is willing to meet Ralph De Palma. E. W. C. Arnold, the owner of the big car which De Palma will drive this season, De Palma himself, and the Fiat Company, are all most anxious that Oldfield will accept. It is hoped that Oldfield will take this opportunity at the inaugural of the fast board course, for it would mean one of the greatest match races ever known in the history of the sport. More than 125 men are busily engaged in the construction of the track, which will be completed sooner than was expected. Under Jack Prince's supervision, as now scheduled, the saucer will be ready for preliminary tryouts for racing cars about March 1, permitting more than a month's practice prior to the opening date, April 8. Efforts will be concentrated on the track itself at first, following which, work on the long grand stand, pits and garage buildings will be begun.

* * *

HEADQUARTERS for the Motor Racing Association have been opened by A. B. Cordner, chairman of the Brighton Beach committee of that association, in the Lincoln Square building at No. 1919 Broadway. Judging by the early inquiries and by the activity of owners of fast machines in obtaining the services of drivers, it is believed that the opening of the twenty-four-hour race meet at the Brighton Beach Motordrome in May will be one of the best contested automobile speed contests ever held here. The probable appearance of Nazzaro, the great Italian driver, in a Fiat car has spurred prospective American entrants to secure the best eligible drivers without loss of time. Already the entries of winning Lozier, Simplex, and Renault cars in twenty-four-hour races last year and of the Rainier that was a runner-up in two of those contests are assured. The exact dates of the opening tournament have not yet been determined, but are expected to be made within a week.



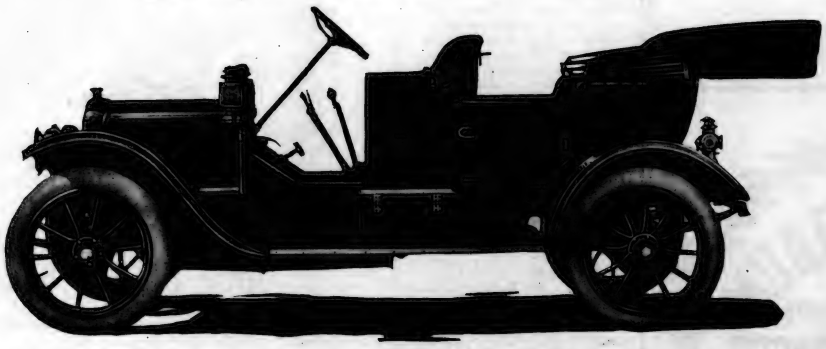
AN AUTOMOBILE HEARSE.
This novelty in automobiles is a combination of hearse and funeral coach. It has been invented by an undertaker in New York.

Three carloads of Russell automobiles were shipped last week from the big factory of the Canada Cycle & Motor Company at West Toronto, and three more carloads go forward this week. The company report by far the heaviest sales in their history, the orders for the season bringing their output up to more than twice that of last year. In order to keep up with the rush of business, it has been necessary to run night and day crews, and the factory is now operating twenty-three hours a day. One point of interest regarding the business of this company is the fact that the orders come from no one section, but from every part of the country, while the local business is very heavy. It is evident that the boom in automobiles has struck every part of Canada.

IF DUNLOP AUTOMOBILE TIRES ARE NOT GENUINELY GOOD WHY ARE THEY SO GENERALLY POPULAR.

The White Gasoline Car

A YEAR AHEAD IN DESIGN



The design of the White Gasoline Car is at least a year in advance of any other machine built in North America. Come and examine the chassis of our exhibit at the Show and see the latest and best in gasoline car construction. Even if you are planning to buy a cheaper car than the White Touring Car or Toy Tonneau at $2,750, or a more expensive car than the White Limousine at $4,700, an inspection of our exhibit will be of value to you, as you will see there the features which sooner or later will be adopted by other progressive makers.

The White Gasoline Car possesses all the desirable qualities to be found in other high-grade cars, and in addition it has certain advantageous features which are not yet embodied in the others. Among these features are Simplicity, Accessibility and Economy.

1—SIMPLICITY. There are fewer parts to the White than to any other car. Nothing essential has been omitted; well-thought-out design has eliminated superfluous parts.
2—ACCESSIBILITY. Any part can be reached without removing or disturbing any other part.
3—ECONOMY. Low fuel consumption secured by the use of the "long-stroke" engine, four-speed transmission and other refinements. Low cost of upkeep obtained because of Simplicity and Accessibility, and because the materials and workmanship are the best ever put into a car of moderate price.

The above qualities are also embodied in the WHITE GASOLINE TRUCKS, making them by far the most satisfactory and most economical commercial vehicles on the market.

SEE THE EXHIBIT OF WHITE STEAM AND GASOLINE CARS AT THE SHOW
OWING TO DELAY IN TRANSPORTATION PART OF OUR EXHIBIT HAS NOT ARRIVED BUT WILL BE HERE IN A FEW DAYS.

THE WHITE COMPANY, Limited 168-170 King St. West, Toronto

"Possesses a Tone of Surpassing Beauty"

In no sense can you speak of the

Heintzman & Co. Piano

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd.)

as in competition with other pianos.

It is a very different piano to the others, even though they be good pianos.

The Heintzman & Co. piano is rightly spoken of as in a class by itself.

—THE PIANO OF MARK HAMBOURG.
—THE PIANO OF TETRAZZINI.
—THE PIANO OF JOMELLI.

Its great beauty of tone and wonderful capacity for expressiveness and brilliancy has given it undivided favor with great artists everywhere—piano or vocal.

Let it be your choice.

PIANO SALON:

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MEERSCHAUM
an absolutely pure
plug cut tobacco
Tin foil packages
and pouches

ORDINARY WATER FILTERS ARE DANGEROUS

The PASTEUR is the only Germ-proof Filter in the world. The filtering medium—a special kind of pottery—is manufactured in France.
Come in and see the Pasteur Filter operating.
Sizes for all requirements, $10 up.

Aikenhead's — Toronto's Finest and Most Central Hardware Store.

AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED
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IN the State of Massachusetts a person who goes upon the highways with an unregistered automobile is not even a "traveller." and the public owes him no duty whatsoever. This is a Court decision of that State. Even more striking is the now well-established point of law that any State may completely exclude automobiles from the highways, if it is deemed necessary.

With these general principles in mind the legislatures of all but eleven States—and these in the Rocky Mountain section of the West and in the Southwest—have passed general laws known under the name of Motor Vehicle Laws. Louisiana, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Mississippi, Wyoming, Arkansas, New Mexico, Idaho, Arizona, Oklahoma, are the States where motor car legislation is yet to come. They are also the States where it is least needed.

There is much to be done as yet, it is true, but in the main the lawmaking machinery of the States with reference to the automobile is well-established. Practically all of it has been made within the past three years. The main problem now is to get these laws of the various States uniform. A motor car owner running through half a dozen States is confronted with as many different sets of regulations. He needs to be a good lawyer to provide for every emergency.

This "standardizing" of the State laws is being very carefully considered, however. There is no real reason why the motor vehicle laws of all the States should not be precisely the same. They differ now only in annoying and minor details, and are the same in general broad principles. Already a movement for putting them on an exactly similar basis is under way. The new movement has started in New England, where, from the point of the highways, the automobile has reached its highest development. A uniform law has been drafted to apply to all the New England States. It is being very carefully considered; it is well liked, and within a year or so it will probably be adopted and become a law.

R. S. McLAUGHLIN
of the McLaughlin Motor Company.

What the States have done in the way of law is to provide for the identification of each machine, making the owner take out a certificate and put a plate or marker at the tail of the car showing the machine's number in large figures. Provision is made, also, for these numbers to be lit at night.

No Legislature has as yet interfered with the construction or style of cars. But laws nowadays are becoming more explicit as to bells, horns, mufflers, and smoke preventives. Here and there is legislation against chains and other non-skidding devices, because of their injury to the roads.

But the chauffeur is the greatest danger of all, for he may be, and frequently is, irresponsible. He is the main problem of the legislatures, and as yet nothing has been devised that properly restrains him. Now the chauffeur is the agent and servant of his employer. The courts have decided that his legal status is precisely that of the motorman. Just how far is the employer responsible for his chauffeur's acts? The States have not gone very far in this direction as yet, but some noteworthy experiments in legislation are being made. Some interesting acts have been passed recently.

One of these new State laws is that no person may operate an automobile on a highway without the consent of the owner who shall be held responsible for every act of his employee when he is out with his—the owner's—consent. This places the direct responsibility upon each owner. In the event of accident an owner must prove that he did not give his consent to such-and-such a person to use his machine. In the State of New York it is grand larceny for any one to take out and use an automobile without the knowledge or consent of its proprietor. These laws not only make it almost impossible for the owners to evade the responsibility, but also cause them to be much more careful in the selection of their chauffeurs.

The tenth pipeful is as sweet, as fragrant, and as palatable as the first.

"EL ZENDA" FINEST SMOKING TOBACCO NO. 1

A blend of old mellowed Virginia-Latakia, and other rare Eastern Tobaccos—Coarse cut and specially prepared for a cool, sweet smoke.

2 oz. Tin, 40c. - 4 oz. Tin, 75c. - 8 oz. Tin, $1.50

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"The Oldsmobile Limited"

UNDOUBTEDLY at some time you have planned in your mind an ideal car—speedy, handsome, powerful—everything, in fact that you could wish in a motor car.

Stop making these mental pictures and see the real thing with your own eyes.

WHERE? Imperial Motor Car Co.
TIME? Any hour of the day.
CAR? The Oldsmobile "Limited."

When you see this car, you'll realize it is a "dream"—but not a hazy one. It's as clear cut as a matrix, powerful—perfect in every feature.

Of course, you have heard about this car—its name is on every lip—but it is now your chance to see it and examine it at your leisure, if not at our Garage, then at the Automobile Show at the St. Lawrence Arena.

There will, of course, be other Models shown in our big exhibit there—cars that bear prestige in the motoring world, and that will undoubtedly attract a great deal of attention.

Visit us and learn a few things about an Oldsmobile. "A little Oldsmobile knowledge is a wonderful thing."

IMPERIAL MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

Sole Canadian Distributors for Oldsmobile Cars, Oakland Cars and Rapid Trucks

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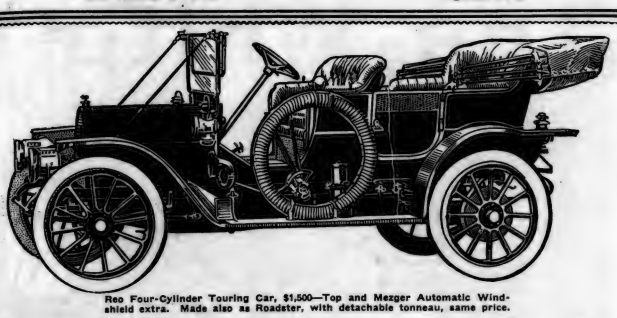

Reo Four-Cylinder Touring Car, $1,500—Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield extra. Made also as Roadster, with detachable tonneau, same price.

This four-cylinder Reo at $1500 is the equal of any high-price car

That sounds mighty queer unless you realize what "equal" means

We don't mean equal size; for that means weight and expense, which you don't find in the Reo.

We don't mean equal in using up gasoline; for the Reo uses about half as much gasoline as heavy cars.

We don't mean equal in wearing out tires; for tires on a Reo last about twice as long as heavy car tires.

We don't mean equal repairs.

We do mean that in the essentials of motoring—in what people really want—the Reo is at least the equal of any other car at any price.

Speed—forty-five to fifty miles an hour is fast enough for anybody. You never use more speed whether you have it or not.

Power on the hills—the Reo has plenty of it.

Comfort—the Reo is as comfortable as any other car on smooth roads; and, on rough roads, it is infinitely more comfortable than the heavy car, which always has to go slow or bump its passengers about.

Smoothness—the Reo runs with perfect smoothness.

Get-there-and-back-ability. Every Reo ever built has been famous for its sureness of doing its day's work, every day in the year.

Beauty—look at the picture. The car is handsomer yet.

We also mean that this wonderful car at this wonderful price is not a wonder after all to those who know Mr. R. E. Olds' genius at designing and building simple and powerful gasoline motors; how, moreover, all the costs of making, distributing and selling high-grade motor-cars have been brought to their lowest possibility in the Reo.

Not a wonder after all—just genius, business ability, and common-sense, all working together.

Send for the Reo Catalogue; also for "Number 31," the story of the New York to Atlanta Tour—they tell the facts clearly and fully

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32 PAGES

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 2. PAGES 17 TO 32

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THE OTHER PAGE

IT looks as if there was going to be a revolt against the wearing of the wedding ring, and all sorts of old-fashioned women are crying out in consequence, most of them making a good deal of noise before they are sure they are going to be hurt. Some women have taken into their heads that wearing a wedding ring is a sign of servitude, and that to be free and equal with the lords of creation they should utterly refuse to don the little gold circlet which denotes that they may now be addressed as "Mrs." instead of "Miss." Poor things, they seem to forget that the wearing of a wedding ring is more or less the result of fashion, and that no matter how beautiful its symbolism, a marriage can be contracted without what is sometimes described as "the ring ceremony."

Once upon a time lots of women wore rings in their noses and through their lips—and many still do. Those who do consider it a mark of beauty and a distinguishing sign of wealth. There are other women who have their teeth blackened at marriage, still others who crop their hair close. Wedding ceremonies appear strange things to one who learns those of other countries for the first time. But conforming to any of these customs, even that of wearing a wedding ring isn't going to prevent a woman asserting herself whenever necessary, nor will it put a "crimp" in her individuality or prevent her filling to the best of her ability the position in which she finds herself. Altogether too much fuss is made about signs and symbols. It is the woman who counts. A wedding ring is in no sense a fetter, but rather a trophy—if it must be regarded in a thoroughly practical way. It bears with it no suggestion of slavery, but should be looked upon as a proof that the wearer's charms have been equal to the task of subjugating at least one man. For if there is any slavery in marriage, be sure the man who is a partner to it feels the bonds just as keenly as his wife. He may not say so much about it, but the chances are he yearns after his former freedom quite as much as his wife desires to be at once bound and free, to have the opportunity of snapping her fingers at existing conditions while all the time sheltering herself behind them.

Some people who see a catastrophe in every change of fashion, and a great and menacing peril in everything they fail to understand, have arrived at the conclusion that if women discard their wedding rings the future of their country is imperilled—which, of course, is all stuff and nonsense. Women, as a rule, are well satisfied with the domestic state, which after all is very favorable to them. Because they might decide—even in large numbers—to leave their wedding rings lying about in the top drawers of their bureaus is no more a sign of national disaster than for a woman to take off her false hair at night, or forget to put it on in the morning. Try to take away from women the rights that go with their wedding rings, and it wouldn't be long before every one of them was not only wearing hers, but also something in the nature of a sign-post pointing to the fact that she was duly qualified to wear it.

If people would only let women alone, they would soon see for themselves what was silly and what was worth while, and separate the wheat from the chaff, but while the entire public conspires to raise a row every time a woman makes an experiment, is it any wonder she "sees it out," even if to do so is against her better judgment?

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THERE'S also danger in kissing—if a dog is partner in the game. At least so it seems if any moral is to be drawn from the fate that has befallen a Brooklyn woman who insisted on her fox terrier responding to her embraces when that independent little canine was in no frame of mind to consider anything more ethereal than a biscuit. The dog in question rejoices in the name of Gyp, and in the intervals between meals has been taught a number of tricks, one of which was kissing his mistress when told to do so.

The other day Gyp had played "dead dog" and shaken hands, and carried sugar on his nose, and done all the fool things which are taught to dogs as an insult to their intelligence. Feeling that he had done his duty, Gyp had visions of a quiet hour in a comfortable basket when his mistress picked him up and demanded to be kissed. Gyp, however, saw the absurdity of the proceeding and refused to respond. He was coaxed and he was urged, and finally he was scolded, but he was steadfast in his refusal. Finally, when utterly bored with the proceedings, he very ungallantly turned round and bit the nose of his owner. Moreover, he didn't do it gently, but made a deep impression with his sharp little teeth, and now Gyp's mistress is a patient in a hospital, and when she emerges may be disfigured for life.

But, honestly, who can blame Gyp?

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"THE smallest worm will turn, being trodden on"—even the most ill-used husband will find courage to assert himself now and again. It has been said with considerable truth that matrimony is a habit, and with considerable cynicism that it is a bad habit, but the majority of those who are getting the worst of it—and incidentally playing the worm—put up with the unpleasantness of their position for a time rather than revolt against the tyrant.

Such a one is Mr. Emanuel Silberstein, a young lawyer of New York who, besides being seriously henpecked, is deprived of one arm. He has a wife who is one of his greatest drawbacks in the pursuit of happiness, for Mrs. Silberstein, according to a statement made recently by Mr. Silberstein in his application for divorce, not only objects to the fact that he is less "handy" than the average man, but also is prone to openly regret the fact that he isn't as good looking as another man who lives in the same block.

Mrs. Silberstein, according to Mr. Silberstein, has an unpleasant way of emphasizing her disapproval of her husband's lack of personal beauty, for in advancing his reasons why he thinks he would be happier away from his wife, he accuses her, among other things, of such little amenities as throwing dishes at him and striking him until he was so badly hurt that he had to seek medical attention. He also objects to the disposition she shows to take away all his clothes—possibly as souvenirs—and so compel him to remain at home when he would prefer to be elsewhere. Mrs. Silberstein also uses her husband's garments as a means for getting money from him, and is accused of refusing to give them up until Mr. Silverstein makes it financially worth her while. On the whole, according to her husband's tale, the lady is not lacking in resourcefulness when seeking to gain her point.

In order to be able to deal with her husband as she felt she should, Mrs. Silberstein according to witnesses left no stone unturned, for on one occasion when she returned home and her husband asked her what she had in the small parcel under her arm she explained that it was a physical exerciser and that when she had got the benefit of its use she intended to "trim" Mr. Silberstein "good."

Apparently about this time Mr. Silberstein decided that it was the better part of valor to quit, as Mrs. Silberstein—minus the exerciser—had already been too much for him when it came to an actual encounter. Other reasons why Mr. Silberstein wishes to desert the home nest include the fact that his wife prefers a shade of bleached hair for herself to which he heartily objects, especially as she didn't ask his permission before changing the hue of her raven tresses to that of table mustard, and also because she leaves him at home to mind the babies while she goes out to enjoy herself.

On the whole, it looks as if Mr. Silberstein has a right to his "peeve," especially as he is so handicapped by his lack of an arm that he can't administer the punishment to his wife which he might be pardoned for handing out to her. Mrs. Silberstein's story might show cause for her disapproval of her husband, but if women are to assert themselves as the stronger sex, they must remember that it's rather "low down" according to the best standards to hit a man smaller than yourself—especially if he is physically incapable of hitting back. When women become masculine they must also become manly and play the game, or else they had better continue to resort to tears, scratchings, and hysterics when in need of weapons. If force is to be employed in matrimony, let them pick somebody their own size, or stay single.

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WERE you ever a stranger in a strange land, keen upon obtaining all the information about your environment that was possible, and yet compelled to cull what knowledge you got by means of a map, a guide book, and a pronounced determination to learn a thing or two no matter what intervened? If you have ever been so situated you know just what you would have been willing to sacrifice in order to have a friendly companion of your own sex to whom the navigating of the strange streets was as plain sailing as well-known waters to a pilot. The lonely one is never so much alone as when surrounded by strangers, and the time worn advice to "ask a policeman" isn't always possible to follow. There can't be anything more irritating to a thoroughly dependent person than to be deprived of the joys of sight-seeing because one doesn't know one's way about. There is no more annoying combination than a desire to see and do, and a lack of enterprise which makes it impossible to carry out one's plans.

To meet just such combinations of curiosity and helplessness London in future will provide its visitors with an opportunity of obtaining thoroughly trustworthy companions who will be able to offer advice and suggestions, and put the stranger "next" to all that it is desirable he or she should see when in London town. With this end in view a new institution of guides has been formed by some enterprising person, the men to be drawn from the ranks of retired naval and military officers, and the women from a similar stratum of society. All sorts of services will be rendered by these guides, who will of course be of superior education and of a standing which will make their knowledge of London well worth having. By their help it will be possible for foreigners to acquire a knowledge not only of English, but the country where "she is spoke." Travelling, like everything else, is being made easy, and now that London is to be shorn of its social and geographical dangers, now that people go to Khartoum to play golf and Africa to discuss "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" there will be no more fun in journeying about, and we might just as well content ourselves at home with tennis, imported fashions, and picture post cards as venture abroad. There is no use going thousands of miles to do away from home what can just as well be done within a stone's throw. The joy of journeying lies in the prospect of the romantic and unexpected developing. Pretty soon there will be a railway lunch counter at the South pole and a merry-go-round or something equally homelike and inspiring at the centre of the Arctic circle. Shear travelling of its dangers and make it as certain as coffee for breakfast and you take from it all its attraction. Guides are for the unimaginative, but for your true lover of adventure there must be an element of the unexpected—or the easy chair and slippers will be as alluring as a peak in the Andes or an island in the Pacific. Romance is dying fast; let us keep it alive while and where we can.

MRS. GLADSTONE,

Wife of the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, the new Governor-General of South Africa.

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KANSAS is to be responsible for a new departure for Dr. McKeever, professor of philosophy in the Agricultural College of that State, is advocating the establishment of a scientific course in matrimony in all the public schools of Kansas.

Dr. McKeever's ideas are not altogether new, but so far it has not been suggested in any other educational centre that the course of study he advocates should be taken up by school children. He argues that if a man has a horse that won't proceed without a fire being built under him, or a cow that shows indications of becoming a "mollusc" or hens that refuse to do their share towards the morning omelette, he can apply to the nearest Government or State experiment station and find out from an expert either a cure or a reason for the obstinacy or personal peculiarities of his horses and cows and barn yard pets. At least that is evidently what Dr. McKeever means although he naturally puts it in a manner which the scientific farmer would understand and not quite as frivolously as I have done. He also from these premises works out a theory that if Government aid is granted in the matter of educating horses and cows to do their duty in the state of life in which they find themselves, there should be some court of appeal which would solve the difficulties which present themselves when a girl develops a tendency to do as she pleases or a boy becomes too headstrong to submit to home rule.

A school course in the training of children and their rearing would, Dr. McKeever thinks, make for the better up-bringing of future generations. He also thinks that every girl and young man who wish to wed should first pass an examination in the theory of the work of child raising the course taken at school to include—besides the experience of thousands of mothers and fathers in child-rearing—a complete course in the psychology of child culture. In Dr. McKeever's opinion if the scientific raising of chickens, pigs and cows can be taught, some satisfactory method could be worked out by which the children of the future could be improved mentally and physically, and at the same time make the task of training them much easier than it is at present.

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IF there is one thing that crops up more regularly than the story of the sea serpent, it's the yarn that someone has invented a real sure enough cure for sea sickness. Experienced travellers who have never suffered from the pangs of *mal de mer*—which are generally acknowledged to be more far-reaching and general than those of either love or jealousy—have wondrous tales to tell of the methods others less fortunate than themselves have employed to ward off attacks of the much dreaded disease. To the credulous all things are true, and to the sea-sick, all things are credible. Consequently there is nothing they will not believe if they are told it will help them over the horror of the first three days on the bounding billows.

Of this credulity many people have made use, and cures and preventives have been invented by the dozen. The man who is always sea-sick—and the woman, too—has followed all sorts of prescriptions, and dosed and exercised and fed and fasted according to rule, and always been as sick one voyage as another. But now a new preventive has been brought forward and instead of buying out an apothecary shop one will only have to take passage—so it is said—on a steamer in which one can get a berth so arranged that it will remain horizontal no matter what the eccentricity of the particular position the ship may see fit to assume. The invention that makes this possible is said to be the work of a woman and wonderful things are promised for it, but until the time arrives when one can assume one attitude and retain it without stirring through a voyage of five or six days, there is little doubt that sea-sickness will still claim its victims by the thousand, and that one will continue to meet men and women who will suffer from its attacks and yet recover from them so quickly that by the time they land they will have forgotten that they ever had an uncomfortable moment from one end of the voyage to the other. Under any circumstances it must be rather annoying to suffer from this trouble which affects so many of those who go down to the sea in ships, but the really amazing thing about the whole business is the remarkable lack of memory which it imposes on its victims. The most pronounced hypochondriac who usually can't talk enough about his diseases may generally be depended upon to say, three days after landing, that never has he suffered from sea-sickness. One is almost forced to the conclusion that by some kink in the average human mind, *mal de mer* is regarded as something to be ashamed of, a sort of crime or disgrace, and as such to be carefully hidden from the public. If it is only with a view to helping people to tell the absolute truth in regard to their travels the inventor of a real cure for sea-sickness should be hailed with all the enthusiasm that is given to the winner of battles, for while the latter has put a few people out of misery, the former will save a great many from it.

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THERE has been so much talk at various times of plans which will expedite the removal of garbage, and also tend to make it inoffensive while it is waiting to be collected, that very general interest will be taken in most large cities in the working out of a new scheme in Chicago. The Superintendent of Streets in the windy city has come to the conclusion that all difficulties in regard to the removal of garbage may be overcome by employing surface cars, instead of carts, the work of moving all ashes and all waste matter to be done at night.

Two special cars are being built with a view to giving the plan a practical trial, and within a month the new system will be installed in one section of the city. It is claimed for the plan that it is not only more sanitary, and more expeditious than the present system of carting away the refuse, but that it is infinitely cheaper ond will save Chicago thousands of dollars. The scheme seems feasible and if it proves so will undoubtedly solve a difficult problem in the running of many a city.

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THE censor of fashions has been getting busy out in California and proving that not only is it forbidden for a woman to wear certain decorations on her hat, but also that there are hat trimmings so-called which it is illegal to even have in her possession.

For years there has been an agitation against the wearing of aigrettes but as they are undoubtedly beautiful and graceful, women who wouldn't intentionally kill a fly or put an end to the existence of a troublesome mosquito, have continued to wear them. Appeals failing in persuasive force recourse was had to the law in California and a measure was passed making it illegal to have aigrettes in one's possession. The first arrests under this new law were made in San Francisco recently when a fashionable milliner and the manager of a jewelry store were charged with breaking it. The arrests were made at the instance of the secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, and will probably go a long way towards forcing women to the conclusion that there never was any real beauty in aigrettes anyway.

It seems a pity that a few more laws cannot be passed compelling women to exclude from their wardrobe various ridiculous styles and so deal a death blow to the vogue of such awful monuments to feminine taste as appear now and again in the shape of merry-widow hats, sheath gowns, and microbe catching trains. Women may be very sensible, but when it comes to a matter of fashion they are prone to put their wisdom away and refer to their dressmaker in the words in which Adam shifted the blame to Eve—by saying "the woman tempted me"—or its equivalent.

Madame

TORONTO SOCIETY

MRS. ARNOLD THOMAS, 52 Elm avenue, Rosedale, will receive on Monday afternoon next for the last time this season.

Mrs. Kemp, of Castle Frank, is giving a bridge on Tuesday. Mrs. Hayward, Park road, gave a dance for her daughter, Vera, on Wednesday. Mrs. F. Deacon gave a tea yesterday.

Mrs. C. C. James and her son, Wilfrid, have gone to Atlantic City, where Judge and Mrs. Riddell, and Mrs. Smith are spending some time, having come up from the south last week.

Mrs. Casey Wood, *nee* Hagarty, held her post-nuptial receptions on Tuesday and Friday at her home, 35 Foxbar road. This is one of the new and popular streets running east off Avenue road, north of Benvenuto, where a number of cosy and pretty new houses have recently been finished. Mr. Wood has secured a particularly nice one, and those who know him and his sweet young wife are sending them most hearty good wishes for long and happy years together. At her reception, Mrs. Wood wore a dainty gown of mauve *crepe de chine*. Miss Clara Hagarty and Mrs. Walter Kingsmill presided at the tea-table which was bright with daffodils, and Miss Gypsey Grasett and Miss Norah Warren waited on the visitors.

The Harbord Graduates' Association held their third and most successful annual re-union and dance on Wednesday evening of last week in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms. About one hundred and fifty guests, including ex-Harborites and their friends, were present. The patronesses were: Mrs. H. B. Spotton, Mrs. E. W. Hagarty, Mrs. J. L. Cox, Miss Gertrude Lawler and Miss E. M. Balmer. Mrs. Spotton wore a soft gray gown, with silver embroidery and lace and garnet ornaments; Mrs. Carstairs pale pink silk and lace, with diamond and pearl ornaments and boquet of pink carnations; Miss Balmer, white silk with amethyst ornaments; Miss Lawler, white *point d' esprit* with pearl ornaments and white satin *chou* in her hair. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presence of Dr. H. B. Spotton, former principal and founder of the Harbord Collegiate and honorary president of the Graduate's Association. Dr. Spotton's duties as Provincial Inspector of High Schools had taken him out of town when the previous re-unions were held, so that this was his first appearance at the annual "gathering of the clan." The inability of Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty and Mr. and Mrs. Cox to be present was very much regretted. A buffet supper was served during the evening from a table, bright with daffodils. The committee, to whom great praise is due for the success of the event, included the Misses Alice Rothwell, Margaret Rothwell, Hazel Keith, Ruth McKibbon, Olive Blackhall; Messrs. F. C. Connery, W. R. Purves, C. E. Durand, William Foulds, N. D. Tyler, K. W. Wright and E. H. Campbell. Among the guests were Mrs. S. J. Brown, the Misses J. W. Gibson, L. M. Adams, Ada Sparling, Martha Scroggie, Olive Bonnar, Annie Taylor, Murdoch, Alice Hughes, Francis Gardner, May Wilkinson, Helen Urquhart, Grace Quigley, Ethel Dunning, Mary Scott, Alma Anderson, Marion Douglas, Jean Caldwell, Stella Minns, G. Allen, K. McLeod, Rilla Devaney, Edith Urquhart, A. M. Harding, Edna Foote, Helen Lamont, Marion Lailey, Mossie Glover, Violet Colby, Bertha Porter, Lilian Cox, H. Kinsman, Sadie Morrow, Dunbar, Gonder, Edna Tennant, Dlive Young, E. McDonnell, Elsie Keith, Irvine, Brown, Clark, Belle Foster, G. Carter, Brazill, Edith Turiff and Gladys Alley; Prof. J. W. Bain, Dr. Sivers, Mr. J. S. Carstairs, Dr. Henderson, Mr. M. Denison, Dr. Klingner, Messrs. V. Fleming, M. Fleming, G. Pearsall, J. Scroggie, P. Little, Geo. Urquhart, C. E. Bush, C. McQueen, L. Hughes, F. Varcoe, J. Howard, L. A. Wright, A. V. Sanderson, W. T. Adams, G. W. Adams, W. S. Edwards, W. Cox, F. Cox, F. McLaughlin, C. A. Scott, M. Moore, F. Bastedo, C. A. Jackes, Elwood Hughes, L. T. Acton, J. G. McKie, Fraser Raney, S. J. Struthers, J. A. Devaney, R. S. Parr, Pentecost, L. S. Lee, W. E. Young, G. Tingle, J. R. McNair, C. W. Archibald, Arthur Baxter, Harold Orr, Edgar Urquhart C. M. Johnston, John McGowan, F. P. Apjohn, Walter Sherring, J. E. Adamson, L. Fortier, W. S. McKirdy, S. B. Roberts, D. Evans, W. J. Butler, F. A. Conroy, F. H. Moody, H. Nightingale, N. Anderson, Lyman Howe, John Duthie, F. B. Murdoch, Alex. Purse, O. T. Lyon, Melville Young, G. Smart, J. D. Shoop, W. Brown, E. H. Paisley, J. D. Cummings, and Stan. Murray.

Mrs. W. A. Lee entertained at the tea hour on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. M. Muldrew, of Winnipeg. Mrs. Starr also gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Muldrew.

Mrs. Harry E. Brasier, Dovercourt road, will receive next Friday.

Capt. Tom Plummer is out on leave with his people at Sylvan Tower. He has been stationed at Plymouth, Eng., for some time. The Misses Plummer are in Barrie.

The Alpha Epsilon Chapter of the Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity gave their annual dance and reception at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms on Monday evening the 21st. About one hundred guests were present and the room was decorated with college and fraternity pennants. The patronesses were: Mrs. Wallace Scott, Mrs. George Bingham, Mrs. Walter McKeown, Mrs. H. B. Anderson, Mrs. E. H. Jackes.

Dr. Jack Calhoun, of Buffalo, is spending his vacation with his parents in De Lisle street.

Mrs. Fred Gooch gave a bridge on Thursday and Mrs. Jephcott, another Crescent road hostess, gave one yesterday.

Mrs. Hayden Harsey, of Montreal, has been spending sometime with Mrs. Mulock, in Cluny avenue. On Tuesday Mrs. Mulock received and callers were pleased to welcome her intimate friend and guest, who is looking extremely well. A fascinating baby girl, Mrs. Mulock's little daughter, came in for her share of petting.

Mrs. Arthur Rowan entertained at tea last week in honor of Mrs. Muldrew, of Winnipeg. Mrs. Rowan also gave a dinner of ten covers for this popular visitor in town.

Mr. A. Dickson Patterson was in town this week. He came up from Montreal to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Blackstock. Mr. Patterson is now in Montreal, and looks remarkably well. Mrs. Patterson is in England, living near Norwich, her physician having forbidden her to face another Canadian winter. She has been for some time quite an invalid, but is now regaining her former health.

WIFE OF THE MASTER OF SINCLAIR.

The Hon. Mrs. Archibald St. Clair is the daughter of Colonel J. M. Kennedy, M.V.O., and her husband, who is a Captain in the Royal Scots Greys, is the Master of Sinclair, and the heir of Lord Sinclair.

This afternoon Miss Grace Smith is giving a piano recital in the Nordheimer Recital Hall, at which Mr. Arthur Blight is to sing. Miss Grace Smith's programme is delightful and no doubt she will again prove her mettle by able interpretation. A little lady so full of temperament and execution does not often appeal to us.

The Schubert Choir had two grand evenings on Monday and Tuesday, and although the late sad bereavements in several families devoted to music kept several familiar groups from the Massey Hall, both audiences were huge and most enthusiastic. Mr. Paur and his Pittsburg orchestra were greeted with the insistent applause they always evoke here, a curious idiosyncracy of Toronto audiences being to clap valorously for encores, and then scuttle out by dozens before the last number is well begun. Even the triumph of catching a car before their neighbors isn't the least reason or excuse for this very bad behaviour which quite spoils the enjoyment of many, more respectful to the artists and more really musical. On Monday night Madame Jomelli, that pleasant and excellent singer was twinkling with jet and jewels, on Tuesday she looked even better in turquoise satin charmeuse with a filet of ribbon to match in her soft fair hair. A huge round boquet of violets added a finishing touch to her attractions. When the chorus and audience were very *eclatant*, she seemed possessed with a touch of their abandon and threw kisses, waved her hands and shook hands with Mr. Paur several times. Finally she sang again, and as often happens, better in the encore than ever. So many well-known persons enjoyed the concerts and were open in their expressions of wonder at the advance of the Schubert Choir, that I have not space to mention their names. It really does seem a marvel that the singers of this week and the singers of five years ago can be the same! To wish them more and more success is the happy duty of music lovers here and elsewhere, and may be done with confidenec and congratulation.

Mrs. Brayley has gone to New York and Massachusetts for a little holiday and rest.

Rev. A. H. Scott and Mrs. Scott, of St. Andrew's Manse, Perth, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ethel Naismith Scott, and Mr. Walter Leonard McKee, of Montreal. The wedding will, owing to illness in the family, be quietly celebrated about the middle of April.

The serious illness of Colonel John I. Davidson has much distressed his family and many friends, and as is inevitable with so popular a man, endless enquiries are made about his health. Colonel and Mrs. Davidson went away last week to get very expert opinion on the case, and everyone is deeply grieved to hear that it is a very serious one.

Mr. H. C. Osborne has sold his residence in Cluny avenue to the tenants now in possession.

The Right Hon. Sir Edgar Speyer, a capitalist from London, England, has been in Toronto for some days, registered at the King Edward.

Two interesting musical events on last Wednesday and Thursday week which society took up with enthusiasm were the piano recital of Miss Grace Smith, the petite pianiste whose remarkable playing created so much admiration last season, and the song recital of Mrs. Edith Grey-Burnand, the English soprano, who has come to Toronto to reside, and joined the staff of the Conservatory of Music. I regret very much not having been able to enjoy these high-class concerts, but hear very flattering things of both the artistes. Mrs. Grey-Burnand and Miss Grace Smith have each great personal charm, and a discriminating audience in each case decided that they were most excellent performers.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackenzie, Gypsy Glen, Petrolea, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Kathleen, to Mr. Philip V. Wilson, manager of the Bank of Toronto, Oil Springs. It is expected that the wedding will take place the latter part of March.

Mr. and Mrs. White, of St. John's, Nfd., have been in town and were domiciled at the King Edward.

Madame Jomelli was the guest of honor at a tea given by the Heliconian Club on Tuesday afternoon in the Art Galleries, Jarvis street. Miss Smart received.

Major Carpenter is going to Aldershot for three months. He sails on the Mauritania next week.

Miss Marjorie Malcolm is spending some weeks in Montreal.

Mrs. Cecil Gibson gave a tea on Tuesday for Mrs. McCraig, of Montreal, who is with relatives on a visit.

Dr. Joseph H. Lawson, of Brampton, has removed to Toronto, and is residing at 710 Dovercourt road, where his mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Lawson, received yesterday afternoon. Dr. Lawson is a graduate of Varsity, and won the Blake scholarship during his course there.

Mrs. Edward Raynolds is bravely recuperating from the fatigue and shock through which she recently passed during the sudden and fatal illness of Dr. Raynolds. She is able to take the air for a short while each morning and her many warm friends in Toronto hope she will soon regain her health. Miss Elizabeth Raynolds returned to the States after a few days sojourn with Mrs. Raynolds.

Madame Edith Grey Burnand has taken up residence in the Queen's Hotel, where she entertained at tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Denison is in Chatham for a few days, where she went on Thursday to celebrate the 89th anniversary of her mother, Mrs. Sandys. Many pretty gifts were sent from Toronto to the aged lady, who has spent several winters here recently.

Mr. George Hees and his son, Mr. Ralph Hees, are on their way to India from Egypt. Favorable accounts of their well-being have pleased their Toronto friends.

Mrs. Scott-Raff will give a Lenten Recital next Thursday evening at the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, North street.

Mrs. Douglas Gordon and Miss Merritt, of St. Catharines, received on Tuesday for the last time this season.

Miss Winifred Grey, of Chatham, is visiting Miss Mabel Russell.

Mrs. Gibson received last week on Thursday afternoon, when Mr. Fellowes, who has been appointed Aide was on duty for the first time. Among those who called were: The Bishop of Niagara and Mrs. Du Moulin, Mr. and Mrs. George Sweeny, Mr. Hope, of Hamilton; the Provost of Trinity, Miss Miriam Sweeny, the Misses Edgar, Dr. and Mrs. Burns, Sir Charles Moss, Mrs. D. D. Mann, Dr. and Mrs. Halford Walker, Mr. and Miss Dorothy Skill, Mrs. Clinch, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Miss Heron, Colonel and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. Sears, Mrs. Sanford Smith and many others.

Miss Maud Band and Mr. Charles Band have returned from Palm Beach.

Mrs. Herbert Mowat was last week elected president of the Toronto Ladies Club; vice: Mrs. John I. Davidson, whose resignation was accepted with much regret.

Mr. R. Nordheimer entertained the Kingston hockey players at a most enjoyable dinner at McConkey's one evening last week.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Clarke gave a very enjoyable dinner on Tuesday evening of twenty covers, and are again entertaining this evening. On Tuesday the table was centered with the immense presentation silver bowl, filled with delicate ferns. Richmond roses, lily of the valley and mignonette in silver stands decorated the table.

Mrs. Wallbridge was the hostess of an informal tea when about twenty-five guests enjoyed a pleasant hour on Tuesday afternoon.

A number of dinners are on the tapis, and one or two jolly young people's parties will be the usual *mi-careme* festivities next week.

Mrs. J. L. Cook and her daughter, Mrs. Walter H. Cooper, are in Atlantic City for a few weeks.

The Toronto String Quartette delighted a smart and critical audience on Saturday night with one of their happiest programmes. Dr. Nicolai played Boellman's 'cello "Sonata in F," with Mr. Frank Welsman faultlessly accompanying on the piano, and the other numbers were the Mendelssohn quartette in E Flat and the "Slavonic Quartette" by Glazounow. The next concert will be on April 19.

Mrs. Fred Lane entertained some friends at tea on Tuesday in honor of her sister-in-law-elect.

Mr. Howard Ferguson, M.P.P., for Grenville, and Mrs. Ferguson are at the Queen's during the session.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn is in Virginia on business. Mrs. Cockburn is still confined to her room with neuritis, and suffers keenly at times. Her illness, which has endured since last August, and is often very acute, has secluded her even from the sympathetic visits of her old friends.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt receives on Monday, the last of her February receptions. The idea of remaining at home one day each week for a month has been greatly appreciated by Mrs. Nesbitt's friends, who have enjoyed very pleasant visits to her, and decided that the four weekly receptions are the very thing.

Sleighing parties are very numerous, some four or five having been arranged for the full of the moon on Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wilson, of Beaumont road, have gone to the West Indies.

The president, principal and directors of Havergal College have invited friends to an exhibition of gymnastics by the pupils on Thursday evening, March 3.

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We have on sale also a splendid assortment of Persian Lamb Jackets, which have just arrived from the workrooms and which were marked to sell at $135 and $150, but which we have decided to dispose of at $100. This is a rare chance, as next season these coats will be quoted at an advance of at least eighty per cent.

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MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, Feb. 24, 1910.

A MUCH-ENJOYED dance was given on Thursday night by Mrs. McMaster, wife of Mr. William McMaster, general manager of the Montreal Rolling Mills and a director of the Bank of Commerce, for Miss Elsie and Mr. Harold McMaster. Stanley Hall, which has been the place of many a jolly dance, was chosen for the party and was decorated with flowers and greenery, the platform running along one end of the room being embowered in palms and ferns, and fitted up with rugs and cosy seats for a sitting out place. The orchestra played in the gallery. Supper was served about midnight in the new room upstairs, at small tables adorned with tulips, narcissi and daffodils. The hostess was handsomely gowned in gray satin with overdress of gray voile embroidered in dull blue. Miss Elsie McMaster was in pale blue Liberty satin with a garniture of pink roses. Among the guests were Mrs. McMaster's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. McMaster; Mr. Douglas Gurd and his bride, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Milroy, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Pangman, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. S. McMaster, Miss Marjorie Day and her fiance, Mr. Harrison Durant; Miss Marjorie Shorey, Mr. Arthur Shorey, Miss Evelyn Mooney, Miss Gertrude Crathern, Miss Marjorie Sclater, Mr. Charlie Sclater, Miss Marjorie Heney, Miss Gladys MacLean, Mr. Victor MacLean, Miss Isabel Starke, Mr. Russell Starke, Miss Alice Gardner, Miss Edith Nelles, Mr. Keith Nelles, Miss Madge Dougall, Mr. Burton Dougall, Miss Gertrude McGill, Mr. B. McGill, Miss Dorothy Thomson, Miss Boswell, Miss Marguerite McLea, Mr. Kenneth McLea, Miss Lovell, Miss Lily Edgar, Mr. Frank Edgar, Miss Waugh, Miss Hope McLachlan, Miss Marguerite Skaife, Miss Bartow (Boston), Miss A. Thomas, Mr, Guy Thomas, Miss Elsa Scarff, Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Maud Davidson, Mr. Carl Davidson, Mr. Arnold Birks, Mr. Theodore Morgan, Mr. Harold Pease, Mr. Charles Greenshields, Mr. Wendell Paul, Mr. Bruce McCulloch, Mr. Fred Shaughnessy, Mr. Angus Cassils, Mr. Herbert Shaw, Mr. Douglas Shaw, Mr. Andrew Wanklyn and others, about a hundred young people being present .

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest has had visiting her at Ile St. Gilles, the Countess Alexandra Bernstoff, daughter of the German Ambassador to the United States. The Countess, accompanied by Miss Lucy Dodge, Mrs. Guest's daughter, spent the week end at Rideau Hall, returning to Montreal on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Buchanan, former Montrealers, who went to Vancouver to live, have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Pat. Buchanan for a few days on their way to England. On Thursday Mrs. Foster (wife of Mr. George Foster, K.C.) gave a delightful luncheon in honor of Mrs. Buchanan. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope and their little daughter, Constance, have sailed for England. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hays, Mr. Hay's sister, Miss Hays, and also the Misses Louise and Clara Hays, left to-day for Europe and will spend some time in England and on the Continent.

Mrs. W. Herbert Galt, Western avenue, was the hostess at a largely attended tea on Friday afternoon, her first formal "At Home" as a matron, I believe. The polished mahogany tea-table was arranged attractively with a big cut-glass bowl filled with pink tulips resting on a lace centre-piece. Mrs. Morris Stanway and Mrs. Ernest Nelson poured the tea and coffee, and the hostess' sister, Miss Currie, served the ices. Miss Lulu Brice, Miss Adams, Miss Lovell, Miss Galt, Miss Maud Galt and one or two others assisted in the tea room.

Mrs. Victor Motherwell, formerly Miss Gertrude Skelton, received last Thursday and Friday afternoons, for the first time. She received at her mother's home, but alone, as Mr. and Mrs. Skelton are away in Bermuda. The bride wore her white satin wedding gown, and had her tea-table done in white with touches of pale yellow. The first afternoon Mrs. Charles Wylde and Miss Helen Young looked after the tea things for her, with the assistance of Miss Grace Clark Murray and Miss Hilda King, and the second afternoon Miss Skelton and Mrs. Philip Robertson were in charge, with Miss Muriel Scrimger and Miss Phyllis Chipman.

Several hosts are "deserving of mention" this week, equally with the hostesses. Dr. Charles Martin entertained at dinner at the Mount Royal Club, afterwards accompanying his guests to the theatre. Mr. Markland Molson was the host at a luncheon party at the Forest and Stream Club in honor of his niece, Miss Brenda Molson. Mr. George L. Cains, the newly-elected president of the Board of Trade, entertained at dinner at the Mount Royal Club, in recognition of the honor, covers being laid for twenty-five. Mr. E. Goff Penny and Mr. Frank F. Parkins entertained the ladies and gentlemen of Christ Church Cathedral choir at a drive round the mountain, and afterwards at supper at Mr. Parkins' residence on University street. The remainder of the evening was given up to music and dancing. Dr. Macphail was the host at a theatre party in honor of Miss Brenda Taylor, of London.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stephens, who arrived in Paris early this month, have written to say that they found that gay city distinctly uncomfortable from the recent floods and were going on at once to Italy.

Sir Montagu Allan has leased Templeton House, in Rochampton, one of the suburbs of London, from Lord Wimborne, and Lady Allan and her little daughters will take up their residence there for the present. Sir Montagu returns shortly to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sandeman are staying for a while at Atlantic City. Mrs. Sandeman has been suffering from a severe cold and has gone away for a change. Recently, Mrs. Sandeman turned her executive ability to good account in planning and carrying out a musicale, the proceeds of which were nearer six hundred than five hundred dollars. This sum, in the hands of a relief committee, headed by Miss Helen Reid, has brought many comforts to the sick poor.

Mrs. George A. Slater, Dorchester street, is spending a few weeks in New York, with her daughter, Mrs. Charles W. Moffitt, to whom the stork has brought a little daughter. Mrs. Moffitt was one of the prettiest brides who has left Montreal and her marriage with a wealthy young New Yorker was quite a romantic one, the romance dating from a meeting abroad before Mr. Moffit was through college.

A military ball has an attractiveness all its own, and the one at which the officers of the First Prince of Wales' Fusiliers were hosts passed off with all due success. The First Prince of Wales is one of the oldest regiments in the country, and the Armory is rather a grim old building, but it was quite transformed for the occasion, and every arrangement made for the comfort of the guests. The Armory walls were quite hidden under flags and bright bunting, while the "local color" was given by sabres and bayonets crossed over the drapery on the walls. The orchestra platform was banked with greenery, and in the centre were displayed the regimental colors supporting the Union Jack. A row of uncommonly artistic Chinese lanterns suspended from the ceiling had an admirable effect. Supper was served in the mess room, where quantities of flowers, principally roses and carnations, made the tables look very inviting. The programmes, with the crest of the regiment, called for eighteen dances, and sitting rooms were arranged for non-dancers. The guests, numbering about a hundred and fifty were received by the Commanding Officer, Colonel W. H Evans, and by Mrs. Evans who wore a satin gown of one of the new fresh green shades, veiled with black jetted net. The guests included Colonel and Mrs. Gordon and the Misses Gordon. Major Victor E. Mitchell, his sister, Miss Maud Mitchell, and their English nieces, Miss Dorothy Vaughan and Miss Eugenie Tatam; Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. M. Renouf, Lieut.-Col. E. W. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Lieut. H. H. Vachell Koelle and Mrs. Koelle, Captain F. Gascoigne, Major W. O. H. Dodds, Lieut.-Col. A. E. Labelle and Mrs. Labelle, Capt. K. J. Beardwood and Mrs. Beardwood, Major and Mrs. Parke (St. John's, Que.), Miss Amy Renaud and Miss Marguerite Renaud (daughters of the Chaplain of the Regiment), Mr. and Mrs. Preble Macintosh, Mrs. Grant Macintosh, Miss Amy Acer, Miss Louie Buchanan, Miss Olive Buchanan, Capt. Victor Buchanan, Miss Ruby Butler, Mr. and Mrs. George Carson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Granger, Miss Irene Haskell, Miss Prentice, Miss Mona Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stone, Major and Mrs. W. J. Sadler, Mr. A Rives Hall, Mr. J. S. Robertson, Lieut. Stanley B. Lindsay, Capt. Gault McCombe and Lieut. A. L. H. Renaud.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice Peterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Peterson, to Mr. William Redpath. Mr. Peterson's father was for years chief engineer of the C.P.R., and for that company carried out the construction of the bridge across the St. Lawrence at Lachine, the great railway bridge at Sault Ste. Marie, etc. Earlier in his career he was chief engineer of the Toronto waterworks. For the past few years Mr. Peterson and his family resided at Goderich, but returned to Montreal a year or so ago. Miss Peterson's sister is married to Dr. Donald Hingston, a son of the late Sir William Hingston. Mr. W. Redpath is a son of Mr. Frank Redpath, a nephew of the late Sir George Drummond. B. E.

"The Case against Woman's Suffrage" is the subject selected by the Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women for the essay for which the Association has offered two prizes. The competition is open to women attending Massachusetts colleges.

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MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER.

Miss Ethel Roosevelt and her mother, who left for Europe in a race to reach Khartoum before the arrival of the ex-President. They will be the guests of the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army at the Governor's Palace, Khartoum.

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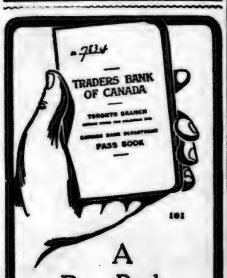

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DRESS

For Spring Wear.

MATERIALS, trimmings, and colors are three essentials in the art of good dressing which are agitating the mind of the woman who wants to be well turned out this spring. In Paris the newest designs show a generous use of jet which promises that this favorite garniture will be much in evidence for some time to come. One of the favorite methods of using jet is in the form of fringe, and it appears on both evening and afternoon costumes with good effect. Paillettes have still a certain vogue, but they are not nearly as fashionable as they were a season or two ago, and will not be very generally used. Good jet is really expensive, and cheap imitations of it so thoroughly fail in producing the effect aimed at, that they are much better left alone. Apart from the jet, a bewildering display of exquisite trimmings may be found at all the good shops, and many of these are so fashioned that they are all ready for adjustment and help very materially in the making of a gown.

The silks designed for spring and summer wear are now being shown in large variety, and the foulards come in all manner of patterns and combinations, while the shantungs and thin silks are to be obtained in the loveliest shades and considering their beauty are not at all dear. Pongees are many and varied in style, and the marquisettes are equally attractive.

THREE LOVELY EVENING GOWNS.

The first of these charming dresses is of black satin with a jetted overdress, the sleeves being of white lace, while folds of the satin outline the bodice.

The second gown is a charming combination of white satin and black Chantilly, a note of color being given by a touch of coral embroidery. The skirt of the gown is bordered with sable.

The smart little frock of old gold satin has an overdress of tulle of the same shade, with touches of blue on the bodice and belt, and trimmings of skunk.

An Exhibition of Gowns.

THE prevailing fashions for spring are now practically decided and in Toronto this week ample opportunity was offered for seeing the latest imported gowns and suits when the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., held the formal opening for the season of their cloak and suit department. Each afternoon during the opening their "gallery of gowns" received much attention from shoppers in search of novelties, attractive models, wearing some of the newest designs, promenading about the reception room in order that every detail of their smart costumes might be studied. A feature of the occasion lay in the arrangement of the "gallery of gowns" which was supplied with a number of huge gilt frames in which wax models were arranged in artistic fashion, each figure wearing a gown about which there was some touch of novelty which gave it a right to the eager attention bestowed upon it. A dais was arranged in the centre of the reception room and was made gay with flowers, while birds trilled lustily from among the surrounding foliage. The dais and the wide space in front of it were used as a promenade by the living models who appeared for a brief space in one costume and then re-appeared a little later in something if possible, a degree more striking.

From the exhibition it was possible to learn several things, especially that the dresses of this season were back to the normal waist line and show little of the "moyen age" effect so popular until quite recently. Among the new shades for street wear are aeroplane mystic blue, morage, and British mustard, the latter being a peculiar tone which is neither green nor tan. Reseda green also promises to be popular. In street costumes there was an exceptionally large variety, all of them being of new and attractive design. The most popular include designs with the fashionable short coat, the latter often showing the long shawl collar. Russian blouse effects were also seen in many charming models. Among the fashionable cloths as shown in the designs seen at the "gallery of gowns" were hair-line stripes, shepherd's checks, and many handsome fabrics one of the most popular being "shark skin" as it is called in the United States, or "beaded serge" as it is known in European fashion centres. In addition to the large number of handsome spring walking suits many charming linen costumes were worn by the models, these for the most part showing the long coat effects, while the trimming was largely of embroidery and lace. The exhibition as a whole was well worth the attention it received for it afforded Toronto women ample opportunity of studying all sorts of charming evening and reception gowns, as well as the latest in street costumes before deciding upon their own spring wardrobe.

The "Gallery of Gowns" at Eaton's.

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WE are very enthusiastic about our new Spring Suits, and "there's a reason" in appearance, style, fit and material. We were more than successful with this suit last year, and we intend to excel even last season by the introduction of more models in exclusive styles to choose from. We cannot improve the materials or the lining, as these are the best imported. We start the season with a big window showing of these models.

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LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, FEB. 12, 1910.

AS this is so nearly the Feast of St. Valentine, it would be pleasing to be able to chronicle just which Ministers are to receive what Valentines. In spite of the Cabinet meeting on Thursday, there appears to be still some doubt about the appointments.

The papers are only marking time, for they have really nothing definite to say about Cabinet appointments, or the policy of the Government. One party in the camp wants the Lords to be demolished before anything else is done. Then with the decks cleared for action things will, according to them, move along merrily. Another party insists that the passing of the Budget is the most important item on the programme, as the country must set its financial house in order as soon as possible. Mr. Asquith has not yet been down to Brighton to see the King, who is having a rest and little sea-air, and it is said now that he will wait for an audience of His Majesty until Monday, when the King comes back to town. After that we shall hear what we shall hear.

The interest in politics is not very keen just at the moment. Of course, this was to be expected after such an orgy of politics as we have been indulging in for the past few weeks. No one could keep up such intense interest. It was too vehement to remain at the same pitch after the results were known.

Strange as it may appear, the country does not seem very different now that we know the Liberal-Nationalist Government is in power. Things look much as usual. We are all going about our accustomed business and pleasure, and the news that the country is going to the dogs, as the pessimists on both sides say, does not seem to affect the interest in Courts, theatres, the prospects of the "Chantecler" influence on hats for the spring, and sundry other topics of more or less importance.

Meantime, unemployment and consequent poverty and distress get worse and worse. At the new Labor Bureaux, opened by the Government to register the names of those who want work and those who require workers, are besieged by men out of work, who are under the impression that the Bureaux are to supply work for everybody.

In various parts of London there are thousands of men looking for work, and gradually falling into the ranks of the unemployables.

It must be remembered, however, that in many cases the men will not work. Rev. A. J. Carlile, of the Church Army said lately that the Army tries to keep the men they help self-respecting. They expect the men to do some work for the food and lodging they receive. Each night a great crowd assembles on the Embankment, and here the emissaries of the various charitable societies go with tickets entitling the men to food and a night's lodging. Most of these are free. At one time a large number of men would take the Church Army tickets, preferring to retain their self-respect by working for what they got. Lately, says Mr. Carlile, a very small percentage choose to go to the Church Army, preferring the free institutions, where they can get something for nothing.

If you pass along the Embankment about noon or at six you will see a long *queue* of dirty, unkempt men waiting for the distribution of free soup.

What is the solution to this problem of pauperism and unemployability? Wiser people than you and I are asking that question in vain.

* * *

THE marriage of Captain Harry Graham and Mrs. Hugh Keith Fraser, whose father is British Minister at Lisbon, interests many Canadians who knew Captain Graham in the days when he was aide-de-camp to Lord Minto. The people who knew very little about him are familiar with "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes" and other pleasant ditties. Ottawa people remember him for his cleverness in organizing entertainments and making things pleasant at Rideau Hall. Since those days he has been secretary to Lord Rosebery, and has written numerous volumes. The bride and bridegroom received a number of beautiful present, and a tremendously fashionable gathering attended the marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Viscountess Errington, who as Lady Ruby Elliot, was married there to Lord Cromer's son, close upon two years ago, was present, but Lady Charles Fitzmaurice, who was Lady Violet Elliot, has a small baby at home, and is staying quietly at Lansdowne House.

* * *

WOMEN seem to be advertising Canada at the moment most satisfactorily. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who has come to the front amazingly of late years, as a journalist and author, is to lecture on the 25th, before the Royal Geographical Society, in itself a great honor. To them she will tell the story of the first white woman's journey through the Great Slave Lake and Mackenzie River regions, away up to the Arctic. She lectured the other night before the Church Emigration Society, upon the possibilities of the Dominion, and is to speak at a Canadian Maple Leaf party on the 23rd. This party is given by the British Women's Emigration Association, and the members of the British Association, and of the International Council of Women, and others who lately enjoyed Canadian hospitality are to gather together and tell what a wonderful country Canada is, and what splendid people are Canadians. So far from Canada being neglected, she is in danger of having her head turned by so much attention over here; and the noses of Australia and New Zealand are said to be suffering severely from dislocation.

Another lady who has been booming Canada is Miss Emily Vaughan Jenkins, who knows the country well, and is lecturing upon its many advantages to town and country audiences. She lately delivered a lecture in Wales, as well as speaking to a number of English audiences, all of whom seemed much interested. Before the members of the "United Colonial" circle of the Lyceum Club, she told a great deal that was interesting about what Canada has to boast of in the way of art and artists. It was a good list, beginning with Paul Kane, and coming all the way down (in one sense) to the modern Toronto and Montreal artists. The Canadians present "swelled wisibly" with pride, as they heard, for a change, something about the cultured side of Canadian life, instead of the chances for emigrants and the enormous size of the country. And nobody breathed the word "snow" or "ice-palaces!"

THE first Court of the season will be held on February 25, and the next on March 4. Among the girls who are to be presented very soon are the daughters of the Duchess of Leeds, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Derby, Lady Colebrooke, whose husband is a Lord-in-Waiting; Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Chelsea, whose young daughter is a god-daughter of the Princess Royal.

* * *

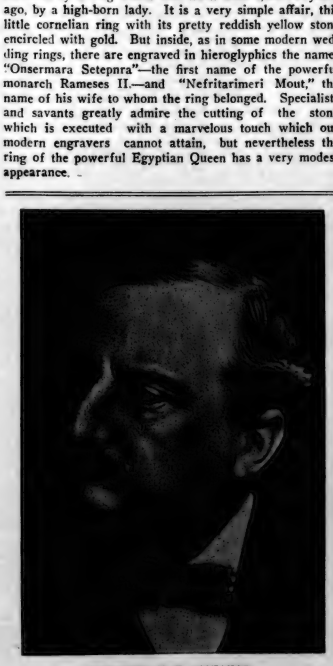
THE theatres are all more or less affected by Lent, for many good church people will not attend a theatre during the forty days, and of course all theatres are closed on Good Friday. In fact, in some cases they have no performance from the Wednesday night before Easter until Easter Monday night. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has shown once more his versatility by his performances in the new Irish play, "The O'Flynn," which is by Justin Huntly McCarthy. Like all Tree's productions, it is very well put on, and of course the acting is excellent. Some people say that in this case the play is not the thing, but on the whole the criticisms have been favorable. H. B. Irving is thrilling audiences with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Ethel Irving has won fresh laurels in "Dame Nature" before her last ones had faded. "Smith," "The Little Damozel," "Don," and the musical comedies which I have mentioned before are playing to full houses. Alas! "The Strong People," by C. M. S. McLellan, in which Lewis Waller appeared for the first time only a couple of weeks ago, comes off to-night. As Paris, obviously, is not London, one cannot mention "Chantecler," except to say that the "Chantecler" hat is the hit of the moment. The play had hardly been produced before one of the girls in "The Dollar Princess" purchased a hat of black straw, with the red comb and white cock feathers peculiar to the well-known fowl, which is being exploited at the moment. She is wearing it at Daly's, and before long all the silly people who take up each fresh fad will be seen with cocks' heads peering over the brims of their new hats. If Mr. Roosevelt is as good an advertiser as he is supposed to be, he may be able to set a fashion in lions and other jungle beasts, as wearing apparel for next winter.

M. E. MACL. M.

Among the Newly Elected.

THE new House of Commons supplies some interesting statistics. Two of its members—Lord Valentia and Lord Winterton—are Irish peers; there are heirs to two dukedoms in the persons of Lord Tullibardine and Lord Hamilton; the brothers of dukes are Lord Edmund Talbot, Lord Henry Bentinck and Lord Claud Hamilton; the sons of marquesses, Lord Kerry, Lord Alwyne Compton, Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Ronaldshay, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Alexander Thynne and Lord Charles Beresford; the heirs to earldoms, Lord Helmsley, Lord Dalrymple, Lord Balcarres, Lord Lewisham, Lord Duncannon. Lord Willoughby de Eresby and Lord Morpeth. Heirs to lesser peerages and younger sons are exceedingly numerous, and the distinction of being the youngest member falls to Mr. Charles Mills, Lord Hillingdon's elder son. The Army and Navy are more generously represented in this Parliament than in its predecessor; barristers and solicitors are not left out, and cricket, golf and rowing have each one or more really brilliant representatives. Authors and journalists are perhaps less numerous than of yore; still, there are many. Tea on the Terrace, which during the past four years proved less popular, may come into fashion again during the coming summer.

The Guimet Museum in Paris, which contains some marvellous treasures of Oriental civilization has been enriched by a ring which was worn some 3,200 odd years ago, by a high-born lady. It is a very simple affair, this little cornelian ring with its pretty reddish yellow stone encircled with gold. But inside, as in some modern wedding rings, there are engraved in hieroglyphics the names "Onsermara Setepnra"—the first name of the powerful monarch Rameses II.—and "Nefritarimeri Mout," the name of his wife to whom the ring belonged. Specialists and savants greatly admire the cutting of the stone which is executed with a marvelous touch which our modern engravers cannot attain, but nevertheless the ring of the powerful Egyptian Queen has a very modest appearance.



REDMOND—THE DICTATOR.

With the House of Commons, constituted as it is, no party—Unionist, Liberal or Labor—can claim a clear majority without the consent of Mr. John Redmond, who as leader of the Irish party may be truthfully said to control the Empire. It is even now an open question how the Irish vote will be given.

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THE DRAMA

BLANCHE BATES,
In "The Fighting Hope," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

ALFRED SUTRO has long since given evidence of his possession of unusual gifts as a maker of plays, and one can confidently look in a work of his for clever development of plot, neat characterization, well sustained interest, and all the other qualities of a properly constructed play. In other words he is a good craftsman. It is therefore quite a matter of course, that "The Builder of Bridges" should contain all these desirable qualities. That it is not, in addition, a great play is not to be imputed against it. Greatness is a quality which one never has the right to demand. When it is there, we thank the gods for it. To demand it would be much in the nature of demanding rain or the removal of a mountain. Even faith has its limits in these modern days.

Almost the same praise of good craftsmanship is to be given to Kyrle Bellew. He is a very capable actor, of wide experience and careful training, endowed as well with an attractive face and a large share of that elusive quality known as personal magnetism. He is always pleasant to look at and good to hear. In attending a performance in which he stars, one can be sure of seeing graceful and effective acting. That he, too, seldom rises to real greatness, is merely the result of those unfortunate limitations that so often dog the footsteps of ability and industry. He is often nearly great, but never quite. But he is always pleasing and always interesting—something much rarer than it ought to be.

The present production is a satisfactory one in every particular. The play is clever and interesting; it is well staged; the star has a role which suits him and his interpretation is entirely adequate; and he is surrounded by a company of unusual merit. Miss Hanson makes Dorothy Faringay very attractive in spite of her frequent lapses from strict veracity; and the character work of Mrs. Whiffen and Earnest Stallard is good enough to save almost any production. DeWitt Jennings also deserves praise for his performance as Sir Henry Killick.

* * *

FRANK DANIELS is always Frank Daniels, and the special setting in which he presents himself for the time being is quite a subordinate consideration. He is always funny—whatever may be said for the production—and he is always funny in the same old way. In fact, if he were to change his methods there would be many people who would feel very much aggrieved. When they pay their money to see Frank Daniels, they want to go and laugh at the same short, fat comedian with the big head and the funny feet that they have been enjoying any time these dozen years or more. And so out of deference to the wishes of his army of admirers, he goes on cracking jokes in the old way, and doing the same old tricks with his feet and his mouth and his eyebrows, and making the old familiar curtain-speeches.

There is one thing to be said for Frank Daniels' methods, and that is, that if they are old, they are good. His work has something of the quality of a generous and crusted old port, with lots of body and a racy flavor. But inasmuch as it wouldn't do to praise anything unreservedly, the critic is forced to hunt up something to carp at. And unfortunately in the present instance, he doesn't have to hunt very long. There is one outstanding blemish on Frank Daniels' work as a comedian, and that is his tendency to "kid" his company. "Kidding" is the technical and expressive term for that pleasant practice of certain stars to select members of their company as targets for the impromptu witticisms which have been carefully worked up for weeks in advance. Of course, the persons "kidded" giggle and stammer and give every evidence of being greatly disconcerted. It is also part of their business to look as if they were enjoying it in spite of their embarrassment. Of course, it is rather difficult to say whether they enjoy it or not. But one thing is sure, and that is that it frequently becomes rather a bore for the audience—who have not the satisfaction of remembering that their salaries are running on just the same. On the whole it is somewhat a silly practice, and Mr. Daniels does altogether too much of it in "The Belle of Brittany," which is otherwise a very enjoyable production, as musical comedies go. It is good of its kind, and there are many people who like the kind—especially in Lent.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—Blanche Bates.
Princess—"The Three Twins."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Rice and Barton.

DAVID BELASCO will present Blanche Bates at the Royal Alexandra Theatre for a week's engagement beginning Monday in "The Fighting Hope," a modern American drama in three acts by W. J. Hurlbut. This is an event of unusual interest, for Miss Bates is one of the foremost emotional actresses of the American stage to-day, and she comes here in a play that was a dramatic hit of the past year in New York, where it was played for over three hundred performances. In addition, the production is made by David Belasco, which means much in itself. In the past Miss Bates has been identified with such plays as "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Girl of the Golden West." The new play, "The Fighting Hope," is quite different. It is in every sense a modern play, dealing with modern American conditions, and in it Miss Bates appears upon the stage for the first time, as a star, in a modern costume. The company provided by Mr. Belasco for Miss Bates' support is exceptionally capable. It includes Milton Sills, John W. Cope, Wedgwood Nowell, and Loretta Wells. "The Fighting Hope" is described as a play of unusual force, and the central character, Anna Granger, is admirably fitted to Miss Bates' personality.

MAYME GEHRUE,
In "The Three Twins," at the Princess next week.

* * *

"Three Twins," one of the musical comedy successes of the day, will begin a week's engagement at the Princess Theatre Monday night. The cast will be headed by Clifton Crawford, who was such a prime favorite during the long run at the Herald Square Theatre, and the company, which is the one of the New York engagement, has such able entertainers as Mayne Gehrue, whose clever dancing is one of the enjoyable features of the performance; Daisy Leon, Nellie De Grasse, Della Niven, Joseph Allen, Robert H. Wilson, Ralph J. Locke, George Stuart Christie and W. H. Vedder, with a singing chorus containing a number of pretty girls—in all seventy people.

"Three Twins" has a record of success acquired in the two years of its existence. There have been runs of five months in Chicago; a year on Broadway; three months in Philadelphia; and three months in Boston. All of the features which made the show a hit on Broadway will be brought here. The best known is "The Yama Yama Man," while "Cuddle Closer," "The Girl Up There," and "Ou, La, La" have many admirers. The eccentric-looking triangular men of the "Yama" number, and the well arranged tableaux showing the seven ages of cuddling are most effective. The lighting effects are especially novel. The chief electrical feature is a gigantic merry-go-round swing, covered with 1200 colored bulbs. The "faceograph" is another popular element in the list of surprises electrical. By means of a complicated system of lights and mirrors, the features of one of the prettiest chorus girls are reflected on the "back drop" vastly enlarged, and with the tints of her complexion exactly portrayed. On the sheet the girl is seen to pout, smile, roll her eyes and wink, all in the most perfect detail. The orchestra for the Toronto engagement will consist of twenty musicians.

* * *

One of the most attractive and pleasing shows of the season will be seen at Shea's Theatre next week, headed by Eleanor Gordon and Company in one of the best sketches of the year, entitled "Tips and Taps." Included in next week's big bill are Willard Sims and company in "Flinder's Furnished Flats"; Marie, singing comedienne; Aerial Smiths, trapeze artists; Dolce sisters, dainty vocalists; Wilson Bros., "In Nonsense Land"; Kaufman Bros., tuneful originalities; The Rex Comedy Circus, and the Kinetograph.

* * *

At the Gayety next week one will have an opportunity to see Rice and Barton's Gayety Extravaganza Company. The eye and ear will be satisfied, says the advance notice, with the bright costumes, appropriate scenery, catchy songs, lively dances, picturesque groupings, and other items of interest that combine to make this show a success. Charles Barton heads the procession, and his followers are said to be worthy soldiers in the army of fun.

* * *

"Ben-Hur," the dramatization of the most popular Biblical story ever written, comes to the Princess for the week of March 14. The production is said to be on the same elaborate scale as has marked this play from its beginning. In spite of the number of years it has been running, the play seems to lose none of its attraction for the public. In fact, it has come to be regarded as a theatrical institution; and, it brings to the theatre many people who never go to any other class of performances.

* * *

Jefferson De Angelis has seldom been fitted with a part that more happily suits him than that of the role of the flirtatious Russian general, Samovar, in "The Beauty Spot," which comes to the Royal Alexandra week of March 7th. In this character he has an excellent opportunity to display his clever dancing, for which he is noted, and also a chance to sing three or four very catchy songs. One of them called "She Sells Sea Shells" is a tongue twister that never fails to elicit applause. Another called "The Cinematograph" tells of a man who frequented the moving picture shows so much that he got the shaking habit to such an extent that he couldn't eat his meals or smoke a cigarette. The third deals with a popular topic, "Foolish Questions," and invariably takes many encores.

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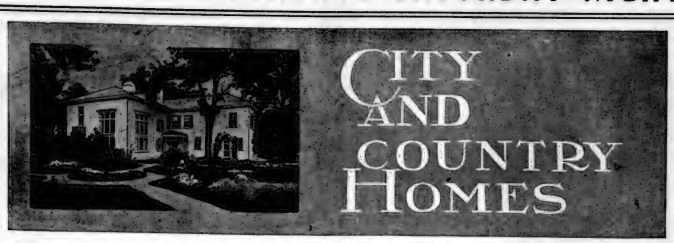


CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

Toronto's First Clinker Brick House.

CLINKER brick residences are so numerous in Toronto now that the average person, if consulted in the matter, would give it as his belief that houses of this class of construction have to some extent, been built for generations—perhaps always. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is only within the past ten or fifteen years that clinker brick has been used as surface material for exterior walls. Previous to that time the clinkers were regarded as waste of the brick kiln—a by-product for which there was practically no demand. Presently, however, architects in their search for new materials to carry out unique effects in domestic architecture, began to consider the possibilities of clinker brick. Experiments were made with excellent results, and now clinker brick is regarded as being not only admirable but necessary material for certain styles of houses. Especially where a semi-rustic effect is desired, the clinkers are sure to be brought into requisition, and in Rosedale, on Avenue road hill, and other districts in or near Toronto which have a somewhat suburban atmosphere and where it is the aim to build houses more or less of the villa type, this rough brick is used very extensively. It is not only most effective when judiciously used, but it is extremely serviceable, for it is in direct contact with the kiln fire, and is as hard as a rock and almost entirely impervious to moisture. Clinker brick must, however, be very skillfully used to produce the required effect, for it is about the easiest thing in the world to employ clinker brick in a way that makes a house hideous instead of beautiful. In fact it might almost be said that a residence built of this material is almost sure to be very good or very, very bad. If the lines of the house are not those which demand walls of rough, uneven texture and variegated in color; if the window arrangement, the chimney treatment, and all the other details are not such as to call unmistakably for walls of this character, the result of using the clinkers will be not a house that has a unique and inviting character, but one that is simply a freak.

It is interesting in this connection to examine the first clinker brick house erected in Toronto. This residence is situated in Rosedale, at the corner of Crescent road and Cluny avenue. It was designed by Messrs. Eden Smith & Sons, Toronto architects, and was built for Mr. F. Sanderson, who, after making it his home for some time, sold it to the present occupant. A glance at the accompanying photograph will show that the house was most happily designed. The plain surfaces of the walls seem not to suffer but to cordially invite the variegated tones of the clinker brick. The latter contrast effectively with the gray stone of the foundation, the white woodwork, and the green of the stained shingle roof.

Within, the house is roomy and admirably planned. The porch leads into the vestibule, from which one passes to a large hall with a fire-place and an open stairway at one end. The family rooms and service department are quite distinct, and yet access from any room to any other is easy. At the right of the entrance—so as to give it the greatest degree of privacy— is the library, the door to which is not visible as one enters the house. The drawing room occupies the entire space at the rear of the hallway, and opens on a large verandah overlooking a garden at the back of the house. The left-hand portion of the home is devoted to the dining room, pantry, kitchen, and servants' room. All the rooms are trimmed with oak, and the drawing room, dining room, and library all have open fireplaces and bay windows.

On the first floor are four bedrooms, a sitting room, two bath rooms, and a large linen closet. The second or attic floor provides for an additional bathroom, two bedrooms, a trunk room, and a study.

TORONTO'S FIRST CLINKER BRICK HOUSE.

This residence, at the corner of Crescent road and Cluny avenue, is an interesting example of the fine effects to be obtained by the use of brick which a few years ago was regarded as useless.

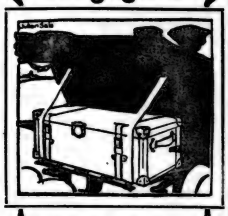
Many a rich woman, observes a house-furnishing critic, sends in a lavish order to the florist; when the florist's goods arrive they are treated commercially, placed where they will make most show in "handsomest" vase. The observers are reminded principally of "so much a dozen." The real flower-lover studies receptacles for her blossoms, and is not above making use of inexpensive vase or jar if inexpensive vase or jar be the right form and color. If we cannot afford an old-copper bowl filled with red roses, we shall not undervalue the beauty and harmony of flame-tinted nasturtiums in a rough, clay-colored jug. A transatlantic critic says it is perhaps too much to expect any serious return to simplicity in "the land of mushroom fortunes, social strugglers, stimulating sun and air, enervating steam heat." I would like to suggest that the land of mushroom fortunes is also a land of quick intelligence. You remember Morris, who revolutionized England from her early Victorian ugliness, in describing a sitting-room for an average person, mentioned among the needful things a vase or two. A vase or two! How fine and restful to eye and mind is unencumbered space!

Sir Ernest Cassel is in the greatest quandary of his life. For months past workmen have been building an addition to his Park Lane residence, which was to be a sumptuous banqueting hall. Those responsible for it were told to do as they pleased in the matter of outlay, only one request being enforced, namely, that it was to be the most magnificent apartment of the kind in Europe. The marbles of which it is built came from South Africa. Now it transpires the apartment looks like a huge bathroom. It is so immense and so peculiar in coloring no furniture can be got to suit it, and sideboard after sideboard has had to be discarded as incongruous. Sir Ernest is, as he well may be, furious with anger, and speaks of pulling the place to pieces. There was to have been a great "warming" of the banqueting hall during the season, when the King promised his friend to be his guest. Already Sir Ernest has spent over $250,000 on this amazing room, which lately has been the talk of London. Every home-builder may find a moral in this laughable incident.

Not many may appreciate the fact that an excellent winter plant for pots is furnished whenever we purchase a pineapple at the grocery. Select a fruit with a good top, one with the prickly stalk leaves well developed and not rotten or broken. Cut this top off about one inch down in the fruit, and plant it in a pot of rich soil. If moisture and heat are then liberally supplied, the top will thrive and spread out a head of leaves like a big cactus plant. Such a plant, carefully cultivated, will within a few months present not only an odd but very handsome sight. It is particularly suitable for hanging baskets and rustic boxes, along with trailing vines and foliage plants.

ENTRANCE PORCH OF TORONTO'S FIRST CLINKER BRICK HOUSE.

This view shows the detail of the brickwork in the arch and in the walls.



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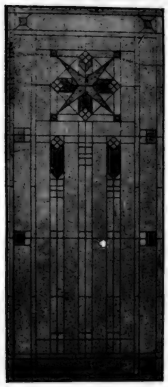

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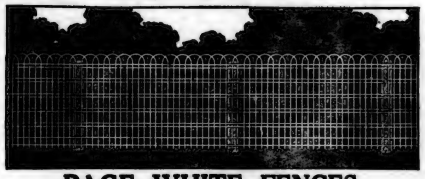

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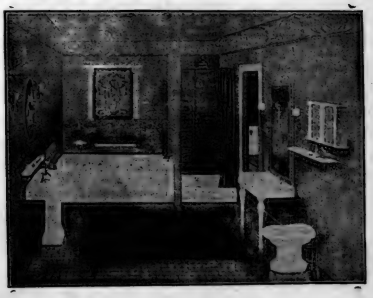

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With some people explanation is synonymous with expiation.

* * *

Good intentions unfortunately often lead to lamentably bad results.

* * *

Love is a story to which habit is the sequel.

* * *

Children are told to obey their parents; instead they should be taught to understand them.

* * *

Some men lie because they delight in the creation of the beautiful; some tell the truth because they have no taste for art.

* * *

Self denial is something which often makes for the unhappiness of everyone but the person who practices it.

* * *

To know oneself thoroughly should be a liberal education, but to understand anyone else equally well would be nothing short of a calamity.

* * *

The man who decides that his future shall be blameless usually finds considerable satisfaction in dwelling on his past.

* * *

Love isn't blind; it merely provides blinders for its victims.

* * *

The man who clothes himself in self respect often provides himself with a garment of the sheerest material.

* * *

Some of us value goodness so highly that we lock it away with our jewels and only bring it out for show on special occasions.

C. C. M.

To Succeed as a Singer

WHAT it costs a girl to go to Europe to study singing is one of the subjects upon which there is always a great deal of discussion, for the young woman with a voice is sure she can get along on very little, and her relatives are often likely to agree with her—until she has made the experiment. Many wonderful stories are told of the good luck which befalls genius in the European capitals, and the wonderful success singers have obtained, but to be reasonably sure of success as an opera singer needs not only careful training, which is usually anything but cheap, but enough money to carry her over the rough places and aid her in winning a certain amount of recognition, for an aspirant who looks well usually has a better opportunity of obtaining a hearing than one who is wan and shabby.

Some successful opera singers are said to have paid very large sums for their training, but these tales may perhaps be laid to the inventive press agent who chronicles the doings of those who have "arrived" and keeps them well before the public. A wealthy woman in Chicago is understood to have supplied the $20,000 which enabled Mary Garden to win success in Paris, while Geraldine Farrar's musical education seems to have cost a Boston woman $32,000. Both these sums the singers are said to have returned, and at the time they paid their debts considerable capital was made out of the matter in the way of press notices.

While some girls are looked after carefully while undergoing their training, others have rather a hard time of it, and if they win success, usually do so after many bitter experiences. In discussing how opera singers are developed, it is claimed, says Harper's Bazaar, that eighty out of every hundred American girls who go abroad to study for grand opera fail to get even as far as a legitimate hearing. In order that nothing should be left to the imagination, it must be explained that a legitimate hearing means that a reputable impresario has heard the singer and has promised her an appearance without accepting some favor in return. Any woman, unless she be a positive fright in appearance, or her vocal ability below the lowest standard, may on the payment of a fixed sum have an operatic debut arranged for her in Italy. But this doubtful beginning, which the debutante and all related to her must conceal, often casts a dark shadow on the future of the singer. Should the would-be prima donna try next in a country like Germany, where singers as a rule are engaged and retained on merit, the fact that she has had a "successful" debut, with "paid" criticism to prove it, will avail nothing if she cannot on a second or third appearance substantiate that her talents are genuine.

Returning to statistics, it is further claimed that fifteen out of every hundred aspirants to operatic glory end by filling secondary and even humbler places all their lives, while hardly five out of one hundred become *prime donne* of the first rank. The other eighty must face the ordeal of harrowing disappointments and return to their homes.

Many of those who fail in their efforts to become singers in grand opera take up teaching. As these failures are rarely overburdened with intelligence, it is extremely unfortunate for lyric art that they should increase the already overcrowded ranks of inferior singing-teachers. If a woman has over-estimated the quality of her own voice, and her histrionic talent, how can she be expected to extend useful advice to others?

The time required for developing a voice depends altogether upon the formation of the vocal cords. A girl born with a natural voice, say like Patti, Melba, or Tetrazzini, would never need to concern herself about a "method"; she is a born singer. Nature has endowed her with a perfect vocal equipment, together with a physiognomy which enables her to sing as easily as a bird.

The old masters of *bel canto* declared it required from three to seven years to develop a voice, and the best teachers of the present day hold that it cannot be done in less time than this. This fact is cited in order that girls desiring to study for grand opera may realize what is before them. Nine voices out of ten require long, patient, and scientific training. Then must be taken into account the lessons in dramatic action, fencing, dancing, and languages. When all this has been accomplished, then comes the hardest of all problems, and that is the debut. How and where shall this be sought? Is influence necessary? Yes, but influence can do but little after the public has rendered its verdict.

A girl richly endowed by nature, who completes her studies under a teacher of world-wide reputation, will have little difficulty in getting a hearing, for usually the teacher is instrumental in having the hour of the debut hastened. Of course, teachers will do nothing for pupils of whom they are doubtful, and many teachers of international repute are doubtful about some pupils from whom they have accepted big fees.

COUNTESS OF RONALDSHAY.

Lady Ronaldshay, who is the daughter of Colonel Mervyn Archdale, was married in 1907 to the Earl of Ronaldshay, the second and eldest surviving son of the Marquis of Zetland.

If a girl at the age of eighteen (and that is the proper time to begin the serious training of the voice) is so fortunate as to find the right teacher, she ought to be able to sing artistically by the time she is twenty-one or two—provided that she has a voice. If the young singer is blessed with mentality to match her vocal accomplishments, she will show that she has learned a few other things during the years that she gave to developing her voice. No matter what is said to the contrary, all girls who desire to study for grand opera aim to go to Europe, and if they can go safely chaperoned, it is best that they should go—provided again that they have enough money to pay their way for several years. No doubt, European teachers often feel it necessary to undo some of the work of the American teachers, so that an extra year or two must be allowed before the date of the debut can be announced. There are excellent teachers in America who are identified with opera-houses on the continent of Europe, and if the pupils go abroad with the proper introductions, they are saved from some annoyances and mistakes.

For a girl and her chaperon (or mother, the best of all chaperons) to live comfortably in a city like Berlin or Paris, no less than $2,000 a year must be allowed. Then there must be another $1,000 at least for lessons and incidentals. The sum of $10,000 for three years is a good average for the girl under twenty-five. After that age, American women can usually look out for themselves, and therefore the annual allowance may be materially reduced when the chaperon is permitted to resign.

Often girls go abroad with money to see them through for the first year, and then something happens which forces a crisis into their plans. The rich uncle has become impoverished, or the benefactor has died, or some other calamity has befallen the one who promised to send future remittances. When confronted with this turn in affairs, what is the young student to do? To give up and go home means an end to a career for which much money has already been expended. In a case where real talent and a beautiful voice are counted as sure assets, it would be a pity to turn back. Clever girls under such circumstances often appeal to their wealthy countrymen and sometimes their appeals are not in vain.

Hundreds of girls return to America after having had appearances abroad, impatient to be heard in their own country. Here, the conditions are not much better than in the Old World. If the applicant is without influential friends, she will find that the impresarios are hard to reach and too busy to bother hearing new singers.

The first thing a girl determined to sing in grand opera must do is to have some of her vanity suppressed. Then she will be in the mood to listen to advice by those competent to give it. First of all, the candidate for grand opera must have a beautiful, true voice, a good figure, good health, strong features, and expressive eyes. Second, she must be able to expend from $10,000 to $15,000 and to devote from four to seven years to faithful study.

Now that grand opera is becoming more and more popular in the United States, many opportunities will be open to talented girls, content to sing small parts.

While the managers of the leading opera houses in America seem willing now to give American girls a chance to be heard, it depends upon the girls themselves whether the meeting of impresario and operatic debutante will terminate satisfactorily to both parties. There are not enough good singers now to fill the places, for if there were the managers of the Metropolitan and Manhattan would not be rushing through Europe in their efforts to find singers.

It all depends upon the singers.

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON A BOAR HUNT.

The upper picture shows him inspecting the "kill." The lower shows the Archduke of Mechlendburg on horseback, talking to the Kaiser. This hunt took place at Gohrde, abo ut sixty miles from Berlin.

Canned Room.

THE porter in the sleeping car,
He is a wondrous man,
He takes what is no room at all
And makes a caravan
That if it were spread out would reach
From Beersheba to Dan.

The porter in the sleeping car
Has learned from mystic lore
The secrets of the things that are
But never were before;
He makes two little beds to grow
Where there were none before.

The porter in the sleeping car
Takes fifty-seven grips
And makes a mystic pass or two
With his deft finger tips,
And they glide gently out of sight
Until we end our trips.

The porter in the sleeping car
He waves his hands, and lo,
Come pillows from some hidden nooks,
Some tons of them or so,
Enough to fill two cars like ours
With quite an overflow.

The porter in the sleeping car
Makes magic tables rise,
That were not there a bit ago,
And right before our eyes
Does miracles, although it seems
He hardly even tries.

The people have "canned" music now,
To while away the gloom;
They've learned to "can" the drama in
The fullest of its bloom;
And so we find the sleeper is
The place to find "canned" room!

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

A General Election is imminent in the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Melbourne Women's Political Association has nominated Miss Vida Goldstein for a seat in the Senate. Miss Goldstein is well known in connection with the women's movement in Australia. Six years ago she stood for the Senate and received over 50,000 votes. She was at that time quite unknown, and even unable to address meetings in Melbourne itself, which contains nearly half the electors of the State. Since that date Miss Goldstein has lectured considerably, and has presided as Speaker over an amateur women's parliament in Melbourne. She is an excellent orator and a keen worker for the advancement of women.

Treasure-Trove.

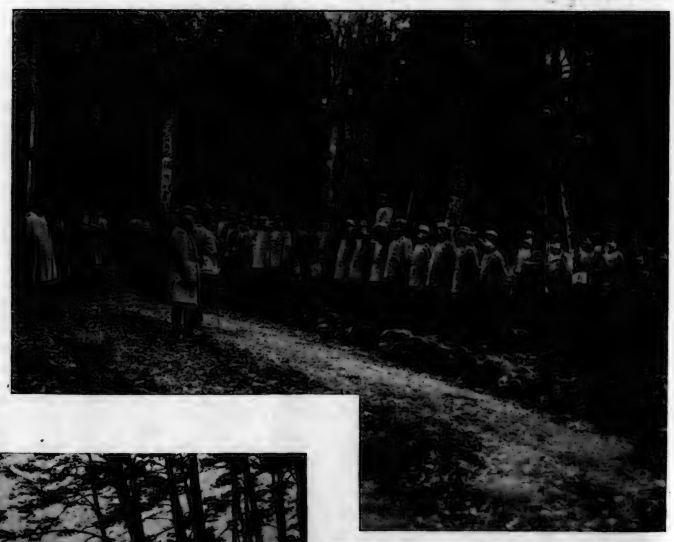
THERE'S a newspaper man in Montreal whose wife is devoted to reading and in an effort to add to her happiness he is always sending home to her literature of various sorts, ranging in merit from yellow journals to the six best sellers. If his wife is out of town his bills for postage stamps are almost as large as those for sarsaparilla, while his account at the news dealer's is infinitely bigger than the one he runs up at a tea-shop.

Owing to his anxiety to cater to his wife's literary taste he was particularly delighted some time ago when Mr. John Gross, formerly head of a detective bureau in Montreal, and well known in theatrical circles, on leaving the city, offered him a selection of books from his library. The newspaper man had the offerings boxed up and sent home and proudly presented them to his better half. All the books proved interesting enough save a volume of Moliere which, being in the original, did not appeal to the mistress of the house whose knowledge of French authors was largely gathered through the medium of translations. Consequently the French book was stored away on a shelf while the contents of the others was eagerly devoured.

On an "off" evening months afterwards it occurred to the newspaper man to hunt up something to read and by chance he picked out the volume of Moliere. His knowledge of French wasn't much greater than that enjoyed by his wife who sat and watched him from across the table while he idly turned the leaves. Suddenly both straightened up and gazed with great excitement at the book, and Moliere, for the moment, got more attention than he had ever received in that house, for between the leaves was a nice crisp five dollar bill. A little further on was another of the same denomination, and careful search revealed twelve of the same sort before the book gave up all its treasures.

Husband and wife gazed at the money and then at each other. Incidentally they repeated the process several times before either spoke. The original owner of the Moliere had been away for a long time and no one knew his address. It was practically impossible to find him. Neither the newspaper man nor his better half knew whether to regard the money as treasure-trove or as the property of the man who had given them the book. Finally after some discussion they decided upon compromise and divided the spoil with the distinct understanding between themselves that if they ever had an opportunity of returning it, they would.

The newspaper man's wife spent her share on the sort of thing women do spend "found" money on, and the newspaper man spent his on the things that are dearest



to a newspaper man's heart. Time passed and the incident was forgotten until in Chicago the man who owned the Moliere, ran across the man who had once owned it. There and then in a burst of confidence while the two were indulging in reminiscences and refreshments the newspaper man said, "I say, old man, I used that money I found in that Moliere you gave me. I might as well admit it, but of course I'm ready to fix the matter up."

Mr. Gross looked puzzled, and asked for an explanation, but even when he got it he was no nearer the light. He just simply couldn't understand what the other was talking about. Finally when he had been furnished with an explanation that bordered on a blue print he began to laugh and he laughed until he was tired. When he regained his normal condition he too offered an explanation. The money was counterfeit, and was some that had come to him while working on a counterfeiting case. He'd slipped it into the book to press the bills flat, and afterwards had forgotten all about it.

But the fact remains that a very well meaning Montrealer and his wife are both guilty of "shoving the queer" although it was done in all innocence, and without any intention of "doing" anybody. In future, however, if any more "found" money comes their way there is no chance of it being spent until it has been thoroughly tested. For their luck might not stand another strain.

A rural mail carrier in California, Mrs. T. F. Beal, covers her twenty-five mile route in an automobile she purchased with her savings.

Letters of a self-made woman to her Daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE:

Your letter was a real treat. It is so dear to me, the thought that you still feel that sense of comradeship with your mother, and look forward to our meeting and our travels together abroad. I have now upon me what my beautiful new friend calls the wanderlust, I want to get away from here; the round of social life (I have scarcely any touch of what one calls domestic interests) wearies me to the point of nausea. A card for a bridge or a telephone message asking me to a tea seem the proverbial last straw, and I ache and groan under them. Society is all very well, but when it becomes tiresome, it acts upon the temper and the digestion. I have been away at a health resort for the past week, and have caught a nasty cold, the place being kept so stifling hot that whenever I let in the fresh air, I got chilled. Besides, there was such a gathering of people as bored as I am myself, and they talked of nothing but home, and did nothing but play bridge, so I found no relief indoors, and spent my time as much as possible in open air. Your suggestion about the French was excellent. I have now a governess who spends every morning with me. We have a lesson together, names of things first, and then she explains the ins and outs of the genders, and teaches me a verb. I know how to love in every tense you can mention, and to speak and go and see and talk. That's as far as I've gone yet. The other day I was very restless, and mademoiselle made a funny suggestion, at which you may laugh if you like. If people round here knew of it they would surely think I had gone mad. She said: "Madame" (that's me) "should learn to dance. I would love to teach her." The end of it was that the little maid put on a two-step on her pianola and mademoiselle taught me to dance it! Long ago, I used to be one of the best dancers on the Concession Line, but for eighteen years I've had no dancing. This fashionable dance was something like the good old galop we used to have, and I soon got the step perfectly. Mademoiselle dances beautifully, she learned in New York, and we have a two-step every day, until we are fairly tired. Now, Annie, don't you think your mother has wakened up a bit? I haven't even told my lady or the children, but they are sure to catch us at it some day. Of course, we also have waltzes on our programme, and I recall the old glide polka, but we can't do it, for there is no music among the pianola records for a polka. Mademoiselle is the gentleman, and she is so funny about it—she talks to me in French, and I can catch a few of the compliments she pays me. She says all women, no matter how old, should dance every day—it's good for the liver. (I wonder what aunt and uncle would think of that!) She has been telling me such a lot about Paris, and the French people. When we go over there, we shall go to her aunt's house, and if we like it, spend some weeks there, in the country, quite near a train which goes to the city six times aday, with a late one after the theatre to get home on. All this I owe to your suggestion that if both of us knew how to talk French it would be pleasanter and easier to travel in Europe. Mademoiselle may be going over when we go, if you take a liking to her, she is really a clever, bright little person. I had word from your father yesterday. He is in London, and coming back directly. He has again received special notice from those grand folks he is busy for, and some one has told him that the Premier has sent his name over for a decoration. You know they asked if he wanted to be knighted, and he asked me whether I should enjoy being called "My lady," which rather annoyed me, for I shouldn't enjoy it at all. Then your father laughed and remarked: "I don't think we're old enough, Annie, my girl. Let the decorations and titles wait." A couple of friends were with us, as we talked it over, and I was horrified to see in the paper next day that your father had refused a title, and that we both preferred our plain names. I haven't the least doubt one of those people telephoned as soon as he got near a phone after leaving our house. And every paper had some sentence about it, one heading the remark with "Better wait till he's asked." Your father only said "When will we thoroughly learn not to talk about ourselves, Annie? Serves us quite right." But if I have my way, neither of those people shall ever dine with us again. We are finding various ways of passing the time; some of us have given up bridge during Lent, and have been taking long tramps to see the tobogganers in High Park (there were thousands out on Sunday), and some of us have been on the bay, tramping across to the Island or taking a whirl on the iceboats. I have bought some snowshoes and moccassins and hope, though somewhat late in the season, to have half a dozen tramps yet.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

LADY ESME GORDON-LENNOX.

Daughter of Lord De Ramsey. Lady Esme was one of the prettiest brides of last summer in England, and has a wide circle of friends in London, where she and her husband are residing at present.

Lady Henry Somerset's Life Work.

ONE doesn't hear much nowadays of Lady Henry Somerset, the well known lecturer and temperance worker, but in a quiet way in England she seems to be accomplishing a great deal, and it is said that many women are the better for the kindness and care with which she has surrounded them during their attempts to overcome their fondness for drink.

In England, as everyone knows who has visited the large cities, women of the poorer classes are quite accustomed to drop into a "pub" for something to drink, and it was not until a crusade was carried on by a well known English writer against the habit of allowing children to accompany their mothers on these occasions, that a law was passed some months ago forbidding it. At present it is unlawful for any child under fourteen to enter a public house or bar and as a result the mothers institute, a sort of temporary creche in which they leave their little ones in the care of a neighbor while they themselves go off for their quiet drink. This habit of drinking in public houses is said to have much to do with the large number of cases of inebriation among women, and it is to combat these results that Lady Henry Somerset established a colony for inebriate women at Duxhurst almost fifteen years ago.

Quiet out-door life and plenty of congenial work are utilized in reclaiming the poor waifs who find their way to the home where the work of regeneration begins. Duxhurst is very beautifully situated and has the added advantage of being only two hours journey from London, so that it is an easy matter to send poor human derelicts there for help and care. All the work, such as cooking, washing, ironing, farming, and gardening is done by women, and the houses which make up the little colony are beautifully clean and well kept. The experiment has now had a good trial and the results seem thoroughly satisfactory.

A new comer to the colony is given a rest and treatment for a few days in the village hospital and is then set to help tend the flowers and plants among which she sometimes works great havoc in well meant attempts to be useful. She is encouraged to continue and the effect of the healthy out-door life is soon apparent. Later on during her residenee at Duxhurst she is allowed to engage in any other work which she may find more congenial, such as domestic work, or she may learn to weave, embroider, do plain sewing, and in fact she is encouraged to develop her individual taste as far as possible.

In each house in the colony eight or ten women are installed. They have separate rooms and are overlooked by a sister, who is a capable woman chosen by Lady Henry. These sisters do not belong to any religious order; they are simply known to the patients as "Sister." Some of them are ladies who are glad to do this work, some of them are paid, and all are intelligent, public spirited and tactful in dealing with the cases assigned to them. Lady Henry is also known as "sister" and wears the gray dress and snowy cap of her assistants.

A FORMER ACTRESS.

Prior to her marriage, Miss Eva Carrington was a stage favorite, but in 1906 her wedding took place, the groom being the 25th Baron de Clifford. Lady de Clifford is an American, her home having been in Boston. Her husband was killed not long ago in a motor accident.

No woman patient knows anything of any other patient's life story says a recent writer, so that all start on an equal basis. Some have been convicted of crime and under the first offenders act have been sent to the colony by the Government in the hope that the cause of their misdeeds, drunkenness, may be cured. Others have come voluntarily at the request of their husbands or parents.

It is the sister's duty to win the confidence of all. She is there to help them mentally, not physically. A woman doctor and two trained nurses attend to the latter part of the work.

Women over 50 are not eligible for the village and no patient can stay there more than three years. Any one may go at any time. Doors and gates are wide open, but in the last five years only one woman has voluntarily left the colony before her time was up.

Since the foundation of the colony 1,300 women have been treated. Of those dismissed a large proportion have been permanently benefited. Some have returned several times. A number have succumbed to their vice and died or gone insane.

In one corner of the village is a particularly charming cottage, slightly larger than the others, which is known as the Nest. Here are to be found the daughters of inebriate, cruel or neglectful parents whom the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has sent to Lady Henry's colony to be cared for and educated.

About twenty-four little girls are in the Nest at present. They range in age from 14 down to babies. All can stay in the colony till they are 15. They are educated to take their places in the working world and an effort is made to get good homes for them when they leave Duxhurst.

How It Seemed to Them.

THE mistakes made by school boys and girls in their examination papers are so many and so wonderfully funny that the professional humorist has no chance in comparison. No imagination can equal the twistings and turnings of the immature mind seeking to express but half understood facts. This is so well known that a new list of "howlers" is sure of being read by everyone who comes across it, and an English paper has recently published the following new ones taken from a large number of the most glaring proofs of this sort that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing":

Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born.

The earth is an obsolete spheroid.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the Invisible Armada.

Shakespeare founded "As you like it" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."

King Edward IV. had no claim by geological right to the English throne.

George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genii.

The capital of Russia is St. Petersburg on the Duma.

The test act of 1673 was passed to keep Roman Catholics out of public houses.

Henry I. died of eating palfreys.

Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French Revolution.

The Rhine is boarded by wooden mountain.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

James I. died from argue.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

Geometry teaches us how to bisex angles.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.

The whale is am amphibious animal because it lives on land and dies in the water.

A parallelogram is a figure made of four parallel straight lines.

Horse-power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

The magnesium salt in the sea creates the effervescence when the tide comes in.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid it is very injurious to health.

Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

The press to-day is the mouth organ of the people.

A deacon is the lowest kind of a Christian.

The isles of Greece were always quarrelling as to which was the birthplace of Homer; Chaos has the most right to claim him.

AN OWNER OF RACEHORSES.

Miss Eleanor Souray is a recruit to the ranks of women racehorse owners in England, and she has already met with marked success, having recently won at Gatwick and Sandown Park with two of her favorites, Cheveral and Limitation, which she purchased not long ago.

Decorations for Women.

A FRENCH woman, it is said, need not be distinguished in any of the fine arts to obtain a decoration if she possesses interest; in fact, one was given to a lady who lent some valuable furniture to a certain exhibition and who obtained it as recompense for having had a piece of her exhibit injured. In England intrigue or interest will not give a woman either an honorary degree, the Order of Merit, or any lesser decoration worth having; they are bestowed for distinction in the sciences, education, art, or great public services. Lady Huggins, for instance, who is devoting herself to the laboratory side of astrophysics, is the only honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mrs. Sidgwick holds high honorary degrees from the universities of St. Andrews and Birmingham, and has been twice elected president of the Society for Psychical Research, and her monograph on the standard electric unit of resistance created a sensation when published by the Royal Society. The late Miss Ellen Ormerod, the greatest of women entomologists, was the first woman to receive an honorary degree from the Edinburgh University, as is Miss Florence Nightingale to receive the Order to Merit.

Lady Hillingdon.

The distinction of being the mother of the youngest member of the newly elected British Parliament falls to Lady Hillingdon whose son, the Hon. C. T. Mills, is the most youthful member of the House. Lady Hillingdon is a daughter of Lord Suffield. Her son who is only twenty-three years old, was elected for Uxbridge as a Unionist.

Old Friends and New

Jim Bludsoe of the Prairie Belle.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgement
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentleman
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

—John Hay.

Evolution.

OUT of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

—John Banister Tabb.

A Ballad of Trees and the Master.

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little grey leaves were kind to Him
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

—Sidney Lanier.

The Little Elf.

I MET a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he.
"As you are big for you."

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Remembrance.

UNDER the apple bough
Love, in a dream of leaves,
Dreamed we of love, as now—
All that gives beauty or grieves.

Over the sad world then
Curved like the sky that bough;
I was in Heaven then—
You are in Heaven now.

—George Parsons Lathrop.

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TORONTO SOCIETY

NUMBERS of friends dropped in on Sunday afternoon to say goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. James Cantlie, of Winnipeg, who have been in town since before Christmas, when the sad death of Mrs. Cantlie's mother, Mrs. Michie, plunged the family circle into mourning. Mrs. Cantlie has never looked more charming than she did on Sunday, and her young-matron dignity adds to her attractions. The fine little son, Stuart, was admired by all those who spent a bright half-hour bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Cantlie, and begging them to come East very soon again.

The engagement of Miss Edith Viva Boulton Nordheimer, daughter of Mr. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, and Mr. Cyril A. Kenny Kirk, of the Bank of British North America, Ottawa, was announced this week.

The sudden decease of Mrs. St. George Baldwin from the effects of a fall on the icy pavement near her home, was one of last week's sad events which afflicted many. Mrs. Baldwin was universally esteemed and admired for her nobility of nature and generous heart. Her loss is deeply regretted.

A farewell tealet at Mrs. Machray's, 1 Bedford road, gathered a few congenial people on Sunday afternoon to say goodbye to Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald, who left for Winnipeg on Wednesday, after some weeks spent in Toronto and Buffalo with her relatives and friends. Mrs. Macdonald was looking very graceful and pretty in a pale blue gown with jeweled embroideries, and Mrs. Machray wore white, and was a charming hostess. Mrs. Vankoughnet gave a gracious welcome to her daughter's friends, and pretty Miss Elaine Machray poured tea, Mrs. G. S. Murray Jarvis presiding also at the tea-table. It was only a tiny tea, but everyone enjoyed it.

Madame Bivert's *Causeric et Declamation* on Monday night was a great treat, and as the clever Frenchwoman ranged "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," aiding her gesture tone and accent by facial expression rarely equaled, one regretted that her gifts were not enjoyed by a large audience in a big hall. Madame Bivert wore a handsome white satin gown, with pearls and a *bandeau* of diamonds in her beautiful golden coiffure. When she chose to be funny, her audience giggled and laughed continuously, and when she was in tragic mood, she swayed them to sadness. It was altogether a refreshingly clever entertainment. Some of those present were Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Ingles, Miss Edith Cross, Miss Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mlle. Rochereau de la Sabliere. It was remarked, however, that not one of the patrons on the cards were present, which was certainly surprising and entirely their loss.

MRS. ALEXANDER,
Wife of Mr. David Alexander, of Toronto.

Mrs. Somerville, of Atherly, has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Capron Brooke.

The engagement of Miss Norah Emmeline Ince Warren, second daughter of Dr. Warren, and Mr. Cecil Thomas Ribton Crampton, son of Mr. Thomas Crampton, of Ireland, was announced a few days ago. Their wedding will be one of the post-Pacque ceremonies.

In the death of Mrs. John Boulton, of Grange road, from a stroke of paralysis, last Sunday, Toronto loses one of the ladies of the old school, whose like is seldom seen nowadays. Mrs. Boulton combined a regal dignity with a tender and affectionate heart, and her large family of sons and daughters, her family connection (one of the two or three families who founded Toronto) and her loyal old friends are feeling very keenly her death. This year has already marked several losses among the old regime, precious to their descendants and to all who were capable of appreciating their high value. Mrs. Boulton's family have the best and sincerest sympathies of many friends in the loss of their beloved mother.

Miss Maria Taylor, of Rolvat House, Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. Frank Taylor, 37 Aylmer avenue.

An Irish lady of the old school, most lovable and esteemed, was Mrs. Shanly, of 15 Willcocks street, whose death occurred on Sunday, at the age of seventy-two. Mrs. Shanly has lived a retired life, devoted to her family for many years. Her son, Major R. Shanly, and the Misses Shanly, are sure of the hearty condolences of all their friends on the loss of their mother.

Mrs. Fritz Fox asked a dozen friends for bridge on Monday to meet Mrs. Champ, of New York. Mrs. J. Enoch Thomnson presided at the tea-table, assisted by Mrs. King. The very pretty little home of Mr. and Mrs. Fox was much admired by the guests. The tea-table was decorated with narcissi and tulips.

Miss Helen Coutlee, of Ottawa, is paying visits to several Toronto friends. Miss Flora Macdonald has been persuaded to extend her visit to Ottawa for a few days. Mrs. Tom Hollwey is in New York for a short visit. Miss Hilda Murray is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Forlong, in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Barry Hayes and their family sailed for England on the Baltic last Saturday. Mr. Arthur Hayward, of St. John's, Newfoundland, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Squarey, Davenport road. Mrs. Sands, of Cobourg, has returned home. President Falconer is in New York. Mrs. Manning (*nee* McLeod), of London, and her children are visiting the family at Durness.

Auction bridge, which is a recent fashionable departure from the "great game," is now fastening on Toronto. Pivot bridge is a harmless variation which may, or may not exasperate the players. When, as on a recent occasion, one of the three players refuses to pivot about the dealer, this gentle exercise may be made the *causus belli* of a very nice little dispute. The lady in question urged as an excuse that she was winning and was afraid to move for fear of changing her luck. She succeeded later on in winning a prize, so perhaps, as the French say, "she had reason."

Mr. and Mrs. Hertzberg are going to their country place in West Toronto as soon as spring opens. Their two sons are now living in Winnipeg.

The Saturday lecture on "Ideals in Contemporary Art," given in Trinity Convocation Hall, by Mr. E. Wyly Greer, R.C.A., hit the popular taste beforehand, for the hall was crowded, and the audience ready to enjoy to the limit Mr. Greer's caustic but good-natured remarks about the Dutch art craze. Some of these remarks were certainly called for, and all of them did no injustice. The pictures shown on the screen by limelight were very interesting, and informing to many whose art knowledge is limited. Mr. Greer's voice carried to every part of the hall, and it was really a pleasure to listen to him. Owing to the illustrations not being visible to most of the audience under ordinary conditions, the librarian, Mr. Locke, who introduced the lecturer, requested the ladies to remove their hats. There are women who then and there repented of their queer ways with their coiffures, and registered a vow never to go to an illustrated matinee lecture wearing a hat hiding a multitude of omissions and shortcomings such as an unpremeditated uncovering might disclose. Aisle-seaters moved cannily out against the wall where their plumes and aigrettes got in nobody's way, but many others had to un-hat themselves precipitately whether they had a "rat" snugly roosting over their hair to anchor their hatpins, or whatever their hapless case. Women there were who sought out a dozen hairpins and veilpins and hatpins before they finally succeeded in lifting the offending headgear and mooring in on their laps. To a mere man the request for uncovered heads was followed by moments of intense interest and observation. After the lecture, the Provost had some friends for tea in his library, and some of the students also entertained, while the mass of the visitors enjoyed a cup of tea and a bite in the large entrance hall. This afternoon, Professor G. S. Brett, M.A. (Oxon.), will speak about "The Unrest of India," a topic to which the present Vice-royalty gives special interest in Toronto, where Lord and Lady Minto are well known. And I might mention, as I have been requested to do, that the report of the nervous state of Lady Minto, since the attempts on her husband's life, is very far from true, that brave and bright woman being in excellent form and mind, and very much enjoying her exalted position in India. Her Excellency is not the type that breeds nervous prostration.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Barrett, 77 Chestnut Park road, are the guests of Mr. Flavelle at Holwood, Queen's Park, during the absence of Mrs. and Miss Flavelle in Europe.

On Friday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott and Miss Pigott gave a small tea to meet Miss Mabel Trevor, of the "Penelope" cast. Mrs. Pigott presented the tall, graceful girl in pale grey to her visitors, and they were at once captured by her bright hearty smile and charming manner, as well as attractive appearance. Miss Trevor is a very nice girl, who depreciatingly confessed that she was a very naughty lady in the play. Those who had seen her agreed with her, and the rest promptly went to find out. It was an old-time audience in the Princess that night, almost everyone in the stalls knew each other, and many gay nods and mirthful remarks flew about while Marie Tempest set her house in order! Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, had Mrs. Arthur Grantham and a young relative with them; Mr. and Mrs. Laird, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mr. Clifford Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Waldie and Miss Heron, Mrs. Ed. Cox and a box party, Mr. and Mrs. Haney and a box party, were a few others present.

Mrs. H. Grattan Kelly, 93 Roxboro street east, gave a bridge on Thursday. Mrs. Fletcher and Miss Hahner have left for New York. Mrs. Fred Rose gave an At Home on Tuesday. Mrs. Near, 84 Crescent road, gave a tea on Monday in honor of Mrs. James Stowell Parkes, of Montreal. The girls assisting were the Misses Bond, Glassco, Harcourt, Cargill and Telfer.

The annual meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses (Toronto Branch) was called for yesterday afternoon, February 25, in the City Hall, at half-past four, when His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor occupied the chair.

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GRAMPIAN	May 14	June 11
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Column

TO be told one had taken a very great liberty would be a crushing blow to a well-bred person. We all know the pachydermatous being who makes a practice of taking liberties. He or she takes the liberty of using your name as an introduction to a desired acquaintance and represents himself or herself as your very dear and intimate friend. It is disconcerting to be asked how in heaven's name could you make an intimate friend of such a bounder or ignoramus? That's how you find out the liberty which has been taken. Or the culprit takes the liberty of bringing two or three friends to your tea and cheerily presents his or her aggregation of undesirables to your circle as if they had been especially invited. Sometimes a less egregious liberty is taken when one is requested to hunt up a neighbor without a phone, while the person asking the favor hangs on your wire, and then talks for fifteen minutes of nothing at all. I know a woman who takes the liberty of ordering her friend's chauffeur to drive her from a tea while his mistress is at the entertainment. She never remembers to tip him. I know a man (just mention it to even things up) who takes the liberty of filling his pipe from his friend's tobacco stand, when that friend is not in his office, and I know several persons who call up long distance on a friend's telephone and leave them to argue about the price with the collector when he calls on his monthly round. Only the other day I paid for a call myself which a friend had made over my phone, though I blame her short memory rather than a mean impulse to soak a comrade. Such isn't always good pleading however, for I once was foolish enough to remind a person of a call they owed on a rich man's phone, and got snubbed for my trouble. "Goodness!" said the debtor testily. "He uses long distance ten times a day. What does he care for one call?" and a snappish look made me sorry I'd spoken. I am not writing this to gird at my friends, but to try and suggest that all this taking of liberties is sometimes ill-bred and always inexcusable.

MISS EDITH SNELGROVE.

One is sometimes put in an awkward corner by being carelessly requested to "get me a card for that dance." If one demurs, the applicant probably says smartly, "Oh, don't trouble, I shall get one immediately through my friend So-and-So." You need not mind one bit the "retort Cayenne," just murmur that you are afraid the hostess might think you were taking a liberty, and let him or her tackle the obliging So-and-So. When you see the guest smiling triumphantly at the dance, keep your distance, and maybe you'll hear the opinion from friend So-and-So, before it is over. Then you will discreetly withhold your own refusal, and gently purr your appreciation of So-and-So's good nature. Lots of little amusing things like this meet one everyday. It must be a dreary and heartbreaking experience to be without a sense of humor, and in society.

A sense of humor does not mean perpetual mirth or incessant giggling. I've met persons credited with a keen sense of humor, whom I longed to drop into boiling oil! They laughed at tragedy, at comedy (sometimes absolutely grim and tearful) at life and death and the consequences. A perky grin always sat on the corners of their mouths, their eyes twinkled like a bit of looking-glass in the sun, irrational, maddening. They snickered at a lofty period and found cause for a smile in the most abject conditions. One was fain to wonder if there had not been some grave omission in their make up—something very important that guides and balances and controls the sense of humor?

Part of my time in a certain city is given to a call on the old lady. I went to see her the other day. She is such a ruddy, wholesome, bountiful person, with a motherly soft embrace and a beautifully bright smile. She never speaks to me, nor I to her except when at the door I cry back, "Good-bye, old lady—I'll come again, some time!" And I fancy I see a little twinkle in her eye, a twinkle I have seen many times, in her own country, where she lives. For my old lady is only a picture, the best I have to visit in this land, recalling some happy days when we sat glibly conversing in different languages, neither understanding a bit what the other one meant, only when a certain small interpreter breathlessly tried to stem our eloquence and put us in communication. We understood one thing, that we liked one another, and really that picture seems to understand it too!

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, FEB. 24, 1910.

ALTHOUGH the Lenten season to a certain extent places restrictions on the more lively forms of amusement, yet the number of minor events does not appear to be decreasing at all, and luncheons, bridge parties and small dinners go on the same as ever. The third of a series of receptions given by the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, came off most successfully recently in the House of Commons Cafe, and on this occasion the function was arranged as a musicale instead of, like its predecessors, as a dance. Everybody was charmed to again have the pleasure of greeting Lady Laurier at this gathering, she now having completely recovered from her tedious indisposition. She was beautifully gowned in wine colored chiffon velvet, embroidered in lighter shades of the same color, and the hostesses who assisted her were Lady Borden, who wore black ninon de soie trimmed with jet and touches of blue on the corsage; Mrs. Frank Oliver, whose handsome Parisian toilette of heliotrope velvet trimmed with pale blue chiffon, suited her admirably; Mrs. Wm. Pugsley in blue satin trimmed with point lace and silver embroidery; Mrs. Wm. Templeman, also in blue satin embroidered in the same shade; Mrs. W. S. Fielding in a gown of white duchesse satin with Honiton lace; Mrs. George P. Graham, beautifully gowned in apricot charmeuse satin with touches of blue, and Miss Murphy in dove colored satin, draped with black chiffon and embroidered in silver. The large cafe was arranged as a concert hall, the temporary platform banked around with potted plants. Among those who contributed to the musical programme were:—Mlle. Maria Carriere, pianiste; M. Paul Mathe, violinist, who is a protege of Lady Laurier's; M. G. Arbique, who sang several times most charmingly; Miss Winnifred Bambrick, a promising young harpist, and Miss Blanche Messenger and Miss de Lorimer, of Montreal (the latter a guest of Madame L. P. Brodeur), both of whom sang very sweetly. At the conclusion of the programme, the guests adjourned to the refreshment room, which had been made bright with quantities of crimson carnations. Those present included the Countess of Lanesborough, gowned in orchid colored satin with crystal and silver embroidery; Lady Eileen Butler in pink satin; Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr, the latter in pale blue satin elaborately embroidered in gold; Sir Elzear and Lady Taschereau, Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton, the latter in dark blue sequined net over satin; Miss Larkin, of Toronto, wearing a gown of pale pink satin with pearl passementerie; Hon. George A. and Mrs. Cox, of Toronto; Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Gibson, Hon. Sydney Fisher, and a host of others.

A large reception was held by Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster General, and Madame Lemieux, at their residence in O'Connor street. Madame Lemieux had also arranged her reception somewhat on the lines of a musicale, and some very enjoyable vocal music was heard during the evening, a string orchestra also supplying some choice selections from time to time. The hostess looking exceedingly well in a gown of cloth of gold heavily embroidered in platinum, and wearing a most becoming gold bandeau in her hair, was assisted by her husband in receiving. A wealth of pale pink carnations made the pretty drawing-room even more attractive; yellow daffodils were used in the reception-room, and deep crimson tulips and carnations with red shaded lights made a most attractive table in the dining-room where supper was served.

The engagement has just been announced in Ottawa of Miss Edith Viva Boulton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Toronto, to Mr. Cyril A. Kenny Kirk, of the Bank of British North America, Ottawa, and son of the late Rev. Charles Kirk, chaplain to Her late Majesty's Forces at Aden, and of Mrs. Kirk, Hants, England.

Mrs. Frank Oliver was also the hostess at a delightful luncheon at the Country Club, arranged especially in honor of the wives of several of the Western M.P.'s, among whom were Mrs. G. H. Cowan, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. Ralph Smith, Nanaimo; Mrs. McCraney, of Saskatoon; Mrs. W. W. Ruttan, of Melfort, Sask., and those invited to meet them were Mrs. Fred White, Mrs. H. Carleton Monk, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Miss Larkin, Mrs. Frank Pedley, Mrs. Percy Aylwin, Mrs. John H. Sinclair, of New Glasgow; Mrs. H. H. Millar, of Hanover, and Miss Woods, of Edmonton.

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By William Le Queux

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CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO MEN CONSULT.

BESIDE myself with fear and anxiety regarding the woman I loved so well, I again called that very same evening upon Kirk at Whitehall Court, but on doing so was informed by the lift-man that he was out.

A suggestion then occurred to me that he might have gone over to his other abode at Bedford Park, therefore I returned, and at last knocked at his door.

His sister answered my summons, and saying that her brother was at home, ushered me into his presence.

I found him in his old velvet jacket seated in his high-backed arm-chair before a glowing fire, his pet parrot near him; and as I entered he greeted me coldly, without deigning to shake my hand.

"Well, Holford," he exclaimed, stretching his slippered feet lazily towards the fire, "so you have, after all, proved a traitor, eh?"

"A traitor? How?" I asked, standing near the fireplace and facing him.

"You have been telling some extraordinary stories about me at Scotland Yard, I hear," he said with a grin.

"Ah!" I cried. "Then you are a detective, after all? My surmise was right from the first!"

"No," he replied very quietly, "you were quite wrong, my dear sir; I'm not a detective, neither professional or amateur, nor have I anything whatever to do with Scotland Yard. They may be sad blunderers there, but they do not accept every cock-and-bull story that may be told them."

"I told them no cock-and-bull story!" I protested angrily. "I told them the actual truth!"

"And that after all the warnings I have given you!" he said in a tone of bitterest reproach. "Ah! you are unaware of the extreme gravity of that act of yours. You have broken faith with me, Holford, and by doing so, have, I fear, brought upon me, as upon others, a great calamity."

"But you are so mysterious. You have never been open and aboveboard with me!" I declared. "You are full of mystery."

"Did I not tell you on the first evening you sat here with me that I was a dealer in secrets?" he asked, blowing a cloud of smoke from his cigar.

"No, Holford," went on my mysterious neighbor, very seriously, "you are like most other men—far too inquisitive. Had you been able to repress your curiosity, and at the same time preserve your pledge of secrecy, matters to-day would have been vastly different, and, acting in concert, we might have been able to solve this extraordinary enigma of Professor Greer's death. But now you've been and made all sorts of wild statements to the Commissioner of Police. Well, it has stultified all my efforts."

He spoke with such an air of injured innocence that I hesitated whether I had not, after all, somewhat misjudged him. Yet as I looked into that grey, crafty face I could not help doubting him. It was true that he had taken me into his confidence, but was it not done only for his own ingenious and devilish purpose?

"My wife is lost," I observed at last. "It is her loss that has, perhaps, led me to say more than I would otherwise have done."

"And love for your wife makes you forget your word of honor given to me, eh?" he asked. "Your code of honor is distinctly peculiar, Mr. Holford," he added, with biting sarcasm. "I, of course, regret that Mrs. Holford has fallen a victim to the machinations of our enemies, but surely even that is no excuse for a man to act treacherously towards his friend."

"That is not the point," I declared. "You have never satisfied me as to your motive in taking me to Sussex Place and exhibiting to me the evidence of the crime."

"Because—well, because, had I done so, you would not have understood. Some day, perhaps, you will know; and when you learn the truth you will be even more astounded than you are to-day. Meanwhile, I can assure you that you suspect me entirely without cause."

"Then why were you in the house at the time the traces of the crime were being effaced in the furnace?" I asked in a hard voice.

He hesitated for a moment, and I thought his bony hand trembled slightly.

"For reasons of my own," he replied at last. "You allowed me to wriggle out of a very tight corner, and I intended to show you my gratitude, had you given me an opportunity."

"I desire no expression of gratitude, Mr. Kirk," I replied, with dignified disgust. "All I require is a statement from you concerning the whereabouts of my dear wife. Give me that, and I'm satisfied to retire from the whole affair altogether."

"Because you have now realized that Scotland Yard refuse their assistance, eh?" he asked, with an evil grin. "Are you not now agreed with me that our much-praised Criminal Investigation Department, with all its hide-bound rules and its tangle of red tape, is useless? It is not the men who are at fault—for some of them are the finest and best fellows in the whole metropolis—but the system which is radically wrong."

I was bound, after my experience, to agree with him. But again I referred to Mabel, and to the manner in which she had been decoyed from home.

"I was greeted by Ethelwynn and her lover."

"You hear that, Joseph?" he exclaimed, turning to his feathered pet, who had been chatting and screeching as we had been speaking. "This gentleman suspects you master, Joseph. What do you say?"

"You're a fool for your pains! You're a fool for your pains!" declared the bird. "Poor Jo-sef! Poor Jo-sef wants to go to bed!"

"Be quiet! You'll go to bed presently," answered the queer, grey visaged, sphinx-like man, who, turning again towards me, and looking me straight in the face, once more assured me that I was foolish in my misapprehension of the truth.

"To me it really does not matter who killed Professor Greer, or who has usurped his place in the world of science," I said. "My only aim now is to recover my lost wife. Antonio, when I met him in Rome was anxious that, in exchange for information concerning her, I should consent to keep a still tongue as to what had occurred in Sussex Place."

"Rubbish, my dear sir!"—and Kirk laughed heartily. "What can Antonio possibly know? He's as ignorant and innocent of the whole affair as you are yourself."

"How do you know that, pray?"

"Well, am I not endeavoring to elucidate the mystery?" he asked.

"And you know more than you will tell me?" I said.

"Perhaps—just a little."

"Yet you desire that I should still trust you implicitly, that I should give myself into your hands blindly and unreservedly—you, who lead this dual existence! In Whitehall Court you are a wealthy man of leisure, while here you pose as shabby and needy."

"I may be shabby, Mr. Holford, for certain purposes—but needy never! I have, I'm thankful to say, quite sufficient for my wants," he exclaimed, correcting me. "And as for my dual existence, as you term it, have I ever endeavored to conceal it from you?"

"Tell me—once and for all—are you aware of my wife's whereabouts?" I demanded in frantic anxiety. "Can't you see that this suspense is turning my brain?"

"Yes, it is very unfortunate—and still more unfortunate that I can afford you no satisfaction. The fact of Mrs. Holford's prolonged absence is as great a mystery to me as to yourself."

"Scotland Yard will render me no help," I said in bitter chagrin.

"Probably not—after the amazing story you told them," was his rather spiteful response.

"What am I to do?"

"Remain patient and watchful," he said. "Believe in me, and try and persuade yourself that, after all, I'm not an assassin," he smiled.

I held my breath for a few seconds. Here was the crux of the whole matter. He was still cleverly and ingeniously endeavoring to lead me into a false sense of security—to make me believe that he was innocent of all knowledge of that most astounding tragedy in Sussex Place.

Ah! his was indeed a clever ruse. But my eyes were now opened, so I only smiled within myself at the futility of his crafty and clever attempt further to mislead and cheat me.

A man was with my wife, passing himself off as myself—Henry Holford, motor engineer. And yet I could look to no one for counsel, advice, or aid!

Now that the police had refused to inquire into the death of poor Greer, the attitude of my weird, grey-faced neighbor had become more defiant. He was full of bitter reproaches, yet at the same time entirely heedless of my future actions.

Once or twice while speaking to me he turned, as was his habit, to Joseph the parrot, addressing asides to his pet, causing the bird to screech noisily, grow excited, and make idiotic responses.

"Mark me, Mr. Holford," he said at length, "you did a most foolish thing to betray me to Scotland Yard. In you I am most disappointed, I assure you. My confidence was misplaced."

"I understand you've been to my garage and in my absence purchased an Eckhardt tyre," I remarked.

"Well?" he said, opening his eyes slightly. "I only came down to see you, but when I found you absent I bought a tyre as an excuse."

"And you expect me to believe that, eh?" I asked, with a dry laugh.

"You can believe it or not believe it, just as you think fit," was his quick reply. "I have no use for motor-tyres, not possessing a car."

I grinned in disbelief, recollecting the air of secrecy with which he had examined the tyre on the first occasion he had called upon me, and also the effect produced upon him later when I told him of the two other men who had called to inspect the tyre.

I think I remained with him for nearly an hour. Then, after he had told me that his intention was to stay in England, at least for the present, I left him and walked back to my desolate home, where, Gwen having retired, I sat for a further hour in my den, deeply thinking.

That Kirk was in some secret way in association with the bogus Professor was plain. Was it not, then, more than likely that they would ere long meet again? If I kept a wary eye upon him, I might, I saw, discover something of great interest.

Who could this man be who led a dual existence for no apparent cause; this man who was narrow-minded and penurious in Bedford Park, yet was wealthy and open-handed in Whitehall Court?

As I calmly reviewed the whole extraordinary situation I saw that, in turn, I mistrusted the whole of the actors in that bewildering drama. Ethelwynn, the calm, sweet, clear-eyed girl, so content in her great love for Leonard Langton, though she had actually witnessed her father lying dead and cold, yet now refused to presume his death! Why? Doctor Flynn I disliked instinctively; Langton was evidently playing a double game, having denied all knowledge of Kirk, whereas the latter was his friend; Antonio and Pietro were away; while Kirk himself, silent and cunning, was pretending a complete ignorance which was only ill-feigned.

And the most important point of all was that not a breath of suspicion of the Professor's death had yet leaked out to the public.

Thus, utterly bewildered, I again retired to rest.

Early astir next morning, I set watch upon Kirk's movements, assisted by Dick Drake, my clean-shaven, bullet-headed chauffeur. A few moments before eleven he came forth, thinly clad and shabby, as he generally appeared in Chiswick, and, walking to Ravenscourt Park Station, took a third-class ticket to Westminster, whence he walked to a rather grimy private house in Page Street, a poor neighborhood lying behind the Abbey. There he remained for some time, after which, fearing lest he should recognize me, I directed Drake to follow him, and returned to the garage.

At six that evening my man returned, tired and hungry, reporting that Kirk had gone to a house in Foley Street, Tottenham Court Road, the number of which he gave me, and after ten minutes there he had eaten his luncheon at a bar in Oxford Street. Then he had taken train from Holborn Viaduct to Shortlands, near Bromley, where he had made a call at a small villa residence not far from the station.

The door of the house had been opened by a tall, thin man in a dark blue jersey, who, he said, had the appearance of a foreigner, and Kirk had stayed inside for nearly two hours. When at last he came out, the tall man had walked with him to the station, and bade him adieu on the platform.

"But," added Drake, "that gentleman's a pretty 'cute one, sir. He spotted me."

"H'm, that's unfortunate," I said. "You were a bit too bold, I fear."

Of course I had told him nothing of the reason why I was watching the man who had evinced such interest in the Eckhardt tyre.

"I exercised all the caution possible," Drake declared, "but he doubled back upon me down at Shortlands and thus tricked me. He didn't say anything, but only laughed in my face."

The story of the foreigner at the villa at Shortlands struck me as somewhat remarkable, and resolved to go there on the morrow and investigate. I now held all Kershaw Kirk's movements in suspicion.

Next day I rose with the fixed intention of going at once down to Shortlands, that district of suburban villadom, but hardly had I risen from the table where I had breakfast in silence with Gwen, when something occurred to turn the tide of events into an entirely different channel.

Indeed, by that sudden and unexpected occurrence I knew that I had at last advanced one step towards the knowledge of who killed Professor Greer behind those locked doors in Sussex Place.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PLOT FAILS.

What actually occurred was this. I had risen from the table when Annie entered with a telegram which, on opening, I found to be an urgent message from Langton, at Broadstairs, begging me to go there at once, as he had some important information to communicate to me.

From the time-table I found that a fast train left Victoria in an hour, and full of excitement I bade good-bye to Gwen, promising to wire her the result of the interview.

Soon after noon I strode down the steep street of the quiet little watering-place so beloved by Dickens. On that February day it was very chilly, and very deserted, but gaining the parade I crossed the footbridge, and, continuing past the Grand Hotel, went along the top of the cliffs beyond the town, to where stood the late Professor's seaside red-brick home.

In the small but pretty drawing-room I was greeted by Ethelwynn and her lover, who were standing talking near the fire as I entered. The girl looked delightfully sweet in a pale blue blouse and dark brown skirt, her splendid hair dressed in a style that suited her admirably, while he, on his part, presented the appearance of the typical clean-limbed, well-bred Englishman. They were, indeed, a handsome pair.

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ford, to come down so quickly!" the girl exclaimed, as she took my hand. "Leonard wants to have a serious chat with you."

And yet this was the girl who was privy to her father's tragic end. Was it possible that her lover also knew the truth?

Langton invited me to a chair, and commenced by haltingly apologizing for bringing me down from London.

"We, however, considered it necessary," he went on; "necessary in the interests of us all that there should exist a clear and perfect understanding between us."

"In what manner?" I asked Langton.

"Well," he said, "it has come to our knowledge that you have been relating a most extraordinary story regarding Ethelwynn's father. You declare that he died under suspicious circumstances."

"Whatever I've said is the truth—the plain and absolute truth," I declared openly. "Mr. Kirk introduced me into the house in Sussex Place, where I saw the poor Professor lying dead in his laboratory."

"Ah!" cried the girl quickly, her manner suddenly changing. "Then you are a friend of Kirk's—not of my father?"

"That is so," I admitted. "And in Kirk's company I saw your father lying dead through violence."

"And you've dared to put forward this story as an absolute fact!" Langton cried. "Do you happen to know who Kershaw Kirk really is?"

"No; I'd very much like to know," I said, full of anxiety. "Who is he?"

"If you knew, you would, I think, have hesitated before you went to the police with such a fairy tale as yours."

"It is no fairy tale, Mr. Langton!" I declared very earnestly. "I have with my own eyes seen the Professor lying dead."

"But you forget that my father went to Edinburgh on that night, and wired me from there next day," the girl pointed out, fixing her splendid eyes on mine with unwavering gaze.

"I forget no point of the remarkable affair, Miss Greer," I said quietly. "As a matter of fact, I followed the man believed to be your father to Scotland."

"You—you followed him?" gasped Langton, while the girl's cheeks grew paler. "Did you see him? Did you speak with him?"

"No; but I discovered some rather interesting facts which, when the time arrives, I intend to put forward as proof of a very remarkable subterfuge."

The pair exchanged meaning glances in silence. The girl was seated in an arm-chair opposite to me, near the fire, while Langton stood upon the hearthrug, with his hands thrust with feigned carelessness into his pockets.

"The whole affair was no doubt most cleverly planned, thanks to the ingenuity of Kirk. The servants were all in ignorance of anything unusual—all save Antonio, who, as you know, has escaped to the Continent."

"Escaped!" The pretty girl laughed uneasily. "The last I heard of him was that he was with my father, travelling in Hungary."

"When?"

"Four days ago."

"How can I find them? What is the Professor's address?" I asked.

"He has no fixed abode. My last letter I sent to the Poste Restante in Buda-Pesth."

In this I saw an intention still to preserve the secret of the impostor's whereabouts.

"But it was not my intention in asking you down, Mr. Holford, to go into details of what may, or may not, have happened. We—that is, Ethelwynn and myself—know the truth."

"Then tell it to me—relieve this burden of a crime which is oppressing me!" I begged. "Let me know the truth, and let me at least regain my lost wife."

"Well? And if we did? asked Ethelwynn, after a pause. "We should only lay ourselves open to an unjust retaliation."

Were not those the words of a woman who possessed some guilty knowledge, if not herself guilty of parricide? I saw their frantic desire to close my mouth, so I let them proceed, smiling within myself at their too apparent efforts to avoid the revelations which must inevitably result.

"I do not follow your meaning," I said. "Why should I retaliate, if you are not responsible for my wife's absence?"

She glanced uneasily across to her lover, who exclaimed:

"As far as I see, the whole thing lies in a nutshell, Mr. Holford. You have been misinformed, and have made a ridiculous and quite unfounded statement concerning Professor Greer—one which seriously reflects upon his daughter, his household, and his friends. Therefore——"

"Then does his daughter actually deny having seen him, as I saw him, lying dead in the laboratory?" I interrupted.

"I have never seen my father lying dead!" declared the girl in a low, faltering tone which in itself showed her to be uttering an untruth. "Your story is entirely unfounded."

"Then let me tell you one thing more, Miss Ethelywnn," I said plainly. "I myself knelt at your side with Kirk when we found you in the dining-room lying, as we thought, lifeless. There was a white mark upon your face. See! It has hardly disappeared yet; there are still traces—a slight red discoloration!"

The girl held her breath at this allegation. That mark upon her cheek condemned her. Even her lover, for a moment, could not reply.

"Ah," he said at last, "the loss of Mrs. Holford has upset you, and causes you to make all sorts of wild and ridiculous statements, it seems. Kirk says they would not listen to you at Scotland Yard—and no wonder!"

"Then you know Kirk, eh—you who denied all knowledge of him when we first met!" I cried. "It was he who placed the poor Professor's remains in the furnace in the laboratory, for from the ashes I recovered various scraps of his clothing which are now in my possession."

"Rubbish, my dear sir!" laughed the young man. "You don't know Kirk—or who he is!"

"I know him to be an adventurer who has two places of residence," I said.

"But an adventurer is not necessarily a scoundrel," Langton replied. "Many a good-hearted wanderer becomes a cosmopolitan and an adventurer, but he still retains all the traits and all the honor of a gentleman."

"Not in Kirk's case!" I cried.

"You've evidently quarrelled with him," remarked Langton.

"I've quarrelled with him in so far as I mean to expose the secret assassination of Professor Greer and those who, for their own purposes, are making pretence that the dead man is still alive," I answered boldly.

"By the latter, I take it, you mean ourselves?" observed the dead man's daughter.

"I include all who lie, well knowing that the Professor is dead and all traces of his body have been destroyed," was my meaning response.

"What's this story of yours about Miss Greer presenting an appearance of death?" asked Langton. "Tell me—it is the first time I've heard this."

In a few brief sentences I told them of our discovery in the dining-room, and of the removal of the girl in a cab on that foggy night.

At my words both looked genuinely puzzled.

"What do you say to that?" asked her lover.

"I know nothing—nothing whatever of it!" she declared. "I can only think that Mr. Holford must be dreaming."

"Surely not when, with my own hands, I held a mirror to your lips to obtain traces of your breath!" I exclaimed. "Ask Antonio. He will tell you how he and his brother Pietro placed you in a cab at Kirk's orders."

"At Kirk's orders?" echoed the young man.

"Ask him for yourself," I said.

They were both full of surprise and anxiety at what I had alleged.

Was it possible that I had been mistaken in Ethelwynn's attitude, and that she genuinely believed that her father still lived? But that could not be, for had she not seen him dead with her own eyes. No. The girl, aided by her lover, was carrying out a cunningly-devised scheme effectively to seal my lips.

My wife Mabel had, before her disappearance, been in communication with the impostor whom Ethelwynn had apparently taken under her protection. This was a point that was most puzzling. Could this girl and my wife have been secretly acquainted? If so, then it was more than probable that she might have knowledge of Mabel's whereabouts.

Again I referred to the loss of my wife, declaring that if I found her I would willingly forego all further investigation into the Professor's death.

The handsome girl exchanged glances with her lover, glances which showed me plainly that they were acting in accordance with some premeditated plan. Leonard Langton was a sharp, shrewd, far-seeing man, or he would never have held the appointment of private secretary to Sir Albert Oppenheim.

"Well, Mr. Holford," he said, "why don't you speak candidly and openly? You are, I take it, eager to make terms with your enemies, eh?"

"But who are my enemies?" I cried blankly. "As far as I'm aware, I've made none!"

"A man arouses enmity often without intention," was his reply. "I cannot, of course, tell who are these enemies of yours, but it is evident from your statement the other day at Wimpole Street that they are responsible for your wife's disappearance."

"Well," I said, "you are right. I am open to make terms if Mabel is given back at once to me."

"And what are they?" asked Ethelwynn, whose very eagerness condemned her.

"Pardon me, Miss Greer," I said rather hastily, "but I cannot discern in what manner my matrimonial affairs can interest you."

"Oh—er—well," she laughed nervously, "of course they don't really—only your wife's disappearance has struck me as very remarkable."

"No, Miss Greer," I said, "not really so remarkable as it at first appears. My own inquisitiveness was the cause of her being enticed away, so that I might be drawn off the investigation I had undertaken—the inquiry into who killed Professor Greer."

Her cheeks went paler, and she bit her lip. Her whole attitude was that of a woman aware of a bitter and tragic truth, yet, for her own honor, she dared not divulge it. She undoubtedly held the secret—the secret of her father's death. Yet, for some purpose that was yet a complete enigma, she was protecting the impostor who had stepped into the dead man's shoes.

The pair had brought me down there in order to entrap me—most probably a plot of Kirk's. Their intention was to mislead and deceive me, and at the same time to secure my silence. But in my frantic anxiety and constant dread I was not easily entrapped. I had seen through the transparency of Kirk's attitude, and I had likewise proved to my own satisfaction that, however much of the truth Leonard Langton knew, the girl of the innocent eyes was feigning an ignorance that was culpable, for within her heart she knew the truth of her father's tragic end, even though she calmly asserted that he still lived and was in the best of health.

I had believed on entering that room, the windows of which looked out upon that grey-green wintry sea, that I should learn something concerning my dear wife, that I should perhaps obtain a clue to her whereabouts.

But as I fixed my eyes upon those of Ethelwynn Greer, I saw in them a guilty knowledge, and by it knew that in that direction hope was futile.

True, she had sounded me as to what undertaking I was ready to give, but the whole situation was so horrible and so bewildering that I could not bring myself to make any compact that would prevent Greer's assassin being exposed.

So, instead, I sat full of chagrin, telling the pair much which held them in fear and apprehension.

It was evident that I knew more than they had believed I did, and that Langton was filled with regret that he had invited me there.

What, I wondered, could possibly be Ethelwynn's motive in concealing her father's death? I recollected how the assassin must have brushed past her in the Red Room to enter the laboratory on that fatal night, and that he must have again passed her on leaving.

Did she awake and recognize him, or had she herself been an accomplice in securing her father's sudden and tragic end? Who could tell? In that startling suggestion I found much food for deep reflection.

(To be continued).

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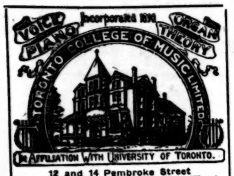

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MUSIC

THAT a marked advance over last year's standard was exemplified in the work of the Schubert Choir in the Massey Hall concerts of Monday and Tuesday evening, is something upon which musical people in Toronto seem to be unanimously agreed.

In accuracy, quality and intonation, the results are by far the best that Mr. Fletcher has yet achieved. These merits were well displayed in such numbers as the excerpt from Mozart's "King Thamos," Handel's short oratorio "Zadok, the Priest," Kahn's "Begraknisgesang," and Elgar's unaccompanied ballad, "Weary Wind of the West."

In this last number, the choir's finest effects in tone-color were obtained. The sopranos are particularly brilliant and telling, but this is due to the fact that they form practically fifty per cent. of the chorus, numbering 89 out of a total membership of 194 singers. This naturally impairs the balance in unaccompanied work.

A triumph in sustained delicacy was won by the women's voices in Boltwood's "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"; but, in the crescendos, one soprano voice stood out with a marked acidity of tone. The men were not to be out done in unaccompanied singing, and their work, apart from a little stridency in the first tenor section, was worthy of much admiration.

Mr. Fletcher himself has broadened and developed along with his choir. Certain features which were open to criticism in the past are refreshingly absent. He is gaining freedom in baton technique, and in general interpretation of the works undertaken. One can frequently detect a certain snappy style of phrasing which is scarcely artistic; but this, no doubt, will be eliminated in the course of time. As Mr. Fletcher himself modestly remarked at the Clef Club banquet to Mr. Paur: "We feel that we are only beginning, as yet."

The Pittsburgh Orchestra under Emil Paur played with distinction a number of fine selections, such as Goldmark's overture "Sappho," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Chalbrier's rhapsody, "Espana." The orchestra would be the better for a larger string section, but under such a magnetic conductor, of abounding temperament, they were always intensely interesting. The chief orchestral proffering was the Brahm's Symphony in C min., of which a most illuminating and thoughtful rendering was given. Mme. Jomelli, the New York soloist, sang magnificently several grand opera arias, and received a veritable ovation for her fine work.

Taking the concerts as a whole, Mr. Fletcher may be most heartily congratulated upon the excellent showing which was made.

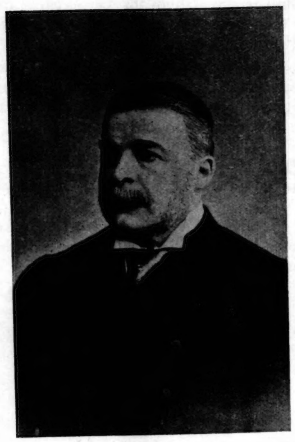
* * *

Toronto has at last been visited by that famous singer of German lieder, Dr. Ludwig Wullner. For two hours, on Friday evening of last week, this remarkable artist held his audience spellbound in Massey Hall. What is the nature of Dr. Wullner's appeal? Without the aid of stage-craft or gesture, singing in a tongue largely unfamiliar to his audience, using as a vehicle of expression a voice which is not of extraordinary merit, Dr. Wullner, by the intrinsic force of his personality, intellectual strength and native passion, can thrill you to the very marrow. His songs are most carefully selected, and are usually of tragic import or impassioned fervor; and, as he stands quietly before you—a giant of a man, with a massive head, a shock of grey hair, and strong expressive features,—he dominates and finally overwhelms you with an avalanche of emotional out pouring in which grief, despair, hatred, reviling, tenderness, sympathy, love and triumphant rejoicing mix and mingle with a thousand other shades of mood and feeling.

Supported by the perfect accompaniments of Conrad von Bos, Dr. Wullner sang some twenty songs, of which the following are especially memorable: Schubert's "Erlkoenig," "Das Lied im Gruenen," and "Der Musensohn"; Brahm's "Verrat" and Hugo Wolf's "Fussreise"; Strauss' "Cacilie" and Schumann's "Die Beiden Grenadiere."

* * *

That chamber music is no longer the æsthetic preserve of the elect few might well be argued from the interest in it which is being developed in this city. The concert given by the Toronto String Quartette on Saturday evening last in Conservatory Hall attracted a discriminating audience of goodly proportions. Mendelssohn's E flat quartette, op 12, was a most interesting opening number, full of an opulent variety which was finely interpreted. Boellman's sonata in F for piano and 'cello was excellently handled by Mr. Welsman and Dr. Nicolai, the two parts vying with one another in interest and beauty. Glazounow's Slavonic Quartette was the closing number, and its refreshing harmonies and modern, variegated coloring afforded the listener intense delight.



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

* * *

The unanimous opinion of the Cleveland press as to the singing of the Mendelssohn Choir in that critical city must be gratifying to the friends of the Chorus in Toronto. Wilson G. Smith, one of the most conservative and erudite of American critics, is unreserved in his praise of the Choir and places it in a class by itself amongst choruses of the day. The following letter, to a Toronto musician, from Mr. Homer B. Hatch, a professional musician of Cleveland, represents the critical view of all of the papers of that city and is worth reproduction as illustrating the profound impression created by the Choir in its Cleveland concerts. He says:

"I wish to again express my delight and admiration for the work of the wonderful Toronto Club at last evening's concert. For thirty years I've been thoroughly interested in choral music, having been one of the three organizers of The Singers' Club and Chairman of its Music Committee during its seventeen years of life and I never heard such astonishing ensemble singing before, with such splendid unification of tone, accuracy of attack and execution, flexibility, wonderful beauty of nuance and dynamics and superb sustaining power in crescendos, without an atom of straining effect. I've had such a wide experience in choral work that I know that all this is due to one man that the most perfect voices and intelligence in the world will be of little concerted effect unless trained and controlled absolutely by one person, and the wonderful tone, phrasing and execution of the Club are a splendid triumph to Dr. Vogt."

* * *

A new vocalist was introduced to our musical public on Thursday evening of last week when Mme. Grey-Burnand gave a song recital at Conservatory Hall. A charming platform appearance, a very pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, and an excellent musical style, formed the equipment of the recitalist. Her programme included the following numbers: Saint Saens' "My heart, at thy sweet voice," Schira's "Sognai," Tschaikowsky's "A love Pœan," and also songs by Moskowski, Nevin, and others. One might perhaps criticize the enunciation of the soloist as being somewhat indistinct, but otherwise the musicianship displayed was of a very pleasure-giving capability. Miss Mona Bates, who assisted at the piano, contributed solos by Mendelssohn and Liszt in very successful style, and was accorded a warm reception.

* * *

Every day in various ways it is being shown that the Toronto Symphony Orchestra is gaining a secure place in the hearts of our people. At the Clef Club banquet to Frederick Stock, the hope was expressed by Dr. Vogt that the citizens of Toronto would some day make it possible for Mr. Welsman to devote his whole time to the orchestra, by relieving him of the necessity of engaging in other professional musical work. At the banquet given this week by the same club to Emil Paur, an excellent idea was thrown out by Mr. H. C. Cox to the effect that the erection of a Symphony Hall of moderate size would be a boon to our local organization. With a seating capacity of about 2,000, it should be possible to fill such a hall at least every fortnight; and thus the knowledge of orchestral music and the love for it would continue to grow amongst us.

* * *

Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, Mus. Bac., has returned to Toronto after a residence of some years in Chicago and Philadelphia, where he had excellent church positions. Mr. Rudge, who is a graduate in music of Trinity University and Toronto Conservatory of Music, will make a specialty of voice culture, choir-conducting and choral society work.

* * *

Mr. Ernest D. Gray, organist and choir leader of Simpson Ave. Methodist Church, is one of our ambitious young musicians who is doing very creditable work. Under Mr. Gray's direction, at the annual concert on Monday evening, the choir sang several selections, notably Elgar's chorus "Light Out of Darkness" with good effect.

* * *

On this Saturday evening, Feb. 26, in the Conservatory Music Hall, the Flonzaley String Quartette of New York will give a concert under the auspices of the Women's Musical Club of Toronto. The Club is to be greatly commended for its enterprise in introducing this group of players to Torontonians.

* * *

Mr. Clair B. Sheppard has been appointed secretary of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra upon the retirement of Mr. F. T. Stanford, whose arduous duties with the Canada Life Assurance Company demand his undivided attention. Mr. Sheppard has been connected with the Princess Theatre for a number of years and will now give his whole time to the Orchestra. Mr. Sheppard's first venture is the booking of the Orchestra in Hamilton on March 10th, followed on March 24th by a concert in Massey Hall with Mischa Elman the celebrated violinist as soloist.

Elman's wonderful popularity is shown by the following extract from a recent issue of the New York Times:

"Half an hour before the time set for the beginning of the concert at the Manhattan Opera House last night the order was given by Oscar Hammerstein that no more admission tickets should be sold. Only a few box seats remained out of the seating capacity of the house, and in the next few minutes hundreds were turned away.

The chief attraction was Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, who attracted a large number of his music-loving fellow-countrymen in addition to the regular concert patrons. He played first one of Paganini's concertos, with orchestral accompaniment, under the direction of Mr. Campanini. In spite of the "no encore" rule, he was obliged to respond, and offered Schubert's "Ave Maria," with piano accompaniment."

* * *

The first of the series of talks on the voice to be given by Mr. F. H. Burt at the Conservatory of Music, will take place in the lecture hall on Tuesday evening, March 1st. Subject—The Vocal Instrument.

* * *

A programme of unusual excellence was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday afternoon, by Senior pupils of the Piano, Vocal and Violin departments, including the following numbers:

Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, Miss Hope Kammerer; Wieniawski, Legende, Mr. Broades Farmer; Smetana, On the Sea Shore, Op. 17, Miss Olive Brush, A.T.C.M.; Chopin, Scherzo, B flat minor, Op. 31, Miss Pearl Rowan; Gena Branscombe, In Granada, Miss Helen Davison, A.T.C.M.; Chaminade, Summer, Miss Iva Dodds; Verdi-Liszt, Rigoletto, Miss Marjory Harper.

The teachers represented were Mr. W. J. McNally, Miss Lena Hayes, Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Miss Jean Williams, Mr. A. T. Cringan, Miss Florence Turner.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

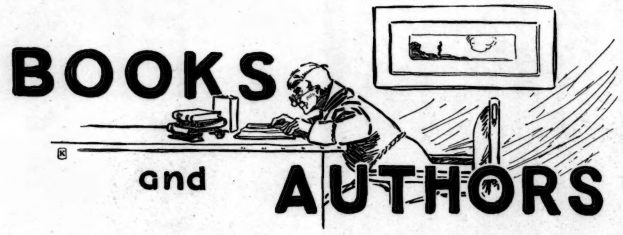
KIRKPATRICK—At Edmonton, Alta., on February 20, 1910, the wife of George R. F. Kirkpatrick, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

MUNRO—MACLAREN—In Toronto, on February 22, 1910, Elizabeth H. MacLaren to J. K. Munro.

DEATHS.

CARTWRIGHT—At Toronto, on February 23, 1910, Ruth, widow of the late George Cartwright.



"War Songs of Britain," selected by Harold E. Butler. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; 60 cents.

THIS is a collection of British songs and ballads, with most of which we have all been familiar since childhood. The volume is a good one to have in any house, and especially in a house where there are children. For every child in the British Empire ought to be familiar with these songs, particularly with the old ones which have helped to stamp in the memory of many generations some of our finest traditions and certain mighty achievements of the race. I do not believe that it does children any harm to inflame their minds with militarism in this manner. Before they come to the age of fighting and of writing letters to the newspapers and getting into parliament to clamor for Dreadnoughts the effect of reading these war songs in early youth, will like many other youthful exuberances, be reasonably modified—at least in the case of those who are constitutionally subject to modification and who develop moderation with advancing years. And this class, it may be noted, forms a large majority of the people. We are most of us jingoists, in a quiet way,—if the bull may be allowed. And what sort of a people would we be if we weren't? Not British people, at all events. So by all means let the young folk continue to read the old war songs, blatant and unliterary though many of them are. And in this volume edited by Mr. Butler most of them will be found all bound up together ready for handy reference.

In this day when so many Canadians are becoming quite nice in their tastes—becoming conscious that "The Maple Leaf" is drivel sung to a commonplace tune, and all that sort of thing—it is worth noting that the best of the old songs which have so often set the blood tingling are, when set forth in cold type on the pages of a book, about as "unliterary" as anything that can be found in a much-abused language.

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay the foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, row to the British Grenadiers.

Such verse, as verse, may be a crime against the language, from a technical or an æsthetic standpoint. But if this anonymous jingle, though written about 1780, still produces some sort of thrill among a great many people, it would seem in some unrecognized way to be almost artistic. A perusal of the entire contents of this volume of war songs, indeed, goes far to strengthen me in the philistine belief that the artist, no matter what tools he works with, must, if he is to be truly successful, make an appeal which ultimately reaches some considerable number of people. And if his choice lies between being merely "artistic" and being effectual, he will do well—if he would have his work last as long as some of these old war songs have lasted—to make up his mind that art is long only when it makes an appeal to many outside of the ranks of his own craft and a little group of critics.

* * *

"The Man Who Stole the Earth," by W. Holt White. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

This is the amusing account of how a masterful young Englishman, Strong by name, took advantage of a friend's invention of an absolutely perfect airship to subdue the whole of Europe, and incidentally to win a bride for himself. Ridiculous as it sounds, who can say that something of the sort will not yet happen, to bring about universal peace.

* * *

"Passers-By," by Anthony Partridge. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto.

The first sentence of this book may, with a touch or two, be used as a terse description of the story. The sentence runs: "There was nothing particularly inviting about the dark, stone-flagged passages, nothing which could possibly suggest a happy hunting ground for the itinerant seeker after charity." And there is nothing particularly inviting about the dark and dismal places through which Mr. Partridge takes us in pursuit of his various characters—nothing which could possibly suggest a happy hunting-ground for the itinerant seeker after charity for the majority of modern novelists. The tale is neither original nor lively. It is on a par in conception and workmanship with the great mass of story books turned out every season by third-rate fictionists. That is about all.

* * *

"Lord Loveland Discovers America," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto; $1.20.

Those who enjoy Williamson stories—and there are many who do—will not be disappointed in this tale. It is well up to the standard of work produced by these joint authors, and the book itself is a very attractive one, being handsomely illustrated. As to the story I cannot perhaps do better than to reproduce a publishers' summary of it: Lady Betty's cousin, the young Marquis of Loveland, sets out from England to discover an American heiress. But his first discovery

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON, Whose new novel, "Tower of Ivory," has just been issued.

in America is that his title is discredited, and his money and wardrobe gone; so he is forced to work his own way from the bottom up. From a position one winter's night, without an overcoat, on the "Bread Line" he struggles along until the real man in him comes out on top, fit to discover the real American girl; so that, after all, the "discoveries" of Lord Loveland in America prove him to be a worthy successor to his cousin, Lady Betty.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

IN the towns and cities of the West, weekly papers modeled after SATURDAY NIGHT, are coming into life by the dozen. Some of these ambitious and interesting journals have gone in for a literary department, and have flattered the editor of the "Books and Authors" page by turning to it as the principal fund for their material. However, these Western contemporaries are now beginning to receive books from publishers and are doing book reviews off their own bat. And these criticisms are of peculiar interest, voicing, as they do, Western opinion in contrast to that of the effete East. For example a recent review dealing with Mr. Hichens' "Bella Donna" calls at least for passing notice. The writer says that "it is not a good book, even if it is in some ways clever." With this statement one must acquiesce. And with the opinion that "it is a story of a bad woman, a woman who seems to be bad unnecessarily and superfluously," one must entirely agree. But the Eastern mind is somewhat puzzled by this Western view: "Bella Donna is not clever enough, nor beautiful enough to appeal very strongly to the jaded novel reader." What on earth does this blase prairie reviewer want or expect? I will venture to say that I am as much of a jaded novel reader as he is. I will even wager a quart of eastern champagne against a quart of western "velvet" that I am—the onus of proof to be on myself. Yet to me Bella Donna, as far as cleverness and beauty are concerned, looks as if she would do very nicely, thank you. If she falls short of western standards in these qualities, surely it is idle for us to pity the condition of men beyond the Great Lakes. They must experience joys of epicurean life that we of Ontario little dream of. And one's first impulse, after noting this reviewer's attitude on the subject, is to rush to some handy forum and in a loud voice to make known to the people hereabouts how ludicrous are our philanthropic efforts in planning means of sending, out of the goodness of our hearts and our abundance of feminine cleverness and beauty, women enough to cheer the life of every man in what we thought a colorless, lonely west. And yet, thinking the matter over a bit, there comes to one the idea that perhaps after all this fellow worker in the West writes not from dulled senses or sophisticated brain but from a wistful heart. If he ever lived in Ontario—and doubtless he once did—think of the memories that constantly must haunt him! If he knows Toronto, what dreams he must have of the past—what sad, sweet thoughts of Yonge Street of a Saturday afternoon when there are pretty girls and women enough abroad to satisfy anybody! Yes, this must be it. Memory must have so harassed and mastered this reviewer's mind that he has lost the sense of perspective. Even Bella Donna, though beautiful enough and clever enough to dazzle pretty nearly the whole male section of Europe, seems dull and plain when he thinks of the shoals and shoals of lovely Ontario femininity he has left behind, to seek adventures in the land of wheat and dollars.

* * *

It is interesting to note that when Austin Dobson wrote his first poem he was twenty-four years old and a clerk in the London board of trade. He reached his seventieth birthday one day recently, and he is still writing the delicate verse which has won for him a distinctive place in the literary world.

* * *

Henry Holt & Co. will shortly issue the fifth edition of Mr. De Morgan's "Somehow Good."

Hal

"She had a good husband," said Mrs. Babbleton. "But she got a divorce from him." "Yes. She didn't know what a good husband he was till she saw how generously he behaved about the alimony."—Chicago Journal.

A FAMOUS AUTHOR AT PLAY.

Jerome K. Jerome is making holiday in Switzerland this season. Mr. Jerome is here seen waltzing with his daughter on the ice rink at Engelberg, Lucerne.

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